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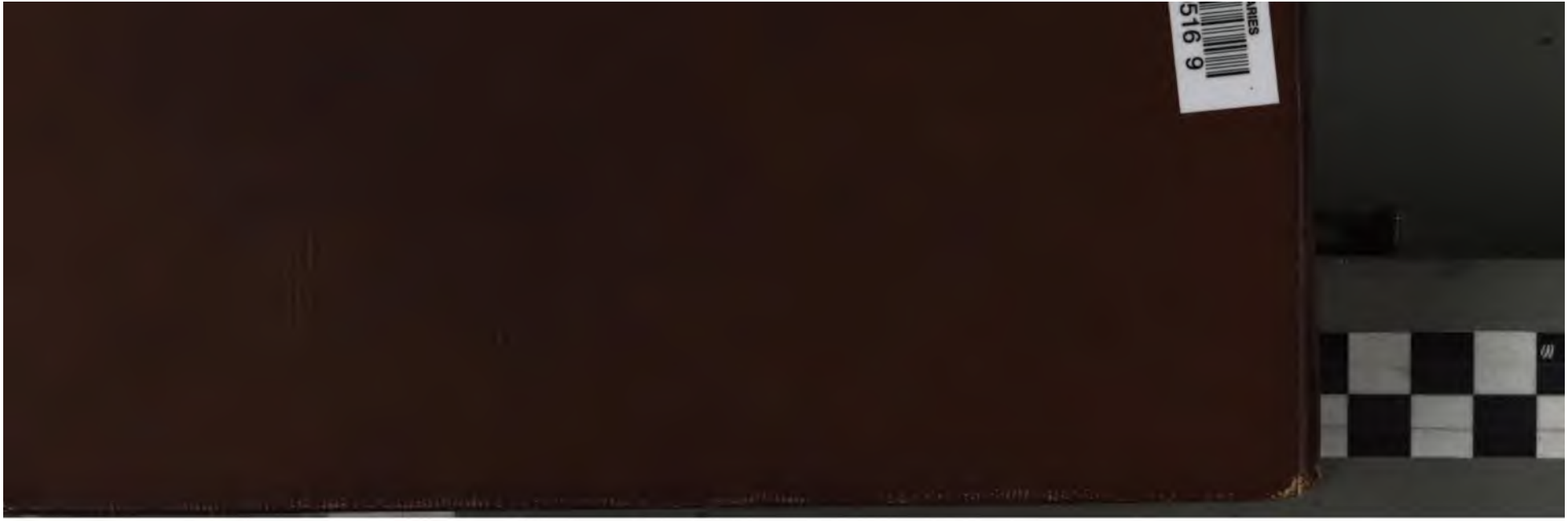

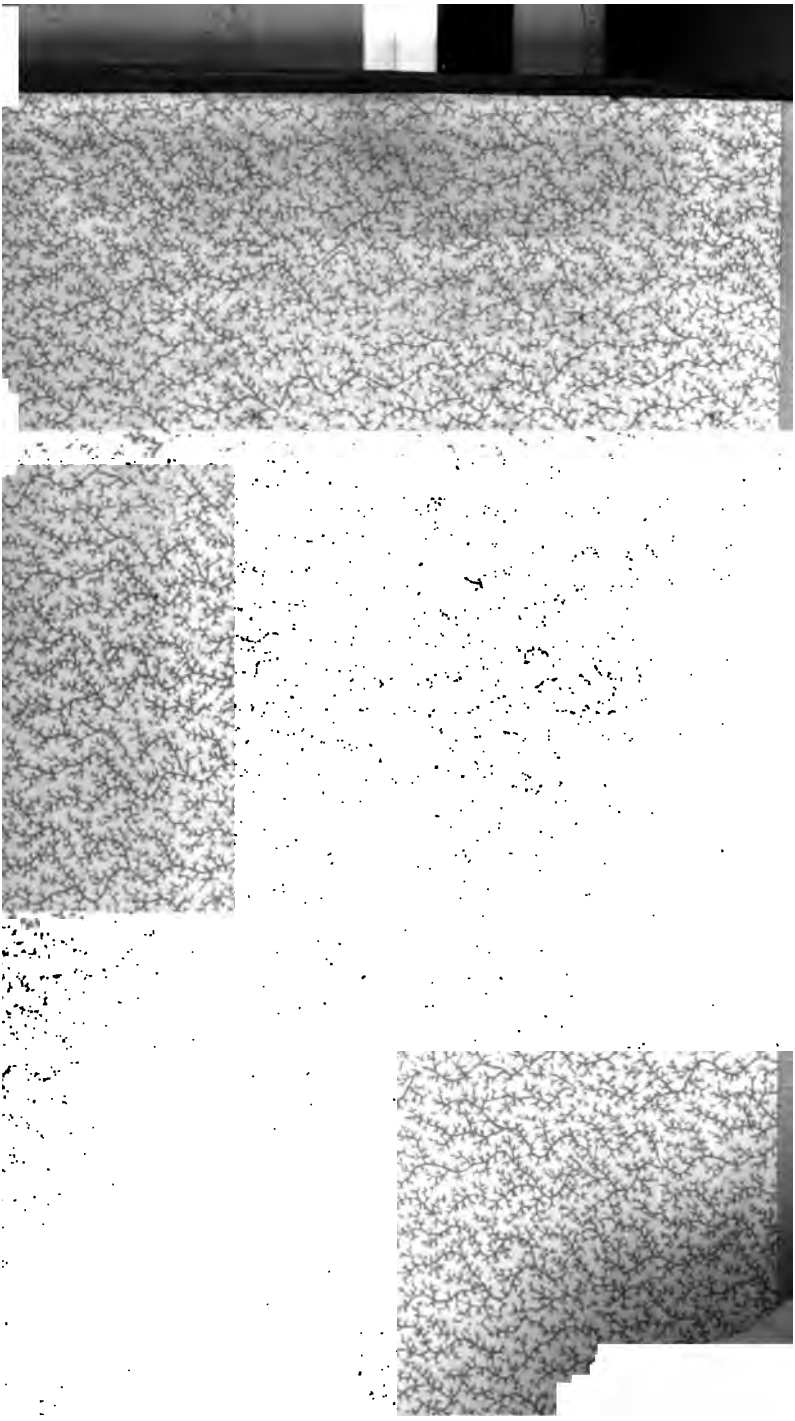

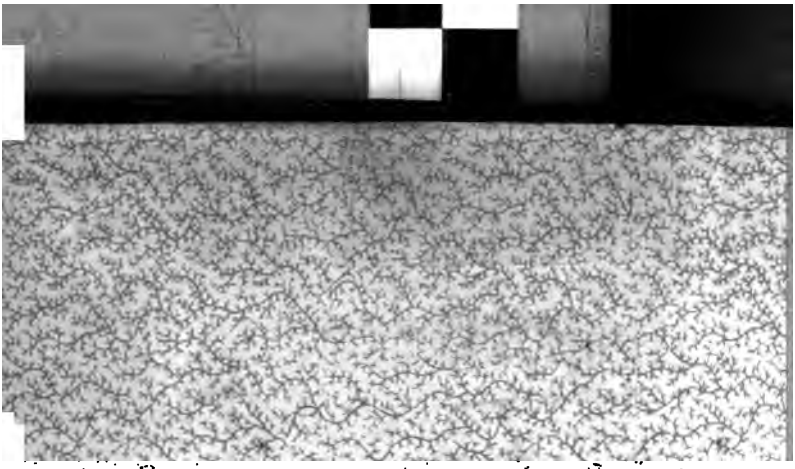

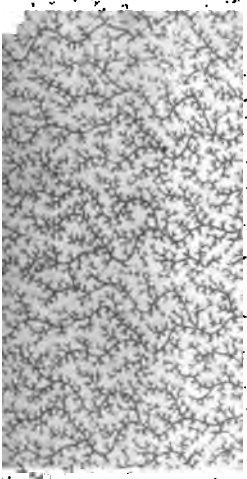

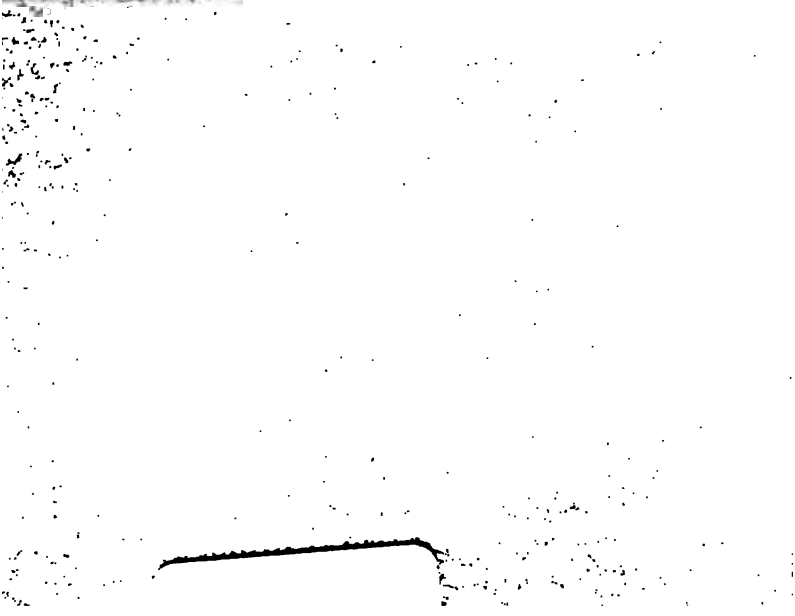

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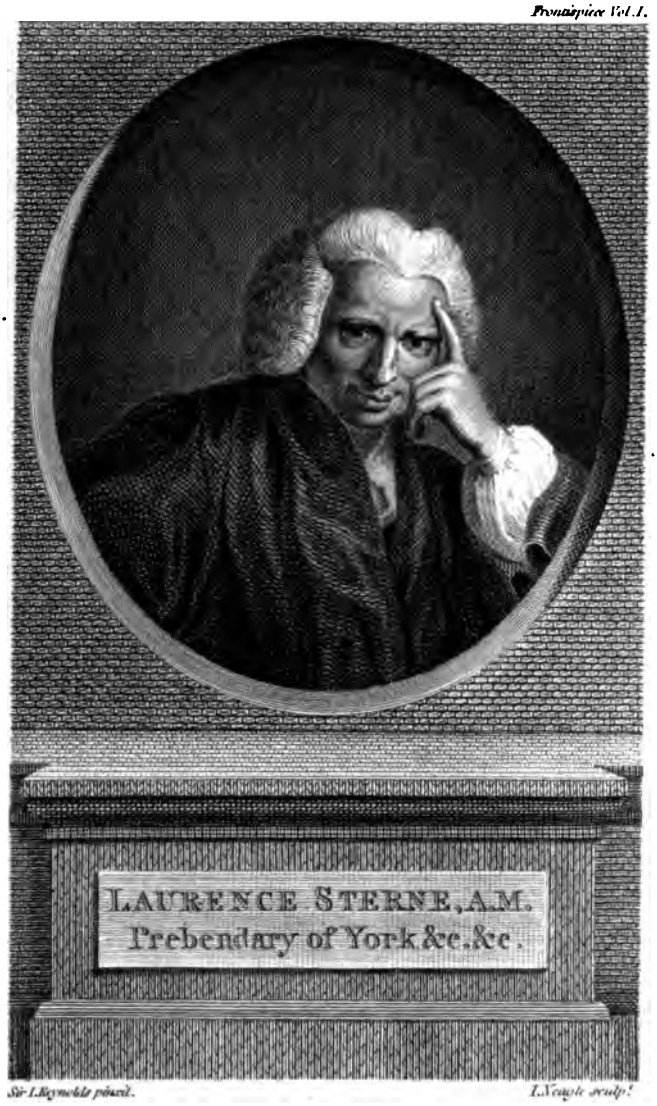

Sir J. Reynolds pinxit. T. Vaughr sculp.

Published Oct.r 2.d 1798 by Cadell and Davies Strand.

THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE;

IN FOUR VOLUMES:

CONTAINING

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.;

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY
THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY;

SERMONS,—LETTERS, *&c.*

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON; T. BECKET; R. BALDWIN; A. STRAHAN; W. LOWNDES; WILKIE & ROBINSON; G. ROBINSON; VERNOR, HOOD, & SHARPE; J. WALKER; CUTHELL & MARTIN; LACKINGTON, ALLEN & CO.; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, & ORME; CADELL & DAVIES; J. NUNN; R. LEA; SCATCHERD & LETTERMAN; JOHN RICHARDSON; J. M. RICHARDSON; BLACK, PARRY, & KINGSBURY; J. CARPENTER; S. BAGSTER; AND, J. ASPERNE.

1808.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Works of Mr. Sterne, after contending with the prejudices of ſome, and the ignorance of others, have at length obtained that general approbation which they are entitled to by their various, original, and intrinſic merits. No writer of the preſent times can lay claim to ſo many unborrowed excellencies. In none have wit, humour, fancy, pathos, an unbounded knowledge of mankind, and a correct and elegant ſtyle, been ſo happily united. Theſe properties, which render him the delight of every reader of taſte, have ſurmounted all oppoſition:—even Envy, Prudery, and Hypocriſy are ſilent.

Time, which allots to each author his due portion of fame, and admits a free diſcuſſion of his beauties and faults, without favour and without partiality, hath done ample juſtice to the ſuperior genius of Mr. Sterne. It hath fixed his reputation as one of the firſt writers in the Engliſh language, on the firmeſt baſis, and advanced him to the rank of a claſſic. As ſuch, it becomes a debt of gratitude to collect his ſcattered performances into a complete edition, with thoſe embelliſhments uſually beſtowed on our moſt diſtinguiſhed authors.

This hath been attempted in the preſent edition, which comprehends all the Works of Mr. Sterne, either made public in his lifetime or ſince his death. They are printed from the beſt and moſt correct copies, with no other alterations than what became neceſſary from the correction of literal errors. The Letters are arranged according to their ſeveral dates, as far as they can be diſcovered; and a few illuſtrations added, to explain ſome temporary circumſtances mentioned or alluded to in them. Thoſe which are confeſſedly ſpurious, are rejected; and, that no credit may be given to ſuch as are of doubtful authority, it will be proper to obſerve, that the Letters numbered 129, 130, 131, have not thoſe proofs of authenticity which the others

poſſeſs. They cannot however be pronounced forgeries with ſo much confidence as ſome* which are diſcarded from the preſent edition may be, and therefore are retained in it.

That no part of the genuine works of Mr. Sterne might be omitted, his own account of himſelf and family is inſerted without variation. But as this appears to have been a haſty compoſition, intended only for the information of his daughter,—a ſmall number of facts and dates, by way of notes, are added to it. Theſe, it is preſumed, will not be conſidered as improper additions.

It would be treſpaſſing on the reader's patience, to detain him any longer from the pleaſure which theſe volumes will afford, by beſpeaking his favour either for the author or his works:—the former is out of the reach of cenſure or praiſe; and the reputation of the latter is too well eſtabliſhed to be either ſupported or ſhook by panegyric or criticiſm. To the taſte, therefore, the feelings, the good ſenſe, and the candour of the public, the preſent collection of Mr. Sterne's Works may be ſubmitted, without the leaſt apprehenſion that the peruſal of any part of them will be followed by conſequences unfavourable to the intereſts of ſociety. The oftener they are read, the ſtronger will a ſenſe of univerſal benevolence be impreſſed on the mind; and the attentive reader will ſubſcribe to the character of the author given by a comic writer, who declares he held him to be "a mora-
" liſt in the nobleſt ſenſe; he plays indeed with the fancy,
" and ſometimes, perhaps, too wantonly; but while he thus
" deſignedly maſks his main attack, he comes at once
" upon the heart; refines, amends it, ſoftens it; beats down
" each ſelfiſh barrier from about it, and opens every ſluice
" of pity and benevolence."

* See the Preface to a Work publiſhed in 1779, intituled, "Letters ſuppoſed to have been written by YORICK to ELIZA."

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND FAMILY

OF THE LATE

REV. MR. LAURENCE STERNE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

In this face you discover the arch, satirical STERNE, the shrewd and exquisite observer, more limited in his object, but on that very account more profound; you discover him, I say, in the eyes, in the space which separates them, in the nose and the mouth, of this figure.

LAVATER.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND FAMILY

OF THE LATE

REV. MR. LAURENCE STERNE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

ROGER STERNE* (grandſon to Archbiſhop Sterne) Lieutenant in Handaſide's regiment, was married to Agnes Hebert, widow of a Captain of a good family. Her family name was (I believe) Nuttle;—though, upon recollection, that was the name of her father-in-law, who was

* Mr. Sterne was deſcended from a family of that name in Suffolk, one of which ſettled in Nottinghamſhire. The following genealogy is extracted from Thoreſby's Ducatus Leodinenſis, p. 215.—

SIMON STERNE, of Mansfield.

Dr. Richard Sterne, Archbiſhop of York, ob. June 1683. — Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Dikinton, ob. 167 .

1 Richard Sterne, of York and Kilvington, Eſq. 1700.

2 William Sterne, of Mansfield.

3 Simon Sterne, of Elvington and Halifax, ob. 1703. — Mary, daughter and heireſs of Roger Jaques, of Elvington, near York.

1 Richard. — Richard.

2 ROGER.

3 Jaques, LL. D. ob. 1759.

4 Mary.

5 Elizabeth.

6 Frances.

LAURENCE STERNE.

The arms of the family, ſays Guillam, in his Book of Heraldry, p. 77, are, Or, a chevron between three croſſes flory, ſable. The creſt, on a wreath of his colours, *a ſtarling proper*.

Trifling circumſtances are worthy of notice, when connected with diſtinguiſhed characters. The arms of Mr. Sterne's family are no otherwiſe important than on account of the creſt having afforded a hint for one of the fineſt ſtories in The Sentimental Journey. See vol. ii. of the preſent edition, p. 378.

a noted ſutler in Flanders, in Queen Anne's wars, where my father married his wife's daughter (*N.B.* he was in debt to him) which was on September 25, 1711, old ſtyle.—This Nuttle had a ſon by my grandmother,—a fine perſon of a man, but a graceleſs whelp!—what became of him I know not.—The family (if any left) live now at Clonmel, in the ſouth of Ireland; at which town I was born, November 24, 1713, a few days after my mother arrived from Dunkirk.—My birth-day was ominous to my poor father, who was, the day of our arrival, with many other brave officers, broke, and ſent adrift into the wide world, with a wife and two children;—the elder of which was Mary. She was born at Liſle, in French Flanders, July 10, 1712, new ſtyle.—This child was the moſt unfortunate:—She married one Weemans, in Dublin,—who uſed her moſt unmercifully;—ſpent his ſubſtance, became a bankrupt, and left my poor ſiſter to ſhift for herſelf; which ſhe was able to do but for a few months, for ſhe went to a friend's houſe in the country, and died of a broken heart. She was a moſt beautiful woman,—of a fine figure, and deſerved a better fate.—The regiment in which my father ſerved being broke, he left Ireland as ſoon as I was able to be carried, with the reſt of his family, and came to the family ſeat at Elvington, near York, where his mother lived. She was daughter to Sir Roger Jaques, and an heireſs. There we ſojourned for about ten months, when the regiment was eſtabliſhed, and our houſhold decamped with bag and baggage for Dublin.—Within a month of our arrival, my father left us, being ordered to Exeter; where, in a ſad winter, my mother and her two children followed him, travelling from Liverpool, by land, to Plymouth.—(Melancholy deſcription of this journey, not neceſſary to be tranſmitted here.)—In twelve months we were all ſent back to Dublin.—My mother, with three of us (for ſhe lay-in at Plymouth of a boy, Joram) took ſhip at Briſtol, for Ireland, and had a narrow eſcape from being caſt away, by a leak ſpringing up in the veſſel.—At length, after many perils and ſtruggles, we got to Dublin.—There my father took a large houſe, furniſhed it, and in a year and a half's time ſpent

a great deal of money.—In the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and nineteen, all unhinged again; the regiment was ordered, with many others, to the Iſle of Wight, in order to embark for Spain in the Vigo expedition. We accompanied the regiment, and were driven into Milford Haven, but landed at Briſtol; from thence, by land, to Plymouth again, and to the Iſle of Wight;—where, I remember, we ſtayed encamped ſome time before the embarkation of the troops—(in this expedition, from Briſtol to Hampſhire, we loſt poor Joram,—a pretty boy, four years old, of the ſmall pox) my mother, ſiſter, and myſelf, remained at the Iſle of Wight during the Vigo expedition, and until the regiment had got back to Wicklow, in Ireland; from whence my father ſent for us.—We had poor Joram's loſs ſupplied, during our ſtay in the Iſle of Wight, by the birth of a girl, Anne, born September the twenty-third, one thouſand ſeven hundred and nineteen.—This pretty bloſſom fell at the age of three years, in the barracks of Dublin:—She was, as I well remember, of a fine delicate frame, not made to laſt long,—as were moſt of my father's babes.—We embarked for Dublin, and had all been caſt away by a moſt violent ſtorm; but through the interceſſions of my mother, the captain was prevailed upon to turn back into Wales, where we ſtayed a month, and at length got into Dublin, and travelled by land to Wicklow; where my father had for ſome weeks given us over for loſt.—We lived in the barracks at Wicklow one year—(one thouſand ſeven hundred and twenty) when Devijeher (ſo called after Colonel Devijeher) was born; from thence we decamped to ſtay half a year with Mr. Fetherſton, a clergyman, about ſeven miles from Wicklow; who being a relation of my mother's, invited us to his parſonage at Animo.—It was in this pariſh, during our ſtay, that I had that wonderful eſcape in falling through a mill-race whilſt the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt: the ſtory is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland, where hundreds of the common people flocked to ſee me. From hence we followed the regiment to Dublin, where we lay in the barracks a year.

In this year (one thouſand ſeven hundred and twenty-one) I learnt to write, &c.—The regiment ordered in twenty-two, to Carrickfergus, in the north of Ireland. We all decamped; but got no further than Drogheda:—thence ordered to Mullengar, forty miles weſt, where, by Providence, we ſtumbled upon a kind relation, a collateral deſcendant from Archbiſhop Sterne, who took us all to his caſtle, and kindly entertained us for a year, and ſent us to the regiment at Carrickfergus, loaded with kindneſſes, &c. A moſt rueful and tedious journey had we all (in March) to Carrickfergus, where we arrived in ſix or ſeven days.—Little Devijeher here died; he was three years old: he had been left behind at nurſe at a farm-houſe near Wicklow, but was fetch'd to us by my father the ſummer after:—another child ſent to fill his place, Suſan. This babe too left us behind in this weary journey. The autumn of that year, or the ſpring afterwards (I forget which) my father got leave of his colonel to fix me at ſchool,—which he did near Halifax, with an able maſter; with whom I ſtayed ſome time, till by God's care of me, my couſin Sterne, of Elvington, became a father to me, and ſent me to the univerſity, &c. &c.—To purſue the thread of our ſtory, my father's regiment was the year after ordered to Londonderry, where another ſiſter was brought forth, Catherine, ſtill living; but moſt unhappily eſtranged from me by my uncle's wickedneſs and her own folly. From this ſtation the regiment was ſent to defend Gibraltar, at the ſiege, where my father was run through the body by Captain Phillips, in a duel (the quarrel began about a gooſe!): with much difficulty, he ſurvived, though with an impaired conſtitution, which was not able to withſtand the hardſhips it was put to; for he was ſent to Jamaica, where he ſoon fell by the country fever, which took away his ſenſes firſt, and made a child of him; and then, in a month or two, walking about continually without complaining, till the moment he ſat down in an arm-chair, and breathed his laſt, which was at Port Antonio, on the north of the iſland. My father was a little ſmart man, active to the laſt degree in

all exercifes, moft patient of fatigue and difappointments, of which it pleafed God to give him full meafure. He was, in his temper, fomewhat rapid and hafty, but of a kindly, fweet difpofition, void of all defign; and fo innocent in his own intentions, that he fufpected no one; fo that you might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been fufficient for your purpofe. My poor father died in March 1731. I remained at Halifax till about the latter end of that year, and cannot omit mentioning this anecdote of myfelf and fchoolmafter:—He had the ceiling of the fchool-room new white-waſhed;—the ladder remained there: I one unlucky day mounted it, and wrote with a brufh, in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the uſher feverely whipped me. My maſter was very much hurt at this, and faid, before me, that never ſhould that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was ſure I ſhould come to preferment.—This expreſſion made me forget the ſtripes I had received.—In the year thirty-two* my couſin ſent me to the univerſity, where I ſtaid ſome time. 'Twas there that I commenced a friendſhip with Mr. H——, which has been laſting on both ſides.—I then came to York, and my uncle got me the living of Sutton: and at York, I became acquainted with your mother, and courted her for two years:—ſhe owned ſhe liked me; but thought herſelf not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined together. —She went to her ſiſter's in S——; and I wrote to her often.—I believe then ſhe was partly determined to have me, but would not ſay ſo.—At her return ſhe fell into a conſumption;—and one evening that I was ſitting by her, with an almoſt broken heart to ſee her ſo ill, ſhe ſaid, "My "dear Laurey, I can never be yours, for I verily believe I "have not long to live! but I have left you every ſhilling "of my fortune."—Upon that ſhe ſhewed me her will.—

* He was admitted of Jeſus' College, in the univerſity of Cambridge, 6th July 1733, under the tuition of Mr. Cannon.
Matriculated 29th March 1735.
Admitted to the degree of B. A. in January 1736.
Admitted M. A. at the commencement of 1740.

This generoſity overpowered me.—It pleaſed God that ſhe recovered, and I married her in the year 1741. *My uncle and myſelf were then upon very good terms; for he ſoon got me the Prebendary of York:—but he quarrelled with me afterwards, becauſe I would not write paragraphs in the news-papers:—though he was a party-man, I was not, and deteſted ſuch dirty work: thinking it beneath me. From that period he became my bittereſt enemy†.—By my wife's means I got the living of Stillington; a friend of hers in the ſouth had promiſed her, that, if ſhe married a clergyman in Yorkſhire,—when the living became vacant, he would make her a compliment of it. I remained near twenty years at Sutton, doing duty at both places. I had then very good health. Books, ‡painting, fiddling, and ſhooting, were my amuſements. As to the Squire of the pariſh, I cannot ſay we were upon a very friendly footing: but at Stillington, the family of the C——s ſhewed us every kindneſs: 'twas moſt truly agreeable to be within a mile and a half of an amiable family, who were ever cordial friends.—In the year 1760, I took a houſe at York for your mother and yourſelf, and went up to London to publiſh§ my two firſt volumes of Shandy‖. In that year Lord Falconbridge preſented me with the curacy of Coxwold:—a ſweet retirement

* Jaques Sterne, LL. D. He was Prebendary of Durham, Canon Reſidentiary, Precentor and Prebendary of York, Rector of Riſe, and Rector of Hornſea cum Riſton, both in the Eaſt Riding of the county of York. He died June 9th, 1759.

† It hath, however, been inſinuated, that he for ſome time wrote a periodical electioneering paper at York, in defence of the whig intereſt.—*Monthly Review*, vol. 53, p. 344.

‡ A ſpecimen of Mr. Sterne's abilities in the art of deſigning, may be ſeen in Mr. Wodhul's poems, 8vo. 1772.

§ The firſt edition was printed in the preceding year at York.

‖ The following is the order in which Mr. Sterne's publications appeared:—

1747. The Caſe of Elijah and the Widow of Zerephath conſidered. A Charity Sermon preached on Good Friday, April 17, 1747, for the ſupport of two charity-ſchools in York.

1750. The Abuſes of Conſcience. Set forth in a Sermon preached in the cathedral church of St. Peter, York, at the ſummer aſſizes, before the Hon. Mr. Baron Clive, and the Hon. Mr. Baron Smythe, on *Sunday, July 29*, 1750.

1759.

ment in compariſon of Sutton. In ſixty-two, I went to France before the peace was concluded; and you both followed me. I left you both in France, and in two years after, I went to Italy for the recovery of my health; and, when I called upon you, I tried to engage your mother to return to England with me: ſhe * and yourſelf are at length come, and I have had the inexpreſſible joy of ſeeing my girl every thing I wiſhed her.

I have ſet down theſe particulars relating to my family and ſelf for my Lydia, in caſe hereafter ſhe might have a curioſity, or a kinder motive, to know them.

AS Mr. Sterne, in the foregoing narrative, hath brought down the account of himſelf until within a few months of his death, it remains only to mention that he left York about the end of the year 1767, and came to London, in order to publiſh *The Sentimental Journey*, which he had written during the preceding ſummer at his favourite living of Coxwold. His health had been for ſome time declining; but he continued to viſit his friends, and retained his uſual flow of ſpirits. In February, 1768, he began to perceive the approaches of death; and with the concern of a good man and the ſolicitude of an affectionate parent, devoted his attention to the future welfare of his daughter. His letters, at this period, reflect ſo much credit on his character, that it is to be lamented ſome others in the collection were permitted to ſee the light. After a ſhort ſtruggle with his diſorder, his debilitated and worn-out frame ſubmitted

1759. Vol. 1 and 2 of Triſtram Shandy.
1760. Vol. 1 and 2 of Sermons.
1761. Vol. 3 and 4 of Triſtram Shandy.
1762. Vol. 5 and 6 of Triſtram Shandy.
1765. Vol. 7 and 8 of Triſtram Shandy.
1766. Vol. 3, 4, 5, and 6. of Sermons.
1767. Vol. 9. of Triſtram Shandy.
1768. The Sentimental Journey.
The remainder of his works were publiſhed after his death.

* From this paſſage it appears that the preſent account of Mr. Sterne's Life and Family were written about ſix months only before his death.

mitted to fate on the 18th day of March 1768, at his lodgings in Bond-ſtreet. He was buried at the new burying-ground belonging to the pariſh of St. George, Hanover-ſquare, on the 22d of the ſame month, in the moſt private manner; and hath ſince been indebted to ſtrangers for a monument very unworthy of his memory; on which the following lines are inſcribed:—

"Near to this Place
Lies the Body of
The Reverend LAURENCE STERNE, A.M.
Died September 13th, 1768*,
Aged 53 Years.

Ah! molliter oſſa quieſcant.

If a ſound Head, warm Heart, and Breaſt humane,
Unſullied Worth, and Soul without a Stain;
If Mental Pow'rs could ever juſtly claim
The well-won Tribute of immortal Fame,
Sterne was *the Man*, who, with gigantic Stride,
Mow'd down luxuriant Follies far and wide.
Yet what tho' keeneſt Knowledge of Mankind
Unſeal'd to him the ſprings that move the Mind,
What did it coſt him?—Ridicul'd, abus'd,
By fools inſulted, and by Prudes accus'd!—
In his, mild Reader, view thy future Fate;
Like him, deſpiſe what 'twere a Sin to hate.

This monumental Stone was erected by two brother maſons; for, though he did not live to be a member of their ſociety, yet, as his all-incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and ſquare, they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after-ages. W. & S."

* It is ſcarcely neceſſary to obſerve, that this date is erroneous.

IN MEMORY OF

MR. STERNE,

AUTHOR OF THE

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

WITH wit, and genuine humour, to diſpel,
From the deſponding boſom, gloomy care,
And bid the guſhing tear, at the ſad tale
Of hapleſs love or filial grief to flow
From the full ſympathiſing heart, were thine;
Theſe powers, O STERNE! but now thy fate demands
(No plumage nodding o'er the emblazon'd hearſe
Proclaiming honour where no virtue ſhone)
But the ſad tribute of a heart-felt ſigh:
What tho' no taper caſt its deadly ray,
Nor the full choir ſing requiems o'er thy tomb,
The humbler grief of friendſhip is not mute;
And poor Maria, with her faithful kid,
Her auburn treſſes careleſsly entwin'd
With olive foliage, at the cloſe of day,
Shall chant her plaintive veſpers at thy grave.
Thy ſhade too, gentle Monk, 'mid awful night,
Shall pour libations from its friendly eye;
For erſt his ſweet benevolence beſtow'd
Its generous pity, and bedew'd with tears
The ſod, which reſted on thy aged breaſt.

A CHARACTER AND EULOGIUM OF STERNE, AND HIS WRITINGS;

IN A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE FROM A GENTLEMAN IN IRELAND TO HIS FRIEND.

[Written in the Year 1769.]

WHAT trifle comes next?—Spare the cenſure, my friend,
This letter's no more from beginning to end:
Yet, when you conſider (your laughter, pray ſtifle)
The advantage, the importance, the uſe of a trifle—
When you think too beſide—and there's nothing more clear—
That pence compoſe millions, and moments the year;
You ſurely will grant me, nor think that I jeſt,
That life's but a ſeries of trifles at beſt.

How widely digreſſive! yet could I, O STERNE *,
Digreſs with thy ſkill, with thy freedom return!

The

* The late reverend *Laurence Sterne*, A. M. &c. Author of that truly original, humorous, heteroclite work, called, The Life and Opinions of *Triſtram Shandy*, of a Sentimental Journey through France and Italy (which, alas! he did not live to finiſh), and of ſome volumes of Sermons. Of his ſkill in delineating and ſupporting his characters, thoſe of the father of his hero, of his uncle *Toby*, and of corporal *Trim* (out of numberleſs others), afford ample proof: To his power in the pathetic, whoever ſhall read the ſtories of *Le Fevre*, *Maria*, *the Monk*, and *the Dead Aſs*, muſt, if he has feelings, bear ſufficient teſtimony; and his *Sermons* throughout (though ſometimes, perhaps, chargeable with a levity not entirely becoming the pulpit) breathe the kindeſt ſpirit of *Philanthropy*,

The vain wiſh I repreſs—Poor YORICK! no more
Shall thy mirth and thy jeſts "ſet the table on a roar;"
No more thy ſad tale, with ſimplicity told,
O'er each feeling breaſt its ſtrong influence hold,
From the wife and the brave call forth ſympathy's ſigh,
Or ſwell with ſweet anguiſh humanity's eye:
Here and there in a page if a blemiſh appear,
(And what page, or what life, from a blemiſh is clear?)
TRIM and TOBY with ſoft interceſſion attend;
LE FEVRE intreats you to pardon his friend;
MARIA too pleads for her fav'rite diſtreſs'd,
As you feel for her ſorrows, O grant her requeſt!
Should theſe advocates fail, I've another to call,
One tear of his MONK ſhall obliterate all.
Favour'd pupil of Nature and Fancy, of yore,
Whom from Humour's embrace ſweet Philanthropy bore,
While the Graces and Loves ſcatter flowers on thy urn,
And Wit weeps the bloſſom too haſtily torn;
This meed too, kind Spirit, unoffended receive
From a youth next to SHAKESPEARE's who honours thy grave!

Philanthropy, of *good-will towards man*. For the few exceptional parts of his works, thoſe ſmall blemiſhes

Quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura—

ſuffer them, kind critic, to reſt with his aſhes!

The above eulogium will, I doubt not, appear to you (and perhaps alſo to many others) much too high for the literary character of STERNE; I have not at preſent either leiſure or inclination to enter into argument upon the queſtion; but, in truth, I conſider myſelf as largely his debtor for the tears and the laughter he ſo frequently excited, and was deſirous to leave behind me (for ſo long at leaſt as this trifle ſhall remain) ſome ſmall memorial of my gratitude: I will even add, that although I regard the memory of *Shakeſpeare* with a veneration little ſhort of idolatry, I eſteem the *Monk's horn-box* a relick "as devoutly to be wiſhed," as a pipe-ſtopper, a walking-ſtick, or even an ink-ſtand of the *mulberry-tree*.

THE

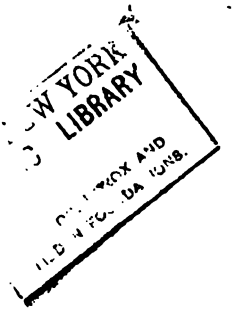
LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

Ταράσσει τὰς Ἀνθρώπους ὰ τά Πράγματα,
Ἀλλὰ τὰ περι τῶν Πραγμάτων, Δόγματα.

VOL. I. ORIGINAL EDITION.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TO

THE RIGHT HON. MR. PITT.

SIR,

NEVER poor wight of a Dedicator had leſs hopes from his Dedication than I have from this of mine; for it is written in a bye-corner of the kingdom, and in a retir'd thatch'd houſe, where I live in a conſtant endeavour to fence againſt the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by Mirth; being firmly perſuaded, that every time a man ſmiles,—but much more ſo when he laughs,—it adds ſomething to this Fragment of Life.

I humbly beg, Sir, that you will honour this Book, by taking it—(not under your Protection,—it muſt protect itſelf, but)—into the country with you; where, if I am ever told it has made you ſmile; or can conceive it has beguiled you of one moment's pain,—I ſhall think myſelf as happy as a Miniſter of State;——perhaps, much happier than any one (one only excepted) that I have read or heard of.

I am, GREAT SIR,

(and, what is more to your Honour)

I am, GOOD SIR,

your Well-wiſher and

moſt humble Fellow-ſubject,

THE AUTHOR.

reader is likely to ſee me.—Believe me, good folks, this is not ſo inconſiderable a thing as many of you may think it;—you have all, I dare ſay, heard of the animal ſpirits, as how they are transfuſed from father to ſon, &c. &c.—and a great deal to that purpoſe:—Well, you may take my word, that nine parts in ten of a man's ſenſe or his nonſenſe, his ſucceſſes and miſcarriages in this world, depend upon their motions and activity, and the different tracks and trains you put them into, ſo that when they are once ſet a-going, whether right or wrong, 'tis not a halfpenny matter,—away they go cluttering like hey-go mad; and by treading the ſame ſteps over and over again, they preſently make a road of it, as plain and as ſmooth as a garden walk, which, when they are once uſed to, the Devil himſelf ſometimes ſhall not be able to drive them off it.

Pray, my dear, quoth my mother, *have you not forgot to wind up the clock?*——*Good G—!* cried my father, making an exclamation, but taking care to moderate his voice at the ſame time,——*Did ever woman, ſince the creation of the world, interrupt a man with ſuch a ſilly queſtion?* Pray, what was your father ſaying?——Nothing.

CHAP. II.

——THEN, poſitively, there is nothing in the queſtion that I can ſee, either good or bad.——Then, let me tell you, Sir, it was a very unſeaſonable queſtion at leaſt,—becauſe it ſcattered and diſperſed

perſed the animal ſpirits, whoſe buſineſs it was to have eſcorted and gone hand in hand with the *HOMUNCULUS*, and conducted him ſafe to the place deſtined for his reception.

The HOMUNCULUS, Sir, in however low and ludicrous a light he may appear, in this age of levity, to the eye of folly or prejudice;—to the eye of reaſon in ſcientifick reſearch, he ſtands confeſs'd —a BEING guarded and circumſcribed with rights ——The minuteſt philoſophers, who, by the bye, have the moſt enlarged underſtandings, (their ſouls being inverſely as their enquiries) ſhew us inconteſtably, that the HOMUNCULUS is created by the ſame hand,—engender'd in the ſame courſe of nature, —endow'd with the ſame loco-motive powers and faculties with us:—That he conſiſts as we do, of ſkin, hair, fat, fleſh, veins, arteries, ligaments, nerves, cartilages, bones, marrow, brains, glands, genitals, humours, and articulations;—is a Being of as much activity,—and, in all ſenſes of the word, as much and as truly our fellow-creature as my Lord Chancellor of England.—He may be benefited,—he may be injured,—he may obtain redreſs; in a word, he has all the claims and rights of humanity, which Tully, Puffendorf, or the beſt ethic writers allow to ariſe out of that ſtate and relation.

Now, dear Sir, what if any accident had befallen him in his way alone!—or that through terror of it, natural to ſo young a traveller, my little Gentleman had got to his journey's end miſerably ſpent;—his muſcular ſtrength and virility worn down to a thread;—his own animal ſpirits ruffled beyond de-

ſcription,—and that in this ſad diſorder'd ſtate of nerves, he had lain down a prey to ſudden ſtarts, or a ſeries of melancholy dreams and fancies, for nine long, long months together.—I tremble to think what a foundation had been laid for a thouſand weakneſſes both of body and mind, which no ſkill of the phyſician or the philoſopher could ever afterwards have ſet thoroughly to rights.

CHAP. III.

TO my uncle, Mr. Toby Shandy, do I ſtand indebted for the preceding anecdote, to whom my father, who was an excellent natural philoſopher, and much given to cloſe reaſoning upon the ſmalleſt matters, had oft, and heavily complained of the injury; but once more particularly, as my uncle Toby well remember'd, upon his obſerving a moſt unaccountable obliquity, (as he call'd it) in my manner of ſetting up my top, and juſtifying the principles upon which I had done it,—the old gentleman ſhook his head, and in a tone more expreſſive by half of ſorrow than reproach,—he ſaid his heart all along foreboded, and he ſaw it verified in this, and from a thouſand other obſervations he had made upon me, That I ſhould neither think nor act like any other man's child:—*But, alas!* continued he, ſhaking his head a ſecond time, and wiping away a tear which was trickling down his cheeks, *My Triſtram's misfortunes began nine months before ever he came into the world.*

—My

—My mother, who was ſitting by, look'd up, but ſhe knew no more than her backſide what my father meant,—but my uncle, Mr. Toby Shandy, who had been often informed of the affair,—underſtood him very well.

CHAP. IV.

I KNOW there are readers in the world, as well as many other good people in it, who are no readers at all,—who find themſelves ill at eaſe, unleſs they are let into the whole ſecret from firſt to laſt, of every thing which concerns you.

It is in pure compliance with this humour of theirs, and from a backwardneſs in my nature to diſappoint any one ſoul living, that I have been ſo very particular already. As my life and opinions are likely to make ſome noiſe in the world, and, if I conjecture right, will take in all ranks, profeſſions, and denominations of men whatever,—be no leſs read than the Pilgrim's Progreſs itſelf—and, in the end, prove the very thing which Montaigne dreaded his Eſſays ſhould turn out, that is, a book for a parlour-window;—I find it neceſſary to conſult every one a little in his turn; and therefore muſt beg pardon for going on a little farther in the ſame way: for which cauſe, right glad I am, that I have begun the hiſtory of myſelf in the way I have done; and that I am able to go on, tracing every thing in it, as Horace ſays, *ab ovo*.

Horace, I know, does not recommend this faſhion altogether: But that gentleman is ſpeaking only of

an epic poem or a tragedy—(I forget which);—beſides, if it was not ſo, I ſhould beg Mr. Horace's pardon;—for in writing what I have ſet about, I ſhall confine myſelf neither to his rules, nor to any man's rules that ever lived.

To ſuch however as do not chooſe to go ſo far back into theſe things, I can give no better advice than that they ſkip over the remaining part of this chapter; for I declare beforehand, 'tis wrote only for the curious and inquiſitive.

————Shut the door.————I was begot in the night betwixt the firſt Sunday and the firſt Monday in the month of March, in the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighteen. I am poſitive I was.—But how I came to be ſo very particular in my account of a thing which happened before I was born, is owing to another ſmall anecdote known only in our own family, but now made public for the better clearing up this point.

My father, you muſt know, who was originally a Turkey merchant, but had left off buſineſs for ſome years, in order to retire to, and die upon, his paternal eſtate in the county of ——, was, I believe, one of the moſt regular men in every thing he did, whether 'twas matter of buſineſs, or matter of amuſement, that ever lived. As a ſmall ſpecimen of this extreme exactneſs of his, to which he was in truth a ſlave, he had made it a rule for many years of his life,—on the firſt Sunday night of every month throughout the whole year,—as certain as ever the Sunday night came,——to wind up a large houſe-clock, which we had ſtanding on the back ſtairs

ſtairs head, with his own hands:—And being ſomewhere between fifty and ſixty years of age at the time I have been ſpeaking of,—he had likewiſe gradually brought ſome other little family concernments to the ſame period, in order, as he would often ſay to my uncle Toby, to get them all out of the way at one time, and be no more plagued and peſtered with them the reſt of the month.

It was attended but with one misfortune, which, in a great meaſure, fell upon myſelf, and the effects of which, I fear, I ſhall carry with me to my grave; namely, that from an unhappy aſſociation of ideas, which have no connection in nature, it ſo fell out at length, that my poor mother could never hear the ſaid clock wound up,——but the thoughts of ſome other things unavoidably popped into her head—*& vice verſâ:*——which ſtrange combination of ideas, the ſagacious Locke, who certainly underſtood the nature of theſe things better than moſt men, affirms to have produced more wry actions than all other ſources of prejudice whatſoever.

But this by the bye.

Now it appears by a memorandum in my father's pocket-book, which now lies upon the table, "That on Lady-day, which was on the 25th of the ſame month in which I date my geniture,——my father ſet out upon his journey to London, with my eldeſt brother Bobby, to fix him at Weſtminſter ſchool;" and, as it appears from the ſame authority, "That he did not get down to his wife and family till the *ſecond week* in May following,"—it brings the thing almoſt to a certainty. However, what follows in

the beginning of the next chapter, puts it beyond all poſſibility of doubt.

———But pray, Sir, What was your father doing all December, January, and February?——Why, Madam,— he was all that time afflicted with a Sciatica.

CHAP. V.

ON the fifth day of November 1718, which, to the æra fixed on, was as near nine kalendar months as any huſband could in reaſon have expected,—was I Triſtram Shandy, Gentleman, brought forth into this ſcurvy and diſaſtrous world of ours.——I wiſh I had been born in the Moon, or in any of the planets (except Jupiter or Saturn, becauſe I never could bear cold weather) for it could not well have fared worſe with me in any of them (though I will not anſwer for Venus) than it has in this vile, dirty planet of ours,—which o' my conſcience, with reverence be it ſpoken, I take to be made up of the ſhreds and clippings of the reſt;——not but the planet is well enough, provided a man could be born in it to a great title or to a great eſtate; or could any how contrive to be called up to public charges, and employments of dignity or power;——but that is not my caſe;——and therefore every man will ſpeak of the fair as his own market has gone in it;———for which cauſe I affirm it over again to be one of the vileſt worlds that ever was made;—for I can truly ſay, that from the firſt hour I drew my breath

breath in it, to this, that I can now ſcarce draw it at all, for an aſthma I got in ſcating againſt the wind in Flanders;—I have been the continual ſport of what the world calls Fortune; and though I will not wrong her by ſaying, She has ever made me feel the weight of any great or ſignal evil;——yet with all the good temper in the world I affirm it of her, that in every ſtage of my life, and at every turn and corner where ſhe could get fairly at me, the ungracious ducheſs has pelted me with a ſet of as pitiful miſadventures and croſs accidents as ever ſmall HERO ſuſtained.

CHAP. VI.

IN the beginning of the laſt chapter, I informed you exactly *when* I was born; but I did not inform you *how*. No; *that* particular was reſerved entirely for a chapter by itſelf;—beſides, Sir, as you and I are in a manner perfect ſtrangers to each other, it would not have been proper to have let you into too many circumſtances relating to myſelf all at once.—You muſt have a little patience. I have undertaken, you ſee, to write not only my life, but my opinions alſo; hoping and expecting that your knowledge of my character, and of what kind of a mortal I am, by the one, would give you a better reliſh for the other: As you proceed farther with me, the ſlight acquaintance, which is now beginning betwixt us, will grow into familiarity; and that, unleſs one of us is in fault, will terminate in friendſhip.

friendſhip.—*O diem præclarum!*—then nothing which has touched me will be thought trifling in its nature, or tedious in its telling. Therefore, my dear friend and companion, if you ſhould think me ſomewhat ſparing of my narrative on my firſt ſetting out—bear with me,—and let me go on, and tell my ſtory my own way:—Or, if I ſhould ſeem now and then to trifle upon the road,—or ſhould ſometimes put on a fool's cap with a bell to it, for a moment or two as we paſs along,—don't fly off,—but rather courteouſly give me credit for a little more wiſdom than appears upon my outſide;—and as we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or in ſhort do any thing,— only keep your temper.

CHAP. VII.

IN the ſame village where my father and my mother dwelt, dwelt alſo a thin, upright, motherly, notable, good old body of a midwife, who with the help of a little plain good ſenſe, and ſome years full employment in her buſineſs, in which ſhe had all along truſted little to her own efforts, and a great deal to thoſe of dame Nature,—had acquired, in her way, no ſmall degree of reputation in the world:——by which word *world*, need I in this place inform your worſhip, that I would be underſtood to mean no more of it, than a ſmall circle deſcribed upon the circle of the great world, of four Engliſh miles diameter, or thereabouts, of which the cottage where the good old woman lived

is

is ſuppoſed to be the centre?—She had been left it ſeems a widow in great diſtreſs, with three or four ſmall children, in her forty-ſeventh year; and as ſhe was at that time a perſon of decent carriage, —grave deportment,—a woman morever of few words and withal an object of compaſſion, whoſe diſtreſs, and ſilence under it, called out the louder for a friendly lift: the wife of the parſon of the pariſh was touched with pity; and having often lamented an inconvenience to which her huſband's flock had for many years been expoſed, inaſmuch as there was no ſuch thing as a midwife, of any kind or degree, to be got at, let the caſe have been ever ſo urgent, within leſs than ſix or ſeven long miles riding; which ſaid ſeven long miles in dark nights and diſmal roads, the country thereabouts being nothing but a deep clay, was almoſt equal to fourteen; and that in effect, was ſometimes next to having no midwife at all; it came into her head, that it would be doing as ſeaſonable a kindneſs to the whole pariſh, as to the poor creature herſelf, to get her a little inſtructed in ſome of the plain principles of the buſineſs, in order to ſet her up in it. As no woman thereabouts was better qualified to execute the plan ſhe had formed than herſelf, the gentlewoman very charitably undertook it; and having great influence over the female part of the pariſh, ſhe found no difficulty in effecting it to the utmoſt of her wiſhes. In truth, the parſon join'd his intereſt with his wife's in the whole affair; and in order to do things as they ſhould be, and give the poor ſoul as good a title by law to practiſe, as his wife

wife had given by inſtitution,—he cheerfully paid the fees for the ordinary's licence himſelf, amounting in the whole, to the ſum of eighteen ſhillings and four pence; ſo that betwixt them both, the good woman was fully inveſted in the real and corporal poſſeſſion of her office, together with all its *rights, members, and appurtenances whatſoever.*

Theſe laſt words, you muſt know, were not according to the old form in which ſuch licences, faculties, and powers uſually ran, which in like caſes had heretofore been granted to the ſiſterhood. But it was according to a neat formula of Didius his own deviſing, who having a particular turn for taking to pieces, and new framing over again, all kind of inſtruments in that way, not only hit upon this dainty amendment, but coaxed many of the old licenſed matrons in the neighbourhood, to open their faculties afreſh, in order to have this whim-wham of his inſerted.

I own I never could envy Didius in theſe kinds of fancies of his:—but every man to his own taſte. Did not Dr. Kunaſtrokius, that great man, at his leiſure hours, take the greateſt delight imaginable in combing of aſſes tails, and plucking the dead hairs out with his teeth, though he had tweezers always in his pocket? Nay, if you come to that, Sir, have not the wiſeſt of men in all ages, not excepting Solomon himſelf,—have they not had their HOBBY-HORSES;—their running horſes,—their coins and their cockle-ſhells, their drums and their trumpets, their fiddles, their pallets,—their maggots and their butterflies?—and ſo long as a man rides his

his HOBBY-HORSE peaceably and quietly along the King's highway, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him,—pray, Sir, what have either you or I to do with it?

CHAP. VIII.

—*De guſtibus non eſt diſputandum*;—that is, there is no diſputing againſt HOBBY-HORSES; and for my part, I ſeldom do; nor could I with any ſort of grace, had I been an enemy to them at the bottom; for happening, at certain intervals and changes of the moon, to be both fiddler and painter, according as the fly ſtings,—be it known to you, that I keep a couple of pads myſelf, upon which, in their turns, (nor do I care who knows it) I frequently ride out and take the air;—though ſometimes, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, I take ſomewhat longer journies than what a wiſe man would think altogether right.—But the truth is,—I am not a wiſe man;—and beſides am a mortal of ſo little conſequence in the world, it is not much matter what I do: ſo I ſeldom fret or fume at all about it: nor does it much diſturb my reſt, when I ſee ſuch great Lords and tall Perſonages as hereafter follow;—ſuch, for inſtance, as my Lord A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, and ſo on, all of a row, mounted upon their ſeveral horſes;—ſome with large ſtirrups, getting on in a more grave and ſober pace;——others on the contrary, tucked up to their very chins, with whips acroſs their mouths, ſcouring and ſcampering it away like ſo many little party-coloured devils aſtride

aſtride a mortgage,—and as if ſome of them were reſolved to break their necks.——So much the better—ſay I to myſelf;—for in caſe the worſt ſhould happen, the world will make a ſhift to do excellently well without them; and for the reſt,——why——God ſpeed them——e'en let them ride on without oppoſition from me; for were their lordſhips unhorſed this very night—'tis ten to one but that many of them would be worſe mounted, by one half, before to-morrow morning.

Not one of theſe inſtances therefore can be ſaid to break in upon my reſt.——But there is an inſtance, which I own puts me off my guard, and that is, when I ſee *one* born for great actions, and what is ſtill more for his honour, whoſe nature ever inclines him to good ones;—when I behold ſuch a *one*, my Lord, like yourſelf, whoſe principles and conduct are as generous and noble as his blood, and whom, for that reaſon, a corrupt world cannot ſpare one moment;—when I ſee ſuch a *one*, my Lord, mounted, though it is but for a minute beyond the time which my love to my country has preſcribed to him, and my zeal for his glory wiſhes,—then, my Lord, I ceaſe to be a philoſopher, and in the firſt tranſport of an honeſt impatience I wiſh the HOBBY-HORSE, with all his fraternity, at the Devil.

" My Lord,

" I MAINTAIN this to be a dedication, notwithſtanding its ſingularity in the three great eſſentials of matter, form, and place: I beg, there-

" fore,

" fore, you will accept it as ſuch, and that you will
" permit me to lay it, with the moſt reſpectful hu-
" mility, at your Lordſhip's feet,—when you are
" upon them,—which you can be when you pleaſe;
" and that is, my Lord, whenever there is occaſion
" for it, and I will add, to the beſt purpoſes too.
" I have the honour to be,

" My Lord,
" Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,
" and moſt devoted,
" and moſt humble ſervant,
" TRISTRAM SHANDY."

CHAP. IX.

I SOLEMNLY declare to all mankind, that the above dedication was made for no one Prince, Prelate, Pope, or Potentate,—Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viſcount, or Baron, of this, or any other realm in Chriſtendom;——nor has it yet been hawked about, or offered publicly or privately, directly or indirectly, to any one perſon or perſonage, great or ſmall; but is honeſtly a true Virgin Dedication untried on, upon any ſoul living.

I labour this point ſo particularly, merely to remove any offence or objection which might ariſe againſt it from the manner in which I propoſe to make the moſt of it;—which is the putting it up fairly to public ſale; which I now do.

——Every author has a way of his own in bringing his points to bear;—for my own part, as I hate chaffering

chaffering and higgling for a few guineas in a dark entry;—I reſolved within myſelf, from the very beginning, to deal ſquarely and openly with your Great Folks in this affair, and try whether I ſhould not come off the better by it.

If therefore, there is any one Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viſcount, or Baron, in theſe his Majeſty's dominions, who ſtands in need of a tight, genteel dedication, and whom the above will ſuit, (for by the bye, unleſs it ſuits in ſome degree, I will not part with it)——it is much at his ſervice for fifty guineas;——which I am poſitive is twenty guineas leſs than it ought to be afforded for, by any man of genius.

My Lord; if you examine it over again, it is far from being a groſs piece of daubing, as ſome dedications are. The deſign, your Lordſhip ſees, is good,—the colouring tranſparent,—the drawing not amiſs;—or to ſpeak more like a man of ſcience,—and meaſure my piece in the painter's ſcale, divided into 20,— I believe, my Lord, the outlines will turn out as 12,—the compoſition as 9,—the colouring as 6,—the expreſſion 13 and a half,—and the deſign,—if I may be allowed, my Lord, to underſtand my own *deſign*, and ſuppoſing abſolute perfection in deſigning, to be as 20,—I think it cannot well fall ſhort of 19. Beſides all this,—there is keeping in it; and the dark ſtrokes in the HOBBY-HORSE, (which is a ſecondary figure, and a kind of back-ground to the whole) give great force to the principal lights in your own figure, and make it come off wonderfully;——and beſides,

beſides, there is an air of originality in the *tout enſemble.*

Be pleaſed, my good Lord, to order the ſum to be paid into the hands of Mr. Dodſley, for the benefit of the author; and in the next edition care ſhall be taken that this chapter be expunged, and your Lordſhip's titles, diſtinctions, arms, and good actions, be placed at the front of the preceding chapter: all which, from the words *De guſtibus non eſt diſputandum,* and whatever elſe in this book relates to HOBBY-HORSES, but no more, ſhall ſtand dedicated to your Lordſhip.—The reſt I dedicate to the MOON, who, by the bye, of all the Patrons or Matrons, I can think of, has moſt power to ſet my book a-going, and make the world run mad after it.

Bright Goddeſs,

If thou art not too buſy with CANDID and Miſs CUNEGUND'S affairs,—take Triſtram Shandy's under thy protection alſo.

CHAP. X.

WHATEVER degree of ſmall merit the act of benignity in favour of the midwife might juſtly claim, or in whom that claim truly reſted,—at firſt ſight ſeems not very material to this hiſtory;—— certain however it was, that the gentlewoman, the parſon's wife, did run away at that time with the whole of it: and yet, for my life, I cannot help thinking but that the parſon himſelf, though he had

not the good fortune to hit upon the deſign firſt,—yet, as he heartily concurred in it the moment it was laid before him, and as heartily parted with his money to carry it into execution, had a claim to ſome ſhare of it,—if not to a full half of whatever honour was due to it.

The world at that time was pleaſed to determine the matter otherwiſe.

Lay down the book, and I will allow you half a day to give a probable gueſs at the grounds of this procedure.

Be it known then, that, for about five years before the date of the midwife's licence, of which you have had ſo circumſtantial an account,—the parſon we have to do with had made himſelf a country-talk by a breach of all decorum, which he had committed againſt himſelf, his ſtation, and his office;—and that was in never appearing better, or otherwiſe mounted, than upon a lean, ſorry, jack-aſs of a horſe, value about one pound fifteen ſhillings; who, to ſhorten all deſcription of him, was full brother to Roſinante, as far as ſimilitude congenial could make him; for he anſwered his deſcription to a hair-breadth in every thing,—except that I do not remember 'tis any where ſaid, that Roſinante was broken winded; and that, moreover Roſinante, as is the happineſs of moſt Spaniſh horſes, fat or lean,—was undoubtedly a horſe at all points.

I know very well that the Hero's horſe was a horſe of chaſte deportment, which may have given grounds for the contrary opinion: but it is as certain at the ſame time that Roſinante's continency

(as

(as may be demonſtrated from the adventure of the Yanguefian carriers) proceeded from no bodily defect or cauſe whatſoever, but from the temperance and orderly current of his blood.—And let me tell you, Madam, there is a great deal of very good chaſtity in the world, in behalf of which you could not ſay more for your life.

Let that be as it may, as my purpoſe is to do exact juſtice to every creature brought upon the ſtage of this dramatic work,—I could not ſtifle this diſtinction in favour of Don Quixotte's horſe;——in all other points, the parſon's horſe, I ſay, was juſt ſuch another, for he was as lean, and as lank, and as ſorry a jade, as Humility herſelf could have beſtrided.

In the eſtimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was greatly in the parſon's power to have helped the figure of this horſe of his,—for he was maſter of a very handſome demi-peak'd ſaddle, quilted on the ſeat with green pluſh, garniſhed with a double row of ſilverheaded ſtuds, and a noble pair of ſhining braſs ſtirrups, with a houſing altogether ſuitable, of grey ſuperfine cloth, with an edging of black lace, terminating in a deep, black, ſilk fringe, *poudré d'or*:—all which he had purchaſed in the pride and prime of his life, together with a grand embоſſed bridle, ornamented at all points as it ſhould be.——But not caring to banter his beaſt, he had hung all theſe up behind his ſtudy door: and, in lieu of them, had ſeriouſly befitted him with juſt ſuch a bridle and ſuch a ſaddle, as the figure and value of ſuch a ſteed might well and truly deſerve.

In the ſeveral ſallies about his pariſh, and in the neighbouring viſits to the gentry who lived around him,——you will eaſily comprehend, that the parſon, ſo appointed, would both hear and ſee enough to keep his philoſophy from ruſting. To ſpeak the truth, he never could enter a village, but he caught the attention of both old and young.——Labour ſtood ſtill as he paſſed—the bucket hung ſuſpended in the middle of the well,—the ſpinning-wheel forgot its round,—even chuck-farthing and ſhuffle-cap themſelves ſtood gaping till he had got out of ſight; and as his movement was not of the quickeſt, he had generally time enough upon his hands to make his obſervations,—to hear the groans of the ſerious,—and the laughter of the light-hearted; all which he bore with excellent tranquillity.—His character was,—he loved a jeſt in his heart—and as he ſaw himſelf in the true point of ridicule, he would ſay he could not be angry with others for ſeeing him in a light, in which he ſo ſtrongly ſaw himſelf: ſo that to his friends, who knew his foible was not the love of money, and who therefore made the leſs ſcruple in bantering the extravagance of his humour,—inſtead of giving the true cauſe,—he choſe rather to join in the laugh againſt himſelf; and as he never carried one ſingle ounce of fleſh upon his own bones, being altogether as ſpare a figure as his beaſt,—he would ſometimes inſiſt upon it, that the horſe was as good as the rider deſerved;—that they were, centaur-like,—both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his ſpirits were above the temptation of falſe wit,—he would ſay,

he

he found himſelf going off faſt in a conſumption; and, with great gravity, would pretend, he could not bear the ſight of a fat horſe, without a dejection of heart, and a ſenſible alteration in his pulſe; and that he had made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himſelf in countenance, but in ſpirits.

At different times he would give fifty humorous and appoſite reaſons for riding a meek-ſpirited jade of a broken-winded horſe, preferably to one of mettle;—for on ſuch a one he could ſit mechanically, and meditate as delightfully *de vanitate mundi et fugâ ſæculi*, as with the advantage of a death's head before him;—that, in all other exercitations, he could ſpend his time, as he rode ſlowly along,—to as much account as in his ſtudy;—that he could draw up an argument in his ſermon,—or a hole in his breeches, as ſteadily on the one as in the other;—that briſk trotting and flow argumentation, like wit and judgment, were two incompatible movements.—But that upon his ſteed—he could unite and reconcile every thing;—he could compoſe his ſermon—he could compoſe his cough,——and, in caſe nature gave a call that way, he could likewiſe compoſe himſelf to ſleep.—In ſhort, the parſon upon ſuch encounters would aſſign any cauſe but the true cauſe,—and he withheld the true one, only out of a nicety of temper, becauſe he thought it did honour to him.

But the truth of the ſtory was as follows:—In the firſt years of this gentleman's life, and about the time when the ſuperb ſaddle and bridle were purchaſed

chaſed by him, it had been his manner, or vanity, or call it what you will, —to run into the oppoſite extreme.—In the language of the country where he dwelt, he was ſaid to have loved a good horſe, and generally had one of the beſt in the whole pariſh ſtanding* in his ſtable always ready for ſaddling; and as the neareſt midwife, as I told you, did not live nearer to the village than ſeven miles, and in a vile country,—it ſo fell out that the poor gentleman was ſcarce a whole week together without ſome piteous application for his beaſt; and as he was not an unkind-hearted man, and every caſe was more preſſing and more diſtreſsful than the laſt,—as much as he loved his beaſt, he had never a heart to refuſe him; the upſhot of which was generally this, that his horſe was either clapp'd, or ſpavin'd, or greas'd;—or he was twitter-bon'd, or broken-winded, or ſomething, in ſhort, or other had befallen him, which would let him carry no fleſh;—ſo that he had every nine or ten months a bad horſe to get rid of,—and a good horſe to purchaſe in his ſtead.

What the loſs in ſuch a balance might amount to, *communibus annis*, I would leave to a ſpecial jury of ſufferers in the ſame traffick, to determine;—but let it be what it would, the honeſt gentleman bore it for many years without a murmur, till at length, by repeated ill accidents of the kind, he found it neceſſary to take the thing under conſideration; and upon weighing the whole, and ſumming it up in his mind, he found it not only diſproportioned to his other expences, but withal ſo heavy an article in itſelf,

itſelf, as to diſable him from any other act of generoſity in his pariſh: beſides this, he conſidered that with half the ſum thus galloped away, he could do ten times as much good;—and what ſtill weighed more with him than all other conſiderations put together, was this, that it confined all his charity into one particular channel, and where, as he fancied, it was the leaſt wanted, namely, to the child-bearing and child-getting part of his pariſh; reſerving nothing for the impotent,—nothing for the aged,—nothing for the many comfortleſs ſcenes he was hourly called forth to viſit, where poverty, and ſickneſs and affliction dwelt together.

For theſe reaſons he reſolved to diſcontinue the expence; and there appeared but two poſſible ways to extricate him clearly out of it;—and theſe were, either to make it an irrevocable law never more to lend his ſteed upon any application whatever,—or elſe be content to ride the laſt poor devil, ſuch as they had made him, with all his aches and infirmities, to the very end of the chapter.

As he dreaded his own conſtancy in the firſt—he very chearfully betook himſelf to the ſecond; and though he could very well have explained it, as I ſaid, to his honour,—yet, for that very reaſon, he had a ſpirit above it; chooſing rather to bear the contempt of his enemies, and the laughter of his friends, than undergo the pain of telling a ſtory, which might ſeem a panegyrick upon himſelf.

I have the higheſt idea of the ſpiritual and refined ſentiments of this reverend gentleman, from this ſingle ſtroke in his character, which I think

comes up to any of the honeſt refinements of the peerleſs knight of La Mancha, whom, by the bye, with all his follies, I love more, and would actually have gone farther to have paid a viſit to, than the greateſt hero of antiquity.

But this is not the moral of my ſtory: The thing I had in view was to ſhew the temper of the world in the whole of this affair.—For you muſt know, that ſo long as this explanation would have done the parſon credit,—the devil a ſoul could find it out,—I ſuppoſe his enemies would not, and that his friends could not.——But no ſooner did he beſtir himſelf in behalf of the midwife, and pay the expences of the ordinary's licence to ſet her up,—but the whole ſecret came out; every horſe he had loſt, and two horſes more than ever he had loſt, with all the circumſtances of their deſtruction, were known and diſtinctly remembered.—The ſtory ran like wildfire.—" The parſon had a returning fit of " pride which had juſt ſeized him; and he was " going to be well mounted once again in his life; " and if it was ſo, 'twas plain as the ſun at noon-" day, he would pocket the expence of the licence " ten times told, the very firſt year:—ſo that every " body was left to judge what were his views in " this act of charity."

What were his views in this, and in every other action of his life,—or rather what were the opinions which floated in the brains of other people concerning it, was a thought which too much floated in his own, and too often broke in upon his reſt, when he ſhould have been found aſleep.

About

About ten years ago this gentleman had the good fortune to be made entirely eaſy upon that ſcore, —it being juſt ſo long ſince he left his pariſh,—and the whole world at the ſame time behind him;—and ſtands accountable to a Judge, of whom he will have no cauſe to complain.

But there is a fatality attends the actions of ſome men: order them as they will, they paſs thro' a certain medium, which ſo twiſts and refracts them from their true directions——that, with all the titles to praiſe which a rectitude of heart can give, the doers of them are nevertheleſs forced to live and die without it.

Of the truth of which, this gentleman was a painful example.——But to know by what means this came to paſs,—and to make that knowledge of uſe to you, I inſiſt upon it that you read the two following chapters, which contain ſuch a ſketch of his life and converſation, as will carry its moral along with it. When this is done, if nothing ſtops us in our way, we will go on with the midwife.

CHAP. XI.

YORICK was this parſon's name, and, what is very remarkable in it, (as appears from a moſt ancient account of the family, wrote upon ſtrong vellum, and now in perfect preſervation) it had been exactly ſo ſpelt for near——I was within an ace of ſaying nine hundred years;——but I would not ſhake my credit in telling an improbable truth, however

however indiſputable in itſelf;——and therefore I ſhall content myſelf with only ſaying——It had been exactly ſo ſpelt, without the leaſt variation or tranſpoſition of a ſingle letter, for I do not know how long; which is more than I would venture to ſay of one half of the beſt ſurnames in the kingdom; which, in a courſe of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners. —Has this been owing to the pride, or to the ſhame of the reſpective proprietors?—In honeſt truth, I think ſometimes to the one, and ſometimes to the other, juſt as the temptation has wrought. But a villanous affair it is, and will one day ſo blend and confound us all together, that no one ſhall be able to ſtand up and ſwear, "That his own great "grandfather was the man who did either this or "that."

This evil had been ſufficiently fenced againſt by the prudent care of the Yorick family, and their religious preſervation of theſe records I quote, which do farther inform us, That the family was originally of Daniſh extraction, and had been tranſplanted into England as early as in the reign of Horwendillus, king of Denmark, in whoſe court, it ſeems, an anceſtor of this Mr. Yorick, and from whom he was lineally deſcended, held a conſiderable poſt to the day of his death. Of what nature this conſiderable poſt was, this record ſaith not—it only adds, That, for near two centuries, it had been totally aboliſhed, as altogether unneceſſary, not only in that court, but in every other court of the Chriſtian world.

It

It has often come into my head, that this poſt could be no other than that of the king's chief jeſter; —and that Hamlet's Yorick, in our Shakeſpeare, many of whoſe plays, you know, are founded upon authenticated facts, was certainly the very man.

I have not the time to look into Saxo-Grammaticus's Daniſh hiſtory, to know the certainty of this;—but if you have leiſure, and can eaſily get at the book, you may do it full as well yourſelf.

I had juſt time, in my travels through Denmark with Mr. Noddy's eldeſt ſon, whom, in the year 1741, I accompanied as governor, riding along with him at a prodigious rate thro' moſt parts of Europe, and of which original journey performed by us two, a moſt delectable narrative will be given in the progreſs of this work; I had juſt time, I ſay, and that was all, to prove the truth of an obſervation made by a long ſojourner in that country; ——namely, "That nature was neither very laviſh, "nor was ſhe very ſtingy in her gifts of genius and "capacity to its inhabitants;—but, like a diſcreet "parent, was moderately kind to them all; ob- "ſerving ſuch an equal tenor in the diſtribution of "her favours, as to bring them, in thoſe points, "pretty near to a level with each other; ſo that "you will meet with few inſtances in that kingdom "of refined parts; but a great deal of good plain "houſhold underſtanding amongſt all ranks of "people, of which every body has a ſhare;" which is, I think, very right.

With us, you ſee, the caſe is quite different:— we are all ups and downs in this matter;—you are a great

a great genius;—or 'tis fifty to one, Sir, you are a great dunce and a blockhead;—not that there is a total want of intermediate ſteps;—no,—we are not ſo irregular as that comes to;—but the two extremes are more common, and in a greater degree in this unſettled iſland, where nature, in her gifts and diſpoſitions of this kind, is moſt whimſical and capricious; fortune herſelf not being more ſo in the bequeſt of her goods and chattels than ſhe.

This is all that ever ſtaggered my faith in regard to Yorick's extraction, who, by what I can remember of him, and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, ſeemed not to have had one ſingle drop of Daniſh blood in his whole craſis; in nine hundred years, it might poſſibly have all run out:——I will not philoſophize one moment with you about it; for happen how it would, the fact was this:—That inſtead of that cold phlegm and exact regularity of ſenſe and humours, you would have looked for, in one ſo extracted;—he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and ſublimated a compoſition,—as heteroclite a creature in all his declenſions;——with as much life and whim, and *gaité de cœur* about him, as the kindlieſt climate could have engendered and put together. With all this ſail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballaſt; he was utterly unpractiſed in the world; and at the age of twenty-ſix, knew juſt about as well how to ſteer his courſe in it, as a romping, unſuſpicious girl of thirteen: ſo that upon his firſt ſetting out, the briſk gale of his ſpirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of ſomebody's tackling; and as the grave and

and more ſlow-paced were oftener in his way,—— you may likewiſe imagine, 'twas with ſuch he had generally the ill luck to get the moſt entangled. For aught I know there might be ſome mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of ſuch *fracas:*——for, to ſpeak the truth, Yorick had an invincible diſlike and oppoſition in his nature to gravity;—not to gravity as ſuch;—for where gravity was wanted, he would be the moſt grave or ſerious of mortal men for days and weeks together;—but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war againſt it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance, or for folly: and then, whenever it fell in his way, however ſheltered and protected, he ſeldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would ſay, that Gravity was an arrant ſcoundrel, and he would add,—of the moſt dangerous kind too,—becauſe a ſly one; and that he verily believed, more honeſt, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and ſhop-lifting in ſeven. In the naked temper which a merry heart diſcovered, he would ſay there was no danger,—but to itſelf:—whereas the very eſſence of gravity was deſign, and conſequently deceit;—'twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more ſenſe and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretenſions,—it was no better, but often worſe, than what a French wit had long ago defined it,—*viz. A myſterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind*;—which de-

finition

finition of gravity, Yorick, with great imprudence, would ſay, deſerved to be wrote in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpractiſed in the world, and was altogether as indiſcreet and fooliſh on every other ſubject of diſcourſe where policy is wont to impreſs reſtraint. Yorick had no impreſſion but one, and that was what aroſe from the nature of the deed ſpoken of; which impreſſion he would uſually tranſlate into plain Engliſh without any periphraſis;—and too oft without much diſtinction of either perſon, time, or place;—ſo that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding——he never gave himſelf a moment's time to reflect who was the hero of the piece, ——what his ſtation,——or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter;——but if it was a dirty action,—without more ado,—The man was a dirty fellow,—and ſo on.—And as his comments had uſually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with ſome drollery or humour of expreſſion, it gave wings to Yorick's indiſcretion. In a word, tho' he never ſought, yet, at the ſame time, as he ſeldom ſhunned occaſions of ſaying what came uppermoſt, and without much ceremony;——he had but too many temptations in life, of ſcattering his wit and his humour,—his gibes and his jeſts about him.——They were not loſt for want of gathering.

What were the conſequences, and what was Yorick's cataſtrophe thereupon, you will read in the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

THE Mortgager and Mortgagée differ the one from the other, not more in length of purſe, than the Jeſter and Jeſtée do, in that of memory. But in this the compariſon between them runs, as the ſcholiaſts call it, upon all-four; which, by the bye, is upon one or two legs more than ſome of the beſt of Homer's can pretend to;—namely, That the one raiſes a ſum, and the other a laugh at your expence, and thinks no more about it. Intereſt, however, ſtill runs on in both caſes;—the periodical or accidental payments of it, juſt ſerving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till, at length, in ſome evil hour,—pop comes the creditor upon each, and by demanding principal upon the ſpot, together with full intereſt to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

As the reader (for I hate your *ifs*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not ſay more to ſatisfy him, that my Hero could not go on at this rate without ſome ſlight experience of theſe incidental mementos. To ſpeak the truth, he had wantonly involved himſelf in a multitude of ſmall book-debts of this ſtamp, which, notwithſtanding Eugenius's frequent advice, he too much diſregarded; thinking, that as not one of them was contracted thro' any malignancy;—but, on the contrary, from an honeſty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humour, they would all of them be croſſed out in courſe.

Eugenius

Eugenius would never admit this; and would often tell him, that one day or other he would certainly be reckoned with; and he would often add, in an accent of ſorrowful apprehenſion,—to the utmoſt mite. To which Yorick, with his uſual careleſsneſs of heart, would as often anſwer with a pſhaw!—and if the ſubject was ſtarted in the fields, —with a hop, ſkip, and a jump at the end of it; but if cloſe pent up in the ſocial chimney-corner, where the culprit was barricado'd in, with a table and a couple of arm-chairs, and could not ſo readily fly off in a tangent,—Eugenius would then go on with his lecture upon diſcretion in words to this purpoſe, though ſomewhat better put together:—

Truſt me, dear Yorick, this unweary pleaſantry of thine will ſooner or later bring thee into ſcrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of.——In theſe ſallies, too oft, I ſee it happens, that a perſon laughed at, conſiders himſelf in the light of a perſon injured, with all the rights of ſuch a ſituation belonging to him; and when thou vieweſt him in that light too, and reckons up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies,——and muſters up with them the many recruits which will liſt under him from a ſenſe of common danger;——'tis no extravagant arithmetick to ſay, that for every ten jokes,—thou haſt got an hundred enemies; and till thou haſt gone on, and raiſed a ſwarm of waſps about thine ears, and art half ſtung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is ſo.

I cannot ſuſpect it in the man whom I eſteem, that there is the leaſt ſpur from ſpleen or malevolence of

of intent in theſe ſallies;—I believe and know them to be truly honeſt and ſportive:—but conſider, my dear lad, that fools cannot diſtinguiſh this,—and that knaves will not: and that thou knoweſt not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other:——whenever they aſſociate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in ſuch a manner againſt thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily ſick of it, and of thy life too.

Revenge from ſome baneful corner ſhall level a tale of diſhonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct ſhall ſet right.—— The fortunes of thy houſe ſhall totter;—thy character, which led the way to them, ſhall bleed on every ſide of it;—thy faith queſtioned,—thy works belied,—thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the laſt ſcene of thy tragedy, CRUELTY and COWARDICE, twin ruffians, hired and ſet on by MALICE in the dark, ſhall ſtrike together at all thy infirmities and miſtakes;——The beſt of us, my dear lad, lie open there,——and truſt me,——truſt me, Yorick, *when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once reſolved upon, that an innocent and an helpleſs creature ſhall be ſacrificed, 'tis an eaſy matter to pick up ſticks enough from any thicket where it has ſtrayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.*

Yorick ſcarce ever heard this ſad vaticination of his deſtiny read over to him, but with a tear ſtealing from his eye, and a promiſſory look attending it, that he was reſolved, for the time to come, to ride

his tit with more ſobriety.—But, alas, too late!—a grand confederacy, with ***** and ***** at the head of it, was formed before the firſt prediction of it.—The whole plan of attack, juſt as Eugenius had foreboded, was put in execution all at once,—with ſo little mercy on the ſide of the allies,—and ſo little ſuſpicion in Yorick, of what was carrying on againſt him,—that when he thought, good eaſy man! full ſurely preferment was o' ripening,—they had ſmote his root, and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out with all imaginable gallantry for ſome time; till, overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war,—but more ſo, by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on,—he threw down the ſword; and, though he kept up his ſpirits in appearance to the laſt, he died, nevertheleſs, as was generally thought, quite broken-hearted.

What inclined Eugenius to the ſame opinion was as follows:—

A few hours before Yorick breathed his laſt, Eugenius ſtept in with an intent to take his laſt ſight and laſt farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and aſking how he felt himſelf, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,—and after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendſhip to him, for which, he ſaid, if it was their fate to meet hereafter,—he would thank him again and again,—he told him, he has within a few hours of giving his enemies the ſlip for ever.—I hope not, anſwered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his

his cheeks, and with the tendereſt tone that ever man ſpoke—I hope not, Yorick, ſaid he.——Yorick replied, with a look up, and a gentle ſqueeze of Eugenius's hand, and that was all,—but it cut Eugenius to his heart.—Come,—come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and ſummoning up the man within him,—my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy ſpirits and fortitude forſake thee at this criſis when thou moſt want'ſt them;—— who knows what reſources are in ſtore, and what the power of God may yet do for thee!——Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently ſhook his head.——For my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee; and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, chearing up his voice, that there is ſtill enough left of thee to make a biſhop, and that I may live to ſee it.—— I beſeech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand, ——his right being ſtill graſped cloſe in that of Eugenius,——I beſeech thee to take a view of my head.—I ſee nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. —Then, alas! my friend, ſaid Yorick, let me tell you, that 'tis ſo bruiſed and mis-ſhapen with the blows which ***** and *****, and ſome others have ſo unhandſomely given me in the dark, that I might ſay with Sancho Pança, that, ſhould I recover, and " Mitres thereupon be ſuffered to rain down from " heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would " fit it."——Yorick's laſt breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as he uttered

this :——yet ſtill it was uttered with ſomething of a Cervantic tone;——and as he ſpoke it, Eugenius could perceive a ſtream of lambent fire lighted up, for a moment in his eyes :——faint picture of thoſe flaſhes of his ſpirit, which (as Shakeſpeare ſaid of his anceſtor) were wont to ſet the table in a roar!

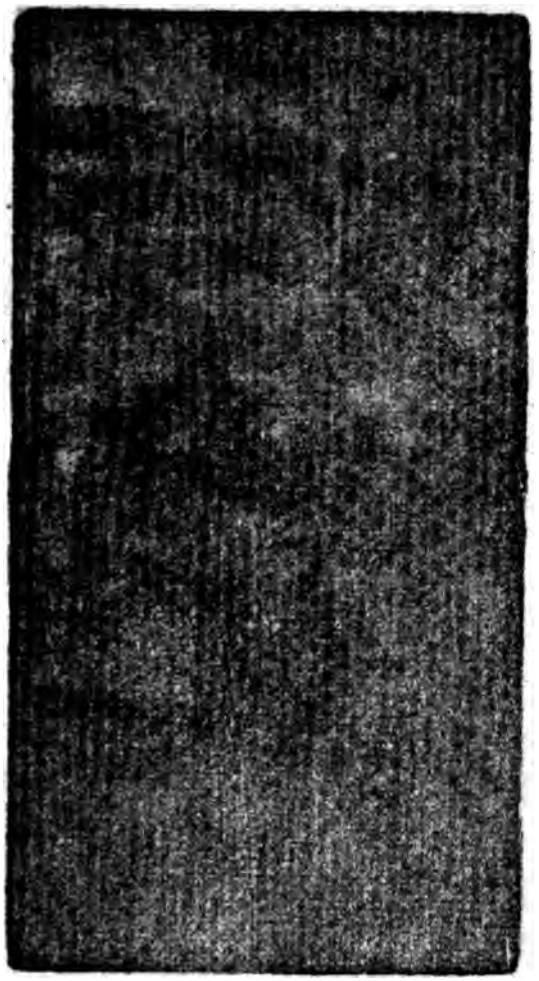
Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke: he ſqueezed his hand,—— and then walked ſoftly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door,—he then cloſed them,—and never opened them more.

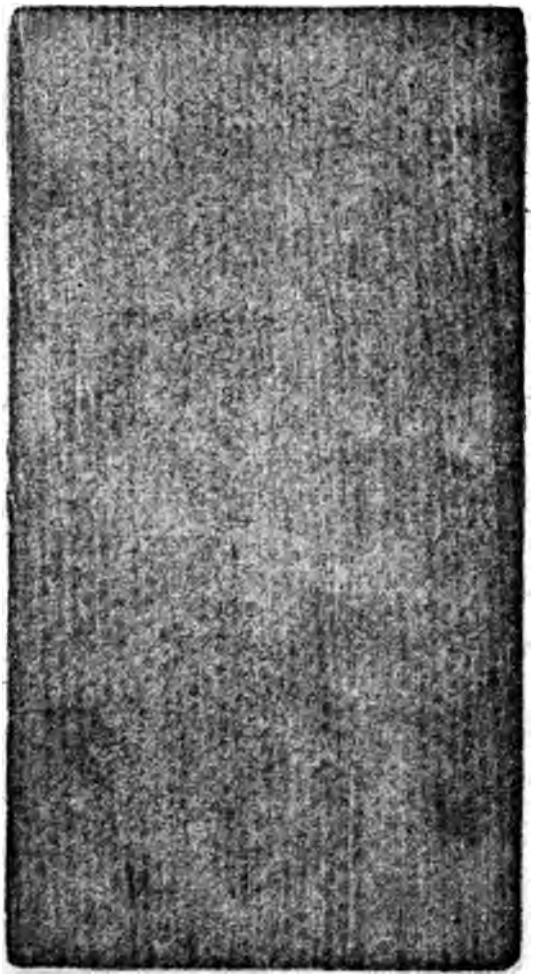
He lies buried in the corner of his church-yard, in the pariſh of ——, under a plain marble ſlab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than theſe three words of inſcription, ſerving both for his epitaph and elegy :—

Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghoſt the conſolation to hear his monumental inſcription read over with ſuch a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and eſteem for him:——a footway croſſing the church-yard, cloſe by the ſide of his grave,—not a paſſenger goes by without ſtopping to caſt a look upon it,—and ſighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!





CHAP. XIII.

IT is ſo long ſince the reader of this rhapſodical work has been parted from the midwife, that it is high time to mention her again to him, merely to put him in mind that there is ſuch a body ſtill in the world, and whom, upon the beſt judgment I can form upon my own plan at preſent, I am going to introduce to him for good and all: but as freſh matter may be ſtarted, and much unexpected buſineſs fall out betwixt the reader and myſelf, which may require immediate diſpatch,——'twas right to take care that the poor woman ſhould not be loſt in the mean time;—becauſe, when ſhe is wanted, we can no way do without her.

I think I told you that this good woman was a perſon of no ſmall note and conſequence throughout our whole village and townſhip;—that her fame had ſpread itſelf to the very outedge and circumference of that circle of importance, of which kind every ſoul living, whether he has a ſhirt to his back or no,——has one ſurrounding him;——which ſaid circle, by the way, whenever 'tis ſaid that ſuch a one is of great weight and importance in the *world*,—— I deſire may be enlarged or contracted in your worſhip's fancy, in a compound ratio of the ſtation, profeſſion, knowledge, abilities, height and depth (meaſuring both ways) of the perſonage brought before you.

In the preſent caſe, if I remember, I fixed it about four or five miles, which not only comprehended the whole pariſh, but extended itſelf to two

or three of the adjacent hamlets in the ſkirts of the next pariſh; which made a conſiderable thing of it. I muſt add, That ſhe was, moreover, very well looked on at one large grange-houſe, and ſome other odd houſes and farms within two or three miles, as I ſaid, from the ſmoke of her own chimney:—— But I muſt here, once for all, inform you, that all this will be more exactly delineated and explained in a map, now in the hands of the engraver, which, with many other pieces and developements of this work, will be added to the end of the twentieth volume,—not to ſwell the work,—I deteſt the thought of ſuch a thing;—but by way of commentary, ſcholium, illuſtration, and key to ſuch paſſages, incidents, or inuendos as ſhall be thought to be either of private interpretation, or of dark or doubtful meaning, after my Life and my Opinions ſhall have been read over (now don't forget the meaning of the word) by all the *world*;——which, betwixt you and me, and in ſpite of all the gentlemen reviewers in Great Britain, and of all that their worſhips ſhall undertake to write or ſay to the contrary,—I am determined ſhall be the caſe.—I need not tell your worſhip, that all this is ſpoke in confidence.

CHAP. XIV.

UPON looking into my mother's marriage ſettlement, in order to ſatisfy myſelf and reader in a point neceſſary to be cleared up, before we could proceed any farther in this hiſtory,—I had the good fortune

fortune to pop upon the very thing I wanted before I had read a day and a half ſtraight forwards:—it might have taken me up a month;—which ſhews plainly, that when a man ſits down to write a hiſtory,—though it be but the hiſtory of Jack Hickathrift or Tom Thumb, he knows no more than his heels what lets and confounded hindrances he is to meet with in his way,—or what a dance he may be led, by one excurſion or another, before all is over. Could a hiſtoriographer drive on his hiſtory, as a muleteer drives on his mule,—ſtraight forward;——for inſtance, from Rome all the way to Loretto, without ever once turning his head aſide, either to the right hand or to the left,——he might venture to foretel you to an hour when he ſhould get to his journey's end;——but the thing is, morally ſpeaking, impoſſible: for, if he is a man of the leaſt ſpirit, he will have fifty deviations from a ſtraight line to make with this or that party as he goes along, which he can no ways avoid. He will have views and proſpects to himſelf perpetually ſoliciting his eye, which he can no more help ſtanding ſtill to look at than he can fly; he will moreover have various

Accounts to reconcile:
Anecdotes to pick up:
Inſcriptions to make out:
Stories to weave in:
Traditions to ſift:
Perſonages to call upon:
Panegyricks to paſte up at this door;
Paſquinades at that:——All which both the man and

and the mule are exempt from. To ſum up all; There are archives at every ſtage to be look'd into, and rolls, records, documents, and endleſs genealogies, which juſtice ever and anon calls him back to ſtay the reading of:——In ſhort, there is no end of it;——for my own part, I declare I have been at it theſe ſix weeks, making all the ſpeed I poſſibly could,—and am not yet born:—I have juſt been able, and that's all, to tell you *when* it happen'd, but not *how*.;—ſo that you ſee the thing is yet far from being accompliſhed.

Theſe unforeſeen ſtoppages, which I own I had no conception of when I firſt ſet out;—but which, I am convinced now, will rather increaſe than diminiſh as I advance,—have ſtruck out a hint which I am reſolved to follow;——and that is,—not to be in a hurry;—but to go on leiſurely, writing and publiſhing two volumes of my life every year;——which, if I am ſuffered to go on quietly, and can make a tolerable bargain with my bookſeller, I ſhall continue to do as long as I live.

CHAP. XV.

THE article in my mother's marriage-ſettlement, which I told the reader I was at the pains to ſearch for, and which, now that I have found it, I think proper to lay before him,—is ſo much more fully expreſs'd in the deed itſelf, than ever I can pretend to do it, that it would be barbarity to take it out of the lawyer's hand:—It is as follows:—

"And

" **And this Indenture further witneſſeth**, That " the ſaid Walter Shandy, merchant, in conſider- " ation of the ſaid intended marriage to be had, " and, by God's bleſſing, to be well and truly ſo- " lemnized and conſummated between the ſaid " Walter Shandy and Elizabeth Mollineux afore- " ſaid, and divers other good and valuable cauſes " and conſiderations him thereunto ſpecially mov- " ing,—doth grant, covenant, condeſcend, conſent, " conclude, bargain, and fully agree to and with " John Dixon and James Turner, eſqrs. the above- " named truſtees, &c. &c.—**to wit**,—That in caſe " it ſhould hereafter ſo fall out, chance, happen, " or otherwiſe come to paſs,—That the ſaid Wal- " ter Shandy, merchant, ſhall have left off buſineſs " before the time or times that the ſaid Elizabeth " Mollineux ſhall, according to the courſe of na- " ture, or otherwiſe, have left off bearing and " bringing forth children;—and that, in conſe- " quence of the ſaid Walter Shandy having ſo left " off buſineſs, he ſhall in deſpight, and againſt the " free-will, conſent, and good-liking of the ſaid " Elizabeth Mollineux,—make a departure from " the city of London, in order to retire to, and " dwell upon, his eſtate at Shandy Hall, in the " county of——, or at any other country-ſeat, caſtle, " hall, manſion-houſe, meſſuage or grange-houſe, " now purchaſed, or hereafter to be purchaſed, or " upon any part or parcel thereof;—That then, " and as often as the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux " ſhall happen to be enceint with child or children " ſeverally and lawfully begot, or to be begotten,

" upon

" upon the body of the ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux,
" during her ſaid coverture,—he the ſaid Walter
" Shandy ſhall, at his own proper coſts and charges,
" and out of his own proper monies, upon good
" and reaſonable notice, which is hereby agreed
" to be within ſix weeks of her the ſaid Elizabeth
" Mollineux's full reckoning, or time of ſuppoſed
" and computed delivery,—pay, or cause to be
" paid, the ſum of one hundred and twenty pounds
" of good and lawful money to John Dixon and
" James Turner, eſqrs. or aſſigns,—upon TRUST
" and confidence, and for and unto the uſe and uſes,
" intent, end, and purpoſe following:—**That is**
" **to ſay**,—That the ſaid ſum of one hundred and
" twenty pounds ſhall be paid into the hands of the
" ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux, or to be otherwiſe
" applied by them the ſaid Truſtees, for the well
" and truly hiring of one coach, with able and ſuf-
" ficient horſes, to carry and convey the body of the
" ſaid Elizabeth Mollineux, and the child or chil-
" dren which ſhe ſhall be then and there enceint
" and pregnant with,—unto the city of London;
" and for the further paying and defraying of all
" other incidental coſts, charges, and expences
" whatſoever,—in and about, and for and relating
" to her ſaid intended delivery and lying-in, in the
" ſaid city or ſuburbs thereof: And that the ſaid
" Elizabeth Mollineux ſhall and may, from time to
" time, and at all ſuch time and times as are here
" covenanted and agreed upon,—peaceably and
" quietly hire the ſaid coach and horſes, and have
" free ingreſs, egreſs, and regreſs throughout her
" journey,

" journey, in and from the ſaid coach, according " to the tenor, true intent, and meaning of theſe " preſents, without any let, ſuit, trouble, diſturb- " ance, moleſtation, diſcharge, hindrance, for- " feiture, eviction, vexation, interruption, or in- " cumbrance whatſoever:—And that it ſhall more- " over be lawful to and for the ſaid Elizabeth " Mollineux, from time to time, and as oft or often " as ſhe ſhall well and truly be advanced in her " ſaid pregnancy, to the time heretofore ſtipulated " and agreed upon,—to live and reſide in ſuch " place or places, and in ſuch family or families, " and with ſuch relations, friends, and other per- " ſons within the ſaid city of London, as ſhe at " her own will and pleaſure, notwithſtanding her " preſent coverture, and as if ſhe was a *femme ſole* " and unmarried,—ſhall think fit.—**And this In- " denture further witneſſeth**, That for the more " effectually carrying of the ſaid covenant into ex- " ecution, the ſaid Walter Shandy, merchant, doth " hereby grant, bargain, ſell, releaſe, and confirm " unto the ſaid John Dixon and James Turner, " eſqrs. their heirs, executors, and aſſigns, in their " actual poſſeſſion now being, by virtue of an in- " denture of bargain and ſale for a year to them " the ſaid John Dixon and James Turner, eſqrs. " by him the ſaid Walter Shandy, merchant, thereof " made; which ſaid bargain and ſale for a year, " bears date the day next before the date of theſe " preſents, and by force and virtue of the ſtatute " for transferring of uſes into poſſeſſion,—**All** that " the manor and lordſhip of Shandy, in the county

" of

" of ——, with all the rights, members, and ap-
" purtenances thereof; and all and every the mef-
" ſuages, houſes, buildings, barns, ſtables, orchards,
" gardens, backſides, toſts, croſts, garths, cottages,
" lands, meadows, feedings, paſtures, marſhes,
" commons, woods, underwoods, drains, fiſheries,
" waters, and watercourſes;—together with all
" rents, reverſions, ſervices, annuities, fee-farms,
" knights fees, views of frankpledge, eſcheats, reliefs,
" mines, quarries, goods and chattels of felons and
" fugitives, felons of themſelves, and put in exigent,
" deodands, fee warrens, and all other royalties
" and ſeigniories, rights and juriſdictions, privileges
" and hereditaments whatſoever.——**And alſo** the
" advowſon, donation, preſentation, and free diſpo-
" ſition of the rectory or parſonage of Shandy afore-
" ſaid, and all and every the tenths, tythes, glebe-
" lands."——In three words,——My mother was
" to lie-in, (if ſhe choſe it) in London.

But in order to put a ſtop to the practice of any unfair play on the part of my mother, which a marriage-article of this nature too manifeſtly opened a door to, and which indeed had never been thought of at all, but for my uncle Toby Shandy,—a clauſe was added in ſecurity of my father, which was this: —" That in caſe my mother hereafter ſhould, at
" any time, put my father to the trouble and ex-
" pence of a London journey, upon falſe cries and
" tokens,——that, for every ſuch inſtance, ſhe
" ſhould forfeit all the right and title which the
" covenant gave her to the next turn;——but no
" more,—and ſo on, *toties quoties*, in as effectual a
" manner,

" manner, as if ſuch a covenant betwixt them " had not been made."—This, by the way, was no more than what was reaſonable;—and yet, as reaſonable as it was, I have ever thought it hard that the whole weight of the article ſhould have fallen entirely, as it did, upon myſelf.

But I was begot and born to misfortunes;—for my poor mother, whether it was wind or water—or a compound of both,—or neither;—or whether it was ſimply the mere ſwell of imagination and fancy in her;—or how far a ſtrong wiſh and deſire to have it ſo, might miſlead her judgment:—in ſhort, whether ſhe was deceived or deceiving in this matter, it no way becomes me to decide. The fact was this, That in the latter end of September 1717, which was the year before I was born, my mother having carried my father up to town much againſt the grain,—he peremptorily inſiſted upon the clauſe;—ſo that I was doom'd, by marriage articles, to have my noſe ſqueez'd as flat to my face, as if the deſtinies had actually ſpun me without one.

How this event came about,—and what a train of vexatious diſappointments, in one ſtage or other of my life, have purſued me from the mere loſs, or rather compreſſion, of this one ſingle member,—ſhall be laid before the reader all in due time.

CHAP. XVI.

MY father, as any body may naturally imagine, came down with my mother into the country, in but a pettiſh kind of a humour. The firſt twenty or five-

five-and-twenty miles he did nothing in the world but fret and teaſe himſelf, and indeed my mother too, about the curſed expence, which he ſaid might every ſhilling of it have been ſaved.—Then, what vexed him more than every thing elſe was, the provoking time of the year,—which, as I told you, was towards the end of September, when his wall-fruit and green-gages eſpecially, in which he was very curious, were juſt ready for pulling.—" Had " he been whiſtled up to London, upon a Tom " Fool's errand, in any other month of the whole " year, he ſhould not have ſaid three words " about it."

For the next two whole ſtages, no ſubject would go down, but the heavy blow he had ſuſtained from the loſs of a ſon, whom it ſeems he had fully reckon'd upon in his mind, and regiſter'd down in his pocket-book, as a ſecond ſtaff for his old age, in caſe Bobby ſhould fail him. " The diſappointment " of this, he ſaid, was ten times more to a wiſe man, " than all the money which the journey, &c. had " coſt him, put together:—rot the hundred and " twenty pounds,——he did not mind it a ruſh."

From Stilton, all the way to Grantham, nothing in the whole affair provoked him ſo much as the condolences of his friends, and the fooliſh figure they ſhould both make at church, the firſt Sunday; ——of which, in the ſatirical vehemence of his wit, now ſharpen'd a little by vexation, he would give ſo many humorous and provoking deſcriptions,—and place his rib and ſelf in ſo many tormenting lights and attitudes in the face of the whole congregation,—

gregation,—that my mother declared, theſe two ſtages were ſo truly tragicomical, that ſhe did nothing but laugh and cry in a breath, from one end to the other of them all the way.

From Grantham, till they had croſs'd the Trent, my father was out of all kind of patience at the vile trick and impoſition which he fancied my mother had put upon him in this affair.—" Certainly," he would ſay to himſelf, over and over again, " the " woman could not be deceived herſelf——if ſhe " could,——what weakneſs!"—tormenting word! —which led his imagination a thorny dance, and, before all was over, play'd the deuce and all with him;—for ſure as ever the word *weakneſs* was uttered, and ſtruck full upon his brain,—ſo ſure it ſet him upon running diviſions upon how many kinds of weakneſſes there were;——that there was ſuch a thing as weakneſs of the body,——as well as weakneſs of the mind,—and then he would do nothing but ſyllogize within himſelf for a ſtage or two together, How far the cauſe of all theſe vexations might, or might not, have ariſen out of himſelf.

In ſhort, he had ſo many little ſubjects of diſquietude ſpringing out of this one affair, all fretting ſucceſſively in his mind as they roſe up in it, that my mother, whatever was her journey up, had but an uneaſy journey of it down.——In a word, as ſhe complained to my uncle Toby, he would have tired out the patience of any fleſh alive.

CHAP. XVII.

THOUGH my father travelled homewards, as I told you, in none of the beſt of moods,—pſhawing and piſhing all the way down,—yet he had the complaiſance to keep the worſt part of the ſtory ſtill to himſelf;—which was the reſolution he had taken of doing himſelf the juſtice, which my uncle Toby's clauſe in the marriage-ſettlement empowered him; nor was it till the very night in which I was begot, which was thirteen months after, that ſhe had the leaſt intimation of his deſign; when my father, happening, as you remember, to be a little chag'rined and out of temper,——took occaſion as they lay chatting gravely in bed afterwards, talking over what was to come,——to let her know that ſhe muſt accommodate herſelf as well as ſhe could to the bargain made between them in their marriage-deeds; which was to lye-in of her next child in the country, to balance the laſt year's journey.

My father was a gentleman of many virtues,—but he had a ſtrong ſpice of that in his temper, which might, or might not, add to the number.—'Tis known by the name of Perſeverance in a good cauſe,—and of Obſtinacy in a bad one: of this my mother had ſo much knowledge, that ſhe knew 'twas to no purpoſe to make any remonſtrance;—ſo ſhe e'en reſolved to ſit down quietly, and make the moſt of it.

CHAP. XVIII.

AS the point was that night agreed, or rather determined, that my mother ſhould lye-in of me in

in the country, ſhe took her meaſures accordingly; for which purpoſe, when ſhe was three days, or thereabouts, gone with child, ſhe began to caſt her eyes upon the midwife, whom you have ſo often heard me mention; and before the week was well got round, as the famous Dr. Manningham was not to be had, ſhe had come to a final determination in her mind,——notwithſtanding there was a ſcientific operator within ſo near a call as eight miles of us, and who, moreover, had expreſsly wrote a five ſhilling book upon the ſubject of midwifery, in which he had expoſed, not only the blunders of the ſiſterhood itſelf,—but had likewiſe ſuperadded many curious improvements for the quicker extraction of the fœtus in croſs births, and ſome other caſes of danger, which belay us in getting into the world; notwithſtanding all this, my mother, I ſay, was abſolutely determined to truſt her life, and mine with it, into no ſoul's hand but this old woman's only.—Now this I like;—when we cannot get at the very thing we wiſh,——never to take up with the next beſt in degree to it. No; that's pitiful beyond deſcription.—It is no more than a week from this very day, in which I am now writing this book for the edification of the world,—which is March 9, 1759,——that my dear, dear Jenny, obſerving I looked a little grave, as ſhe ſtood cheapening a ſilk of five-and-twenty ſhillings a yard,—told the mercer, ſhe was ſorry ſhe had given him ſo much trouble;—and immediately went and bought herſelf a yard-wide ſtuff of ten-pence a yard.—'Tis the duplication of one and the ſame greatneſs of

ſoul; only, what leſſened the honour of it ſomewhat in my mother's caſe, was, that ſhe could not heroine it into ſo violent and hazardous an extreme, as one in her ſituation might have wiſhed, becauſe the old midwife had really ſome little claim to be depended upon,—as much, at leaſt, as ſucceſs could give her; having, in the courſe of her practice of near twenty years in the pariſh, brought every mother's ſon of them into the world without any one ſlip or accident which could fairly be laid to her account.

Theſe facts, though they had their weight, yet did not altogether ſatisfy ſome few ſcruples and uneaſineſſes which hung upon my father's ſpirits, in relation to this choice.—To ſay nothing of the natural workings of humanity and juſtice—or of the yearnings of parental and connubial love, all which prompted him to leave as little to hazard as poſſible in a caſe of this kind;——he felt himſelf concerned in a particular manner, that all ſhould go right in the preſent caſe;—from the accumulated ſorrow he lay open to, ſhould any evil betide his wife and child in lying-in at Shandy Hall.——He knew the world judged by events, and would add to his afflictions in ſuch a misfortune, by loading him with the whole blame of it.——"Alas o' day!— had Mrs. "Shandy, (poor gentlewoman!) had but her wiſh "in going up to town juſt to lye-in and come down "again;—which, they ſay, ſhe begged and prayed "for upon her bare knees,——and which, in my "opinion, conſidering the fortune which Mr. Shan-"dy got with her,—was no ſuch mighty matter to "have complied with, the lady and her babe might "both of them have been alive at this hour."

This

This exclamation, my father knew, was unanſwerable;—and yet, it was not merely to ſhelter himſelf,—nor was it altogether for the care of his offspring and wife that he ſeemed ſo extremely anxious about this point;—my father had extenſive views of things,——and ſtood moreover, as he thought, deeply concerned in it for the public good, from the dread he entertained of the bad uſes an ill-fated inſtance might be put to.

He was very ſenſible that all political writers upon the ſubject had unanimouſly agreed and lamented, from the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign down to his own time, that the current of men and money towards the metropolis, upon one frivolous errand or another,—ſet in ſo ſtrong,—as to become dangerous to our civil rights,—though, by the bye,——a *current* was not the image he took moſt delight in,—a *diſtemper* was here his favourite metaphor, and he would run it down into a perfect allegory, by maintaining it was identically the ſame in the body national as in the body natural, where the blood and ſpirits were driven up into the head faſter than they could find their ways down;——a ſtoppage of circulation muſt enſue, which was death in both caſes.

There was little danger, he would ſay, of loſing our liberties by French politics or French invaſions;——nor was he ſo much in pain of a conſumption from the maſs of corrupted matter and ulcerated humours in our conſtitution, which he hoped was not ſo bad as it was imagined;—but he verily feared that in ſome violent puſh, we ſhould go off, all at

once, in a ſtate-apoplexy;—and then he would ſay, *The Lord have mercy upon us all.*

My father was never able to give the hiſtory of this diſtemper,—without the remedy along with it.

"Was I an abſolute prince," he would ſay, pulling up his breeches with both his hands, as he roſe from his arm-chair, "I would appoint able judges, "at every avenue of my metropolis, who ſhould "take cognizance of every fool's buſineſs who came "there;—and if, upon a fair and candid hearing, "it appeared not of weight ſufficient to leave his "own home, and come up, bag and baggage, with "his wife and children, farmer's ſons, &c. &c. at "his backſide, they ſhould be all ſent back, from "conſtable to conſtable, like vagrants as they were, "to the place of their legal ſettlements. By this "means I ſhould take care, that my metropolis tot-"ter'd not through its own weight;—that the head "be no longer too big for the body;—that the ex-"tremes, now waſted and pinn'd in, be reſtored to "their due ſhare of nouriſhment, and regain with "it their natural ſtrength and beauty:—I would "effectually provide, That the meadows and corn-"fields of my dominions, ſhould laugh and ſing;—"that good cheer and hoſpitality flouriſh once "more;—and that ſuch weight and influence be "put thereby into the hands of the Squirality of my "kingdom, as ſhould counterpoiſe what I perceive "my Nobility are now taking from them."

"Why are there ſo few palaces and gentlemen's "ſeats," he would aſk, with ſome emotion, as he walked acroſs the room, "throughout ſo many "delicious

" delicious provinces in France? Whence is it that " the few remaining *chateaus* amongſt them are ſo " diſmantled,—ſo unfurniſhed, and in ſo ruinous " and deſolate a condition?——Becauſe, Sir," (he would ſay) " in that kingdom no man has any " country-intereſt to ſupport;—the little intereſt of " any kind which any man has any where in it, " is concentrated in the court, and the looks of the " Grand Monarch: by the ſunſhine of whoſe coun- " tenance, or the clouds which paſs acroſs it, every " Frenchman lives or dies."

Another political reaſon which prompted my father ſo ſtrongly to guard againſt the leaſt evil accident in my mother's lying-in in the country,—— was, That any ſuch inſtance would infallibly throw a balance of power, too great already, into the weaker veſſels of the gentry, in his own, or higher ſtations;——which, with the many other uſurped rights which that part of the conſtitution was hourly eſtabliſhing,—would, in the end, prove fatal to the monarchical ſyſtem of domeſtic government eſtabliſhed in the firſt creation of things by God.

In this point he was entirely of Sir Robert Filmer's opinion, That the plans and inſtitutions of the greateſt monarchies in the eaſtern parts of the world, were, originally, all ſtolen from that admirable pattern and prototype of this houſhold and paternal power;—which, for a century, he ſaid, and more, had gradually been degenerating away into a mix'd government;——the form of which, however deſirable in great combinations of the ſpecies, ——was very troubleſome in ſmall ones,—and

ſeldom produced any thing, that he ſaw, but ſorrow and confuſion.

For all theſe reaſons, private and public, put together,—my father was for having the man-midwife by all means,—my mother, by no means. My father begg'd and intreated ſhe would for once recede from her prerogative in this matter, and ſuffer him to chooſe for her:—my mother, on the contrary, inſiſted upon her privilege in this matter, to chooſe for herſelf,—and have no mortal's help but the old woman's.—What could my father do? He was almoſt at his wit's end;——talked it over with her in all moods;—placed his arguments in all lights;—argued the matter with her like a chriſtian,—like a heathen,—like a huſband,—like a father,—like a patriot,—like a man:—My mother anſwered every thing only like a woman; which was a little hard upon her;—for as ſhe could not aſſume and fight it out behind ſuch a variety of characters,—'twas no fair match:—'twas ſeven to one.—What could my mother do?——She had the advantage (otherwiſe ſhe had been certainly overpowered) of a ſmall reinforcement of chagrin perſonal at the bottom, which bore her up, and enabled her to diſpute the affair with my father with ſo equal an advantage,——that both ſides ſung *Te Deum.* In a word, my mother was to have the old woman,—and the operator was to have licence to drink a bottle of wine with my father and my uncle Toby Shandy in the back parlour,— for which he was to be paid five guineas.

I muſt

I muſt beg leave, before I finiſh this chapter, to enter a caveat in the breaſt of my fair reader;—and it is this,—Not to take it abſolutely for granted, from an unguarded word or two which I have dropp'd in it:——"That I am a married man."—I own, the tender appellation of my dear, dear Jenny,—with ſome other ſtrokes of conjugal knowledge, interſperſed here and there, might, naturally enough, have miſled the moſt candid judge in the world into ſuch a determination againſt me.—All I plead for, in this caſe, Madam, is ſtrict juſtice, and that you do ſo much of it, to me as well as to yourſelf,—as not to prejudge, or receive ſuch an impreſſion of me, till you have better evidence, than, I am poſitive, at preſent can be produced againſt me.—Not that I can be ſo vain or unreaſonable, Madam, as to deſire you ſhould therefore think, that my dear, dear Jenny is my kept miſtreſs;—no,—that would be flattering my character in the other extreme, and giving it an air of freedom, which, perhaps, it has no kind of right to. All I contend for, is the utter impoſſibility, for ſome volumes, that you, or the moſt penetrating ſpirit upon earth, ſhould know how this matter really ſtands—It is not impoſſible, but that my dear, dear Jenny! tender as the appellation is, may be my child.——Conſider,—I was born in the year eighteen.—Nor is there any thing unnatural or extravagant in the ſuppoſition, that my dear Jenny may be my friend!—Friend!—My friend.—Surely, Madam, a friendſhip between the two ſexes may ſubſiſt, and be ſupported without——Fy! Mr. Shandy.—Without

—Without any thing, Madam, but that tender and delicious ſentiment which ever mixes in friendſhip, where there is a difference of ſex. Let me intreat you to ſtudy the pure and ſentimental parts of the beſt French Romances;—it will really, Madam, aſtoniſh you to ſee with what a variety of chaſte expreſſions this delicious ſentiment, which I have the honour to ſpeak of, is dreſſed out.

CHAP. XIX.

I WOULD ſooner undertake to explain the hardeſt problem in geometry, than pretend to account for it, that a gentleman of my father's great good ſenſe, ——knowing, as the reader muſt have obſerved him, and curious too in philoſophy,—wiſe alſo in political reaſoning,—and in polemical (as he will find) no way ignorant,—could be capable of entertaining a notion in his head, ſo out of the common track,—that I fear the reader, when I come to mention it to him, if he is the leaſt of a choleric temper, will immediately throw the book by; if mercurial, he will laugh moſt heartily at it;—and if he is of a grave and ſaturnine caſt, he will, at firſt ſight, abſolutely condemn as fanciful and extravagant; and that was in reſpect to the choice and impoſition of Chriſtian names, on which he thought a great deal more depended than what ſuperficial minds were capable of conceiving.

His opinion in this matter, was, That there was a ſtrange kind of magic bias, which good or bad names,

names, as he called them, irreſiſtibly impreſſed upon our characters and conduct.

The hero of Cervantes argued not the point with more ſerioufneſs,—nor had he more faith,—or more to ſay on the powers of necromancy in diſhonouring his deeds,—or on Dulcinea's name, in ſhedding luſtre upon them, than my father had on thoſe of Triſmegiſtus or Archimedes, on the one hand,—or of Nyky and Simkin, on the other. How many Cæſars and Pompeys, he would ſay, by mere inſpiration of the names, have been rendered worthy of them! And how many, he would add, are there, who might have done exceeding well in the world, had not their characters and ſpirits been totally depreſſed and Nicodemus'd into nothing!

I ſee plainly, Sir, by your looks (or as the caſe happened) my father would ſay—that you do not heartily ſubſcribe to this opinion of mine,—which, to thoſe, he would add, who have not carefully ſifted it to the bottom,—I own has an air more of fancy than of ſolid reaſoning in it;——and yet, my dear Sir, if I may preſume to know your character, I am morally aſſured, I ſhould hazard little in ſtating a caſe to you, not as a party in the diſpute,—but as a judge, and truſting my appeal upon it to your own good ſenſe and candid diſquiſition in this matter;——you are a perſon free from as many narrow prejudices of education as moſt men;—and, if I may preſume to penetrate farther into you,—of a liberality of genius above bearing down an opinion, merely becauſe it wants friends. Your ſon,—your dear ſon,—from whoſe ſweet and open temper you have

have ſo much to expect:—your Billy, Sir!—would you, for the world, have called him JUDAS?—Would you, my dear Sir, he would ſay, laying his hand upon your breaſt, with the genteeleſt addreſs,—and in that ſoft and irreſiſtible *piano* of voice which the nature of the *argumentum ad hominem* abſolutely requires,—Would you, Sir, if a *Jew* of a godfather had propoſed the name of your child, and offered you his purſe along with it, would you have conſented to ſuch a deſecration of him?——O my God! he would ſay, looking up, if I know your temper right, Sir,—you are incapable of it;—you would have trampled upon the offer;—you would have thrown the temptation at the tempter's head with abhorrence.

Your greatneſs of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money, which you ſhew me in the whole tranſaction, is really noble;—and what renders it more ſo, is the principle of it;—the workings of a parent's love upon the truth and conviction of this very hypotheſis, namely, That was your ſon called Judas,—the ſordid and treacherous idea, ſo inſeparable from the name, would have accompanied him through life like his ſhadow, and, in the end, made a miſer and a raſcal of him, in ſpite, Sir, of your example.

I never knew a man able to anſwer this argument. ——But, indeed, to ſpeak of my father as he was;—he was certainly irreſiſtible;—both in his orations and diſputations;—he was born an orator; —Θεοδίδακτος.—Perſuaſion hung upon his lips, and the elements of Logic and Rhetoric were ſo blended up

up in him,—and, withal, he had ſo ſhrewd a gueſs at the weakneſſes and paſſions of his reſpondent,—that NATURE might have ſtood up and ſaid,—"This man is eloquent."—In ſhort, whether he was on the weak or the ſtrong ſide of the queſtion, 'twas hazardous in either caſe to attack him:—and yet, 'tis ſtrange, he had never read Cicero, nor Quintilian de Oratore, nor Iſocrates, nor Ariſtotle, nor Longinus, amongſt the antients;—nor Voſſius, nor Skioppius, nor Ramus, nor Farnaby, amongſt the moderns;—and, what is more aſtoniſhing, he had never in his whole life the leaſt light or ſpark of ſubtilty ſtruck into his mind, by one ſingle lecture upon Crackenthorp or Burgersdicius or any Dutch logician or commentator;—he knew not ſo much as in what the difference of an argument *ad ignorantiam*, and an argument *ad hominem* conſiſted; ſo that I well remember, when he went up along with me to enter my name at Jeſus' College in ****,—it was a matter of juſt wonder with my worthy tutor, and two or three fellows of that learned ſociety,—that a man who knew not ſo much as the names of his tools, ſhould be able to work after that faſhion with them.

To work with them in the beſt manner he could, was what my father was, however, perpetually forced upon;——for he had a thouſand little ſceptical notions of the comic kind to defend,—moſt of which notions, I verily believe, at firſt entered upon the footing of mere whims, and of a *vive la Bagatelle*; and as ſuch he would make merry with them for half an hour or ſo, and having ſharpened his wit upon them, diſmiſs them till another day.

I mention

I mention this, not only as matter of hypotheſis or conjecture upon the progreſs and eſtabliſhment of my father's many odd opinions,—but as a warning to the learned reader againſt the indiſcreet reception of ſuch gueſts, who, after a free and undiſturbed entrance, for ſome years, into our brains, —at length claim a kind of ſettlement there,—— working ſometimes like yeaſt;—but more generally after the manner of the gentle paſſion, beginning in jeſt,—but ending in downright earneſt.

Whether this was the caſe of the ſingularity of my father's notions—or that his judgment, at length, became the dupe of his wit;—or how far, in many of his notions, he might, though odd, be abſolutely right;——the reader, as he comes at them, ſhall decide. All that I maintain here is, that in this one, of the influence of Chriſtian names, however it gained footing, he was ſerious;—he was all uniformity;—he was ſyſtematical, and, like all ſyſtematic reaſoners, he would move both heaven and earth, and twiſt and torture every thing in nature to ſupport his hypotheſis. In a word, I repeat it over again,—he was ſerious; and, in conſequence of it, he would loſe all kind of patience whenever he ſaw people, eſpecially of condition, who ſhould have known better,—as careleſs and as indifferent about the name they impoſed upon their child, or more ſo, than in the choice of Ponto or Cupid for their puppy-dog.

This, he would ſay, look'd ill;—and had, moreover, this particular aggravation in it, viz. That when once a vile name was wrongfully or injudiciouſly

ciously given, 'twas not like the caſe of a man's character, which when wrong'd, might hereafter be cleared;——and poſſibly, ſome time or other, if not in the man's life, at leaſt after his death,—be, ſomehow or other, ſet to rights with the world: but the injury of this, he would ſay, could never be undone;—nay, he doubted even whether an act of parliament could reach it:——He knew as well as you, that the legiſlature aſſumed a power over ſurnames; but for very ſtrong reaſons, which he could give, it had never yet adventured, he would ſay, to go a ſtep farther.

It was obſervable, that though my father, in conſequence of this opinion, had, as I have told you, the ſtrongeſt likings and diſlikings towards certain names,—that there were ſtill numbers of names which hung ſo equally in the balance before him, that they were abſolutely indifferent to him. Jack, Dick, and Tom were of this claſs: theſe my father called neutral names;—affirming of them, without a ſatire, That there had been as many knaves and fools, at leaſt, as wiſe and good men, ſince the world began, who had indifferently borne them;—ſo that, like equal forces acting againſt each other in contrary directions, he thought they mutually deſtroyed each other's effects; for which reaſon, he would often declare, He would not give a cherry-ſtone to chooſe amongſt them. Bob, which was my brother's name, was another of theſe neutral kinds of chriſtian names, which operated very little either way; and as my father happen'd to be at Epſom when it was given him,—he would oft-times thank Heaven it was

no

no worſe. Andrew was ſomething like a negative quantity in Algebra with him;—'twas worſe, he ſaid, than nothing.—William ſtood pretty high:—— Numps again was low with him:—and Nick, he ſaid, was the *Devil.*

But of all the names in the univerſe, he had the moſt unconquerable averſion for *Triſtram:*—he had the loweſt and moſt contemptible opinion of it of any thing in the world, thinking it could poſſibly produce nothing in *rerum naturâ*, but what was extremely mean and pitiful; ſo that in the midſt of a diſpute on the ſubject, in which, by the bye, he was frequently involved,——he would ſometimes break off in a ſudden and ſpirited *Epiphonema*, or rather *Eroteſis*, raiſed a third, and ſometimes a full fifth above the key of the diſcourſe,——and demand it categorically of his antagoniſt, Whether he would take upon him to ſay, he had ever remembered, ——whether he had ever read,—or even whether he had ever heard tell of a man, called Triſtram, performing any thing great or worth recording?—No,—he would ſay,—*Triſtram!*—The thing is impoſſible.

What could be wanting in my father but to have wrote a book to publiſh this notion of his to the world? Little boots it to the ſubtle ſpeculatiſt to ſtand ſingle in his opinions,—unleſs he gives them proper vent:—It was the identical thing which my father did:—for in the year ſixteen, which was two years before I was born, he was at the pains of writing an expreſs *Diſſertation* ſimply upon the word Triſtram,—ſhewing the world, with great candour and modeſty, the grounds of his great abhorrence to the name.

When

When this ſtory is compared with the title-page, —Will not the gentle reader pity my father from his ſoul?—to ſee an orderly and well-diſpoſed gentleman, who tho' ſingular, yet inoffenſive in his notions,—ſo played upon in them by croſs purpoſes! ——to look down upon the ſtage, and ſee him baffled and overthrown in all his little ſyſtems and wiſhes! to behold a train of events perpetually falling out againſt him, and in ſo critical and cruel a way, as if they had purpoſedly been plann'd and pointed againſt him, merely to inſult his ſpeculations!—— In a word, to behold ſuch a one, in his old age, ill-fitted for troubles, ten times in a day ſuffering ſorrow!—ten times in a day calling the child of his prayers *Triſtram!*—Melancholy diſſyllable of ſound! which, to his ears, was uniſon to Nincompoop, and every name vituperative under Heaven.——By his aſhes! I ſwear it,—if ever malignant ſpirit took pleaſure, or buſied itſelf in traverſing the purpoſes of mortal man,—it muſt have been here;—and if it was not neceſſary I ſhould be born before I was chriſtened, I would this moment give the reader an account of it.

CHAP. XX.

——HOW could you, Madam, be ſo inattentive in reading the laſt chapter? I told you in it, *That my mother was not a Papiſt.*——Papiſt! you told me no ſuch thing, Sir.—Madam, I beg leave to repeat it over again, that I told you as plain, at leaſt, as words, by direct inference, could tell

you ſuch a thing.—Then, Sir, I muſt have miſs'd a page.—No, Madam,—you have not miſs'd a word.——Then I was aſleep, Sir.—My pride, Madam, cannot allow you that refuge.——Then I declare, I know nothing at all about the matter.—That, Madam, is the very fault I lay to your charge; and, as a puniſhment for it, I do inſiſt upon it, that you immediately turn back, that is, as ſoon as you get to the next full ſtop, and read the whole chapter over again. I have impoſed this penance upon the lady, neither out of wantonneſs nor cruelty, but from the beſt of motives; and therefore ſhall make her no apology for it when ſhe returns back.—'Tis to rebuke a vicious taſte, which has crept into thouſands beſides herſelf,—of reading ſtraight forwards, more in queſt of the adventures than of the deep erudition and knowledge which a book of this caſt, if read over as it ſhould be, would infallibly impart with them.——The mind ſhould be accuſtomed to make wiſe reflections, and draw curious concluſions as it goes along; the habitude of which, made Pliny the Younger affirm, "That he never read "a book ſo bad, but he drew ſome profit from it." The ſtories of Greece and Rome, run over without this turn and application,—do leſs ſervice, I affirm it, than the hiſtory of Pariſmus and Pariſmenus, or of the Seven Champions of England, read with it.

——But here comes my fair lady. Have you read over again the chapter, Madam, as I deſired you?—You have: and did you not obſerve the paſſage, upon the ſecond reading, which admits the inference?——Not a word like it! Then, Madam,

be

be pleaſed to ponder well the laſt line but one of the chapter, where I take upon me to ſay, " It was " *neceſſary* I ſhould be born before I was chriſten'd." Had my mother, Madam, been a Papiſt, that conſequence did not follow *.

* The Romiſh Rituals direct the baptizing of the child, in caſes of danger, *before* it is born;—but upon this proviſo, That ſome part or other of the child's body be ſeen by the baptizer. ——But the Doctors of the Sorbonne, by a deliberation held amongſt them, April 10, 1733,—have enlarged the powers of the midwives, by determining, That though no part of the child's body ſhould appear,—— that baptiſm ſhall, nevertheleſs, be adminiſtered to it by injection,—*par le moyen d' une petite canulle*,—Anglice, *a ſquirt*.——'Tis very ſtrange that St. Thomas Aquinas, who had ſo good a mechanical head, both for tying and untying the knots of ſchool-divinity,—ſhould, after ſo much pains beſtowed upon this,—give up the point at laſt, as a ſecond *La choſe impoſſible*.—" Infantes in maternis uteris exiſtentes (quoth St. Thomas!) baptizari poſſunt *nullo modo*."—O Thomas! Thomas!

If the reader has the curioſity to ſee the queſtion upon baptiſm *by injection*, as preſented to the Doctors of the Sorbonne, with their conſultation thereupon, it is as follows:

MEMOIRE PRESENTE A MESSIEURS LES DOCTEURS DE SORBONNE *.

Un Chirurgien Accoucheur, repreſente à Meſſieurs les Docteurs de Sorbonne, qu'il y a des cas, quoique très rares, où une mere ne ſçauroit accoucher, & même où l'enfant eſt tellement renfermé dans le ſein de ſa mere, qu'il ne fait paroître aucune partie de ſon corps, ce qui ſeroit un cas, ſuivant les Rituels, de lui conférer, du moins ſous condition, le baptême. Le Chirurgien, qui conſulte, prétend, par le moyen d'une petite canulle, de pouvoir baptiſer immediatement l'enfant, ſans faire aucun tort à la mere.——Il demand ſi ce moyen, qu'il vient de propoſer, eſt permis & légitime, & s'il peut s'en ſervir dans les cas qu'il vient d'expoſer.

REPONSE.

Le Conſeil eſtime, qui la queſtion propoſée ſouffre de grandes difficultés. Les Théologiens posent d'un coté pour principe, que

* Vide Deventer, Paris edit. 4to, 1734, p. 305.

le baptême, qui eſt une naiſſance ſpirituelle, ſuppoſe une premiere naiſſance; il faut être né dans le monde, pour renaître en Jeſus Chriſt, comme ils l'enſeignent. S. Thomas, 3 part quæſt 88. artic. 11. *ſuit cette doctrine comme une verité conſtante; l'on ne peut, dit ce S. Docteur, baptiſer les enfans qui ſont renfermés dans le ſein de leurs meres, & S. Thomas eſt fondé ſur ce, que les enfans ne ſont point nés & ne peuvent être comptés parmi les autres hommes; d'où il conclud, qu'ils ne peuvent être l'objet d'une action extérieure pour reçevoir par leure miniſtére les ſacremens néceſſaires au ſalut:* Pueri in maternis uteris exiſtentes nondum prodierunt in lucem ut cum aliis hominibus vitam ducant; unde non poſſunt ſubjici actioni humanæ, ut per eorum miniſterium ſacramenta recipiant ad ſalutam. *Les rituels ordonnent dans la pratique ce que les théologiens ont établi ſur les mémes matiéres, & ils deffendent tous d'une maniére uniforme, de baptiſer les enfans qui ſont renfermés dans le ſein de leurs meres, s'ils ne ſont paroître quelque partie de leurs corps. Le concours des théologiens, & des rituels, qui ſont les régles des diocéſes, paroit former une autorité qui termine la queſtion preſente; cependant le conſeil de conſcience conſiderant d'un côté, que le raiſonnement des théologiens eſt uniquement fondé ſur une raiſon de convenance, & que la deffenſe des rituels ſuppoſe que l'on ne peut baptiſer immediatement les enfans ainſi renfermés dans le ſein de leurs meres, ce qui eſt contre la ſuppoſition preſente; & d'un autre côté, conſiderant que lés mémes théologiens enſeignent, que l'on peut riſquer les ſacremens que Jeſus Chriſt a établis comme des moyens faciles, mais néceſſaires pour ſanctifier les hommes; & d'ailleurs eſtimant, que les enfans renfermés dans le ſein de leurs meres, pourroient être capables de ſalut, parcequ'ils ſont capables de damnation;—pour ces conſiderations, & en egard à l'expoſé, ſuivant lequel on aſſure avoir trouvé un moyen certain de baptiſer ces enfans ainſi renfermés, ſans faire aucun tort à la mere, le Conſeil eſtime que l'on pourroit ſe ſervir du moyen propoſé. dans la confiance qu'il a, que Dieu n'a point laiſſé ces ſortes d'enfans ſans aucuns ſecours, & ſuppoſant, comme il eſt expoſé, que le moyen dont il s'agit eſt propre à leur procurer le baptéme; cependant comme il s'agiroit, en autoriſant la pratique propoſée, de changer une regle univerſellement établie, le Conſeil croit que celui qui conſulte doit s'addreſſer à ſon evéque, & à qu'il il appartient de juger de l'utilité, & du danger du moyen propoſé, & comme, ſous le bon plaiſir de l'evéque, le Conſeil eſtime qu'il faudroit recourir au Pape, que a le droit d'expliquer le régles de l'egliſe, & d'y déroger dans le cas, ou la loi ne ſçauroit obliger, quelque ſage & quelque utile que paroiſſe la manière de baptiſer dont il s'agit, le Conſeil ne pourroit l'approver ſans le concours de ces deux autorités. On Conſeile au moins*

Mr. Triſtram Shandy's compliments to Meſſrs. Le Moyne, De Romigny, and De Marcilly; hopes they all reſted well the night after ſo tireſome a conſultation.—He begs to know, whether, after the ceremony of marriage, and before that of conſummation, the baptizing all the *Homunculi* at once, ſlapdaſh, by *injection*, would not be a ſhorter and ſafer cut ſtill; on condition, as above, That if the *Homunculi* do well, and come ſafe into the world after this, that each and every of them ſhall be baptized again (*ſous condition*)—And provided, in the ſecond place, That the thing can be done, which Mr. Shandy apprehends it may, *par le moyen d'une* petite canulle, and *ſans faire aucun tort au pere?*

It is a terrible misfortune for this ſame book of mine, but more ſo to the Republic of Letters;—ſo that my own is quite ſwallowed up in the conſideration

moins à celui qui conſulte, de s'addreſſer à ſon evêque, & de lui faire part de la preſente déciſion, afin que, ſi le prelat entre dans les raiſons ſur leſquelles les docteurs ſouſſignés s'appuyent, il puiſſe être autoriſé, dans le cas de néceſſité, ou il riſqueroit trop d'attendre que la permiſſion fût demandée & accordée d'employer le moyen qu'il propoſe ſi avantageux au ſalut de l'enfant. Au reſte, le Conſeil, en eſtimant que l'on pourroit s'en ſervir, croit cependant, que ſi les enfans dont il s'agit, venoient au monde, contre l'eſperance de ceux qui ſe ſeroient ſervis du même moyen, il ſeroit neceſſaire de les baptiſer ſous condition; *& en cela le Conſeil ſe conforme à tous les rituels, qui en autoriſant le baptéme d'un enfant qui fait paroître quelque partie de ſon corps, enjoignent néantmoins, & ordonnent de le baptiſer* ſous condition, *s'il vient heureuſement au monde.*

Déliberé en Sorbonné, le 10 *Avril*, 1733.

A. LE MOYNE.
L. DE-ROMIGNY.
DE MARCILLY.

deration of it,—that this ſelf-ſame vile pruriency for freſh adventures in all things, has got ſo ſtrongly into our habit and humour,—and ſo wholly intent are we upon ſatisfying the impatience of our concupiſcence that way,—that nothing but the groſs and more carnal parts of a compoſition will go down:—the ſubtle hints and fly communications of ſcience fly off, like ſpirits upwards,——the heavy moral eſcapes downwards; and both the one and the other are as much loſt to the world, as if they were ſtill left in the bottom of the ink-horn.

I wiſh the male-reader has not paſs'd by many a one, as quaint and curious as this one, in which the female-reader has been detected. I wiſh it may have its effects;—and that all good people, both male and female, from example, may be taught to think as well as read.

CHAP. XXI.

——I WONDER what's all that noiſe, and running backwards and forwards for, above ſtairs? quoth my father, addreſſing himſelf, after an hour and a half's ſilence, to my uncle Toby,——who, you muſt know, was ſitting on the oppoſite ſide of the fire, ſmoking his ſocial pipe all the time, in mute contemplation of a new pair of black pluſh breeches which he had got on:—What can they be doing, brother?—quoth my father,—we can ſcarce hear ourſelves talk.

I think, replied my uncle Toby, taking his pipe from his mouth, and ſtriking the head of it two or three

three times upon the nail of his left thumb as he began his ſentence,——I think, ſays he,——but to enter rightly into my uncle Toby's ſentiments upon this matter, you muſt be made to enter firſt a little into his character, the outlines of which I ſhall juſt give you, and then the dialogue between him and my father will go on as well again.

Pray, what was that man's name,—for I write in ſuch a hurry, I have no time to recollect or look for it,——who firſt made the obſervation, " That " there was great inconſtancy in our air and cli- " mate?" Whoever he was, 'twas a juſt and good obſervation in him.—But the corollary drawn from it, namely, " That it is this which has furniſhed us " with ſuch a variety of odd and whimſical cha- " racters;"—that was not his;—it was found out by another man, at leaſt a century and a half after him. Then again,—That this copious ſtore-houſe of original materials, is the true and natural cauſe that our comedies are ſo much better than thoſe of France, or any others that either have, or can be wrote upon the Continent:——that diſcovery was not fully made till about the middle of King William's reign,—when the great Dryden, in writing one of his long prefaces (if I miſtake not) moſt fortunately hit upon it. Indeed toward the latter end of Queen Anne, the great Addiſon began to patronize the notion, and more fully explained it to the world in one or two of his Spectators;—but the diſcovery was not his.—Then, fourthly and laſtly, That this ſtrange irregularity in our climate, producing ſo ſtrange an irregularity in our characters,——

doth thereby, in ſome ſort, make us amends, by giving us ſomewhat to make us merry with when the weather will not ſuffer us to go out of doors;—that obſervation is my own;—and was ſtruck out by me this very rainy day, March 26, 1759, and betwixt the hours of nine and ten in the morning.

Thus—thus, my fellow-labourers and aſſociates in this great harveſt of our learning, now ripening before our eyes; thus it is, by ſlow ſteps of caſual increaſe, that our knowledge phyſical, metaphyſical, phyſiological, polemical, nautical, mathematical, ænigmatical, technical, biographical, romantical, chemical, and obſtetrical, with fifty other branches of it (moſt of 'em ending as theſe do, in *ical*) have for theſe two laſt centuries and more, gradually been creeping upwards towards that Ἀκμὴ of their perfections, from which, if we may form a conjecture from the advances of theſe laſt ſeven years, we cannot poſſibly be far off.

When that happens, it is to be hoped, it will put an end to all kind of writings whatſoever;—the want of all kind of writing will put an end to all kind of reading;—and that in time,—*As war begets poverty; poverty peace,*—muſt, in courſe, put an end to all kind of knowledge,—and then——we ſhall have all to begin over again; or, in other words, be exactly where we ſtarted.

———Happy! thrice happy times! I only wiſh that the æra of my begetting, as well as the mode and manner of it, had been a little alter'd, ——or that it could have been put off, with any convenience to my father or mother, for ſome twenty or five-and-twenty

twenty years longer, when a man in the literary world might have ſtood ſome chance.——

But I forget my uncle Toby, whom all this while we have left knocking the aſhes out of his tobacco-pipe.

His humour was of that particular ſpecies, which does honour to our atmoſphere; and I ſhould have made no ſcruple of ranking him amongſt one of the firſt-rate productions of it, had not there appeared too many ſtrong lines in it of a family-likeneſs, which ſhewed that he derived the ſingularity of his temper more from blood, than either wind or water, or any modifications or combinations of them whatever: And I have, therefore, oft-times wondered, that my father, tho' I believe he had his reaſons for it, upon his obſerving ſome tokens of eccentricity in my courſe when I was a boy,—ſhould never once endeavour to account for them in this way: for all the Shandy Family were of an original character throughout:——I mean the males,—the females had no character at all,—except, indeed, my great aunt Dinah, who, about ſixty years ago, was married and got with child by the coachman, for which my father, according to his hypotheſis of chriſtian names, would often ſay, She might thank her godfathers and godmothers.

It will ſeem very ſtrange,——and I would as ſoon think of dropping a riddle in the reader's way, which is not my intereſt to do, as ſet him upon gueſſing how it could come to paſs, that an event of this kind, ſo many years after it had happened, ſhould be reſerved for the interruption of the peace and

and unity, which otherwiſe ſo cordially ſubſiſted, between my father and my uncle Toby. One would have thought, that the whole force of the misfortune ſhould have ſpent and waſted itſelf in the family at firſt,—as is generally the caſe.—But nothing ever wrought with our family after the ordinary way. Poſſibly at the very time this happened, it might have ſomething elſe to afflict it; and as afflictions are ſent down for our good, and that as this had never done the Shandy Family any good at all, it might lie waiting till apt times and circumſtances ſhould give it an opportunity to diſcharge its office. ——Obſerve, I determine nothing upon this.—— My way is ever to point out to the curious, different tracts of inveſtigation, to come at the firſt ſprings of the events I tell;—not with a pedantic Feſcue,—or in the deciſive manner of Tacitus, who outwits himſelf and his reader;—but with the officious humility of a heart devoted to the aſſiſtance merely of the inquiſitive:—to them I write,——and by them I ſhall be read,——if any ſuch reading as this could be ſuppoſed to hold out ſo long,—to the very end of the world.

Why this cauſe of ſorrow, therefore, was thus reſerved for my father and uncle, is undetermined by me. But how and in what direction it exerted itſelf ſo as to become the cauſe of diſſatisfaction between them, after it began to operate, is what I am able to explain with great exactneſs, and is as follows:

My uncle, Toby Shandy, Madam, was a gentleman, who, with the virtues which uſually conſti-

tute

tute the character of a man of honour and rectitude, ——poſſeſſed one in a very eminent degree, which is ſeldom or never put into the catalogue; and that was a moſt extreme and unparallel'd modeſty of nature;——though I correct the word Nature, for this reaſon, that I may not prejudge a point which muſt ſhortly come to a hearing, and that is, Whether this modeſty of his was natural or acquired? ——Whichever way my uncle Toby came by it, 'twas nevertheleſs modeſty in the trueſt ſenſe of it; and that is, Madam, not in regard to words, for he was ſo unhappy as to have very little choice in them,—but to things;——and this kind of modeſty ſo poſſeſſed him, and it aroſe to ſuch a height in him, as almoſt to equal, if ſuch a thing could be, even the modeſty of a woman: that female nicety, Madam, and inward cleanlineſs of mind and fancy, in your ſex, which makes you ſo much the awe of ours.

You will imagine, Madam, that my uncle Toby had contracted all this from this very ſource;—that he had ſpent a great part of his time in converſe with your ſex; and that, from a thorough knowledge of you, and the force of imitation, which ſuch fair examples render irreſiſtible, he had acquired this amiable turn of mind.

I wiſh I could ſay ſo;—for unleſs it was with his ſiſter-in-law, my father's wife and my mother,—— my uncle Toby ſcarce exchanged three words with the ſex in as many years.—No; he got it, Madam, by a blow.—— A blow!——Yes, Madam, it was owing to a blow from a ſtone, broke off by a ball from

from the parapet of a horn-work at the ſiege of Namur, which ſtruck full upon my uncle Toby's groin.—Which way could that effect it?—The ſtory of that, Madam, is long and intereſting;—but it would be running my hiſtory all upon heaps to give it you here.——'Tis for an epiſode hereafter; and every circumſtance relating to it, in its proper place, ſhall be faithfully laid before you:—Till then, it is not in my power to give farther light into this matter, or ſay more than what I have ſaid already.——That my uncle Toby was a gentleman of unparallel'd modeſty, which happening to be ſomewhat ſubtilized and rarefied by the conſtant heat of a little family-pride,——they both ſo wrought together within him, that he could never bear to hear the affair of my aunt Dinah touch'd upon, but with the greateſt emotion.——The leaſt hint of it was enough to make the blood fly into his face;—but when my father enlarged upon the ſtory in mixed companies, which the illuſtration of his hypotheſis frequently obliged him to do,—the unfortunate blight of one of the faireſt branches of the family, would ſet my uncle Toby's honour and modeſty o' bleeding; and he would often take my father aſide, in the greateſt concern imaginable, to expoſtulate and tell him, he would give him any thing in the world, only to let the ſtory reſt.

My father, I believe, had the trueſt love and tenderneſs for my uncle Toby, that ever one brother bore towards another; and would have done any thing in nature, which one brother in reaſon could have deſired of another, to have made my uncle Toby's

Toby's heart eaſy in this, or any other point. But this lay out of his power.

——My father, as I told you, was a philoſopher in grain,—ſpeculative,—ſyſtematical;—and my aunt Dinah's affair was a matter of as much conſequence to him, as the retrogradation of the planets to Copernicus:—the backſlidings of Venus in her orbit fortified the Copernican ſyſtem, called ſo after his name; and the backſlidings of my aunt Dinah in her orbit, did the ſame ſervice in eſtabliſhing my father's ſyſtem, which, I truſt, will for ever hereafter be called the SHANDEAN SYSTEM, after his.

In any other family-diſhonour, my father, I believe, had as nice a ſenſe of ſhame as any man whatever;——and neither he, nor, I dare ſay, Copernicus would have divulged the affair in either caſe, or have taken the leaſt notice of it to the world, but for the obligations they owed, as they thought, to truth.—*Amicus Plato*,—my father would ſay, conſtruing the words to my uncle Toby, as he went along, *Amicus Plato*;—that is, Dinah was my aunt; —*ſed magis amica veritas*—but Truth is my ſiſter.

This contrariety of humours betwixt my father and my uncle, was the ſource of many a fraternal ſquabble. The one could not bear to hear the tale of family diſgrace recorded,——and the other would ſcarce ever let a day paſs to an end without ſome hint at it.

For God's ſake, my uncle Toby would cry,—— and for my ſake, and for all our ſakes, my dear brother Shandy,—do let this ſtory of our aunt's and her aſhes ſleep in peace.—How can you,—

how

how can you have ſo little feeling and compaſſion for the character of our family?——What is the character of a family to an hypotheſis? my father would reply.——Nay, if you come to that—what is the life of a family?——The life of a family!—my uncle Toby would ſay, throwing himſelf back in his arm-chair, and lifting up his hands, his eyes, and one leg.——Yes, the life,——my father would ſay, maintaining his point. How many thouſands of 'em are there every year that come, caſt away (in all civilized countries at leaſt)——and conſidered as nothing but common air, in competition of an hypotheſis! In my plain ſenſe of things, my uncle Toby would anſwer,——every ſuch inſtance is downright Murder, let who will commit it.——There lies your miſtake, my father would reply;——for, in *Foro Scientiæ* there is no ſuch thing as Murder;——'tis only Death, brother.

My uncle Toby would never offer to anſwer this by any other kind of argument than that of whiſtling half a dozen bars of Lillebullero.——You muſt know, it was the uſual channel thro' which his paſſions got vent, when any thing ſhocked or ſurprized him:——but eſpecially when any thing, which he deem'd very abſurd, was offered.

As not one of our logical writers, nor any of the commentators upon them, that I remember, have thought proper to give a name to this particular ſpecies of argument,—I here take the liberty to do it myſelf, for two reaſons: firſt, That, in order to prevent all confuſion in diſputes, it may ſtand as much diſtinguiſhed for ever, from every other ſpecies of

of argument——as the *Argumentum ad Vericundiam, ex Abſurdo, ex Fortiori*, or any other argument whatſoever:—and, ſecondly, That it may be ſaid by my children's children, when my head is laid to reſt,——that their learn'd grandfather's head had been buſied to as much purpoſe once, as other people's:—That he had invented a name,—and generouſly thrown it into the Treaſury of the *Ars Logica*, for one of the moſt unanſwerable arguments in the whole ſcience: and, if the end of diſputation is more to ſilence than convince,—they may add, if they pleaſe,—to one of the beſt arguments too.

I do therefore, by theſe preſents, ſtrictly order and command, That it be known and diſtinguiſhed by the name and title of the *Argumentum Fiſtulatorium*, and no other;—and that it rank hereafter with the *Argumentum Baculinum* and the *Argumentum ad Crumenam*, and for ever hereafter be treated of in the ſame chapter.

As for the *Argumentum Tripodium*, which is never uſed but by the woman againſt the man;—and the *Argumentum ad Rem*, which, contrarywiſe, is made uſe of by the man only againſt the woman:—as theſe two are enough in conſcience for one lecture;——and, moreover, as the one is the beſt anſwer to the other,—let them likewiſe be kept apart, and be treated of in a place by themſelves.

CHAP. XXII.

THE learned Biſhop Hall, I mean the famous Dr. Joſeph Hall, who was Biſhop of Exeter in King James the Firſt's reign, tells us in one of his Decades,

Decades, at the end of his Divine Art of Meditation, imprinted in London, in the year 1610, by John Beal, dwelling in Alderſgate-ſtreet, "That "it is an abominable thing for a man to commend himſelf:"——and I really think it is ſo.

And yet, on the other hand, when a thing is executed in a maſterly kind of a faſhion, which thing is not likely to be found out;—I think it is full as abominable, that a man ſhould loſe the honour of it, and go out of the world with the conceit of it rotting in his head.

This is preciſely my ſituation.

For in this long digreſſion which I was acciden tally led into, as in all my digreſſions (one only excepted) there is a maſter-ſtroke of digreſſive ſkill, the merit of which has all along, I fear, been overlooked by my reader,—not for want of penetration in him,—but becauſe 'tis an excellence ſeldom looked for, or expected indeed, in a digreſſion;—and it is this: That, tho' my digreſſions are all fair, as you obſerve,—and that I fly off from what I am about, as far, and as often too, as any writer in Great Britain,—yet I conſtantly take care to order affairs ſo, that my main buſineſs does not ſtand ſtill in my abſence.

I was juſt going, for example, to have given you the great outlines of my uncle Toby's moſt whimſical character;—when my aunt Dinah and the coachman came acroſs us, and led us a vagary ſome millions of miles into the very heart of the planetary ſyſtem: notwithſtanding all this, you perceive that the drawing of my uncle Toby's character went

went on gently all the time;—not the great contours of it,—that was impoſſible,—but ſome familiar ſtrokes and faint deſignations of it, were here and there touch'd on, as he went along, ſo that you are much better acquainted with my uncle Toby now than you was before.

By this contrivance, the machinery of my work is of a ſpecies by itſelf; two contrary motions are introduced into it, and reconciled, which were thought to be at variance with each other. In a word, my work is digreſſive, and it is progreſſive too,—and at the ſame time.

This, Sir, is a very different ſtory from that of the earth's moving round her axis in her diurnal rotation, with her progreſs in her elliptic orbit, which brings about the year, and conſtitutes that variety and viciſſitude of ſeaſons we enjoy;—though I own it ſuggeſted the thought,—as I believe the greateſt of our boaſted improvements and diſcoveries have come from ſuch trifling hints.

Digreſſions, inconteſtably, are the ſunſhine;—they are the life, the ſoul of reading!—take them out of this book, for inſtance,—you might as well take the book along with them;—one cold eternal winter would reign in every page of it; reſtore them to the writer;—he ſteps forth like a bridegroom,—bids All-hail; brings in variety, and forbids the appetite to fail.

All the dexterity is in the good cookery and management of them, ſo as to be not only for the advantage of the reader, but alſo of the author, whoſe diſtreſs in this matter is truly pitiable: for,

if he begins a digreſſion,—from that moment, I obſerve, his whole work ſtands ſtock ſtill;—and if he goes on with his main work,—then there is an end of his digreſſion.

——This is vile work.—For which reaſon, from the beginning of this, you ſee, I have conſtructed the main work, and the adventitious parts of it, with ſuch interſections, and have ſo complicated and involved the digreſſive and progreſſive movements, one wheel within another, that the whole machine, in general, has been kept a-going;—and what's more, it ſhall be kept a-going theſe forty years, if it pleaſes the fountain of health to bleſs me ſo long with life and good ſpirits.

CHAP. XXIII.

I HAVE a ſtrong propenſity in me to begin this chapter very nonſenſically; and I will not baulk my fancy:—accordingly I ſet off thus:

If the fixture of Momus's glaſs in the human breaſt, according to the propoſed emendation of that arch critic, had taken place,——firſt, This fooliſh conſequence would certainly have followed:—That the very wiſeſt and very graveſt of us all, in one coin or other, muſt have paid window-money every day of our lives;

And, ſecondly, That had the ſaid glaſs been there ſet up, nothing more would have been wanting, in order to have taken a man's character, but

but to have taken a chair and gone ſoftly, as you would to a dioptrical bee-hive, and look'd in,—viewed the ſoul ſtark naked;—obſerved all her motions,—her machinations;—traced all her maggots from their firſt engendering to their crawling forth;—watched her looſe in her friſks, her gambols, her capricios; and after ſome notice of her more ſolemn deportment, conſequent upon ſuch friſks, &c.——then taken your pen and ink and ſet down nothing but what you had ſeen, and could have ſworn to.—But this is an advantage not to be had by the biographer in this planet;—in the planet Mercury (belike) it may be ſo; if not, better ſtill for him;——for there, the intenſe heat of the country, which is proved by computators, from its vicinity to the ſun, to be more than equal to that of red-hot iron,—muſt, I think, long ago have vitrified the bodies of the inhabitants (as the efficient cauſe) to ſuit them for the climate (which is the final cauſe); ſo that, betwixt them both, all the tenements of their ſouls, from top to bottom, may be nothing elſe, for aught the ſoundeſt philoſophy can ſhew to the contrary, but one fine tranſparent body of clear glaſs (bating the umbilical knot) (ſo that, till the inhabitants grow old and tolerably wrinkled, whereby the rays of light, in paſſing through them, become ſo monſtrouſly refracted,——or return reflected from their ſurfaces in ſuch tranſverſe lines to the eye, that a man cannot be ſeen through,—his ſoul might as well, unleſs for mere ceremony, or the trifling advantage which the umbilical point gave her,—might, upon all

other accounts, I ſay, as well play the fool out o' doors as in her own houſe.

But this, as I ſaid above, is not the caſe of the inhabitants of this earth;—our minds ſhine not through the body,—but are wrapt up here in a dark covering of uncryſtalized fleſh and blood; ſo that, if we would come to the ſpecific characters of them, we muſt go ſome other way to work.

Many, in good truth, are the ways which human wit has been forced to take, to do this thing with exactneſs.

Some, for inſtance, draw all their characters with wind-inſtruments.—Virgil takes notice of that way in the affair of Dido and Æneas;— but it is as fallacious as the breath of fame;—and, moreover, beſpeaks a narrow genius. I am not ignorant that the Italians pretend to a mathematical exactneſs in their deſignations, of one particular ſort of character among them, from the *forte* or *piano* of a certain wind-inſtrument they uſe,—which they ſay is infallible.—I dare not mention the name of the inſtrument in this place;—'tis ſufficient we have it amongſt us,—but never think of making a drawing by it:—this is ænigmatical, and intended to be ſo, at leaſt *ad populum:*—and therefore, I beg, Madam, when you come here, that you read on as faſt as you can, and never ſtop to make any inquiry about it.

There are others again, who will draw a man's character from no other helps in the world, but merely from his evacuations;—but this often gives a very

a very incorrect outline,—unleſs, indeed, you take a ſketch of his repletions too; and by correcting one drawing from the other, compound one good figure out of them both.

I ſhould have no objection to this method, but that I think it muſt ſmell too ſtrong of the lamp,—and be render'd ſtill more operoſe, by forcing you to have an eye to the reſt of his non-naturals.——Why the moſt natural actions of a man's life ſhould be called his Non-naturals,—is another queſtion.

There are others, fourthly, who diſdain every one of theſe expedients;—not from any fertility of their own, but from the various ways of doing it, which they have borrowed from the honourable devices which the Pentagraphic Brethren* of the bruſh have ſhewn in taking copies.—Theſe, you muſt know, are your great hiſtorians.

One of theſe you will ſee drawing a full length character *againſt the light*;—that's illiberal,—diſhoneſt,—and hard upon the character of the man who ſits.

Others, to mend the matter, will make a drawing of you in the *Camera*;—that is moſt unfair of all, becauſe, *there* you are ſure to be repreſented in ſome of your moſt ridiculous attitudes.

To avoid all and every one of theſe errors in giving you my uncle Toby's character, I am determined to draw it by no mechanical help whatever;——nor ſhall my pencil be guided by any

* Pentagraph, an inſtrument to copy Prints and Pictures mechanically, and in any proportion.

one wind-inſtrument which ever was blown upon, either on this, or on the other ſide of the Alps;—nor will I conſider either his repletions or his diſcharges,—or touch upon his non-naturals; but, in a word, I will draw my uncle Toby's character from his HOBBY-HORSE.

CHAP. XXIV.

IF I was not morally ſure that the reader muſt be out of all patience for my uncle Toby's character,—I would here previouſly have convinced him that there is no inſtrument ſo fit to draw ſuch a thing with, as that which I have pitch'd upon.

A man and his HOBBY-HORSE, tho' I cannot ſay that they act and re-act exactly after the ſame manner in which the ſoul and body do upon each other; yet, doubtleſs, there is a communication between them of ſome kind; and my opinion rather is, that there is ſomething in it more of the manner of electrified bodies;—and that, by means of the heated parts of the rider, which come immediately into contact with the HOBBY-HORSE,—by long journies and much friction, it ſo happens, that the body of the rider is at length fill'd as full of HOBBY-HORSICAL matter as it can hold;——ſo that if you are able to give but a clear deſcription of the nature of the one, you may form a pretty exact notion of the genius and character of the other.

Now the HOBBY-HORSE which my uncle Toby always

always rode upon, was, in my opinion, an HOBBY-HORSE well worth giving a deſcription of, if it was only upon the ſcore of his great ſingularity;—for you might have travelled from York to Dover,—from Dover to Penzance in Cornwall, and from Penzance to York back again, and not have ſeen ſuch another upon the road; or if you had ſeen ſuch a one, whatever haſte you had been in, you muſt infallibly have ſtopp'd to have taken a view of him. Indeed, the gait and figure of him was ſo ſtrange, and ſo utterly unlike was he, from his head to his tail, to any one of the whole ſpecies, that it was now and then made a matter of diſpute,—whether he was really a HOBBY-HORSE or no: but as the philoſopher would uſe no other argument to the ſceptic, who diſputed with him againſt the reality of motion, ſave that of riſing up upon his legs, and walking acroſs the room;—ſo would my uncle Toby uſe no other argument to prove his HOBBY-HORSE was a HOBBY-HORSE indeed, but by getting upon his back and riding him about;—leaving the world, after that, to determine the point as it thought fit.

In good truth, my uncle Toby mounted him with ſo much pleaſure, and he carried my uncle Toby ſo well,——that he troubled his head very little with what the world either ſaid or thought about it.

It is now high time, however, that I give you a deſcription of him:—but to go on regularly, I only beg you will give me leave to accquaint you firſt, how my uncle Toby came by him.

CHAP. XXV.

THE wound in my uncle Toby's groin, which he received at the ſiege of Namur, rendering him unfit for the ſervice, it was thought expedient he ſhould return to England, in order, if poſſible, to be ſet to rights.

He was four years totally confined,— part of it to his bed, and all of it to his room: and in the courſe of his cure, which was all that time in hand, ſuffer'd unſpeakable miſeries,—owing to a ſucceſſion of exfoliations from the *os pubis*, and the outward edge of that part of the *coxendix*, called the *os illium*:——both which bones were dismally cruſh'd, as much by the irregularity of the ſtone, which I told you was broke off the parapet,—as by its ſize,—(though it was pretty large) which inclined the ſurgeon all along to think, that the great injury which it had done my uncle Toby's groin, was more owing to the gravity of the ſtone itſelf, than to the projectile force of it;—which he would often tell him was a great happineſs.

My father at that time was juſt beginning buſineſs in London, and had taken a houſe;—and as the trueſt friendſhip and cordiality ſubſiſted between the two brothers,—and that my father thought my uncle Toby could nowhere be ſo well nurſed and taken care of as in his own houſe,— he aſſign'd him the very beſt apartment in it:—and, what was a much more ſincere mark of his affection ſtill, he would never ſuffer a friend or an acquaintance

quaintance to ſtep into the houſe on any occaſion, but he would take him by the hand, and lead him up ſtairs to ſee his brother Toby, and chat an hour by his bed-ſide.

The hiſtory of a ſoldier's wound beguiles the pain of it;—my uncle's viſitors at leaſt thought ſo; and in their daily calls upon him, from the courteſy ariſing out of that belief, they would frequently turn the diſcourſe to that ſubject;—and from that ſubject the diſcourſe would generally roll on to the ſiege itſelf.

Theſe converſations were infinitely kind; and my uncle Toby received great relief from them, and would have received much more but that they brought him into ſome unforeſeen perplexities, which, for three months together, retarded his cure greatly; and if he had not hit upon an expedient to extricate himſelf out of them, I verily believe they would have laid him in his grave.

What theſe perplexities of my uncle Toby were,——'tis impoſſible for you to gueſs:—if you could,—I ſhould bluſh; not as a relation,—not as a man,—nor even as a woman,—but I ſhould bluſh as an author; inaſmuch as I ſet no ſmall ſtore by myſelf upon this very account, that my reader has never yet been able to gueſs at any thing: and in this, Sir, I am of ſo nice and ſingular a humour, that if I thought you was able to form the leaſt judgment, or probable conjecture to yourſelf of what was to come in the next page,—I would tear it out of my book.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAP. I.

I HAVE begun a new book, on purpoſe that I might have room enough to explain the nature of the perplexities in which my uncle Toby was involved, from the many diſcourſes and interrogations about the ſiege of Namur, where he received his wound.

I muſt remind the reader, in caſe he has read the hiſtory of King William's wars;—but if he has not,—I then inform him that one of the moſt memorable attacks in that ſiege, was that which was made by the Engliſh and Dutch upon the point of the advanced counter-ſcarp, between the gate of St. Nicholas, which incloſed the great ſluice or water-ſtop, where the Engliſh were terribly expoſed to the ſhot of the counter-guard and demi-baſtion of St. Roch: the iſſue of which hot diſpute, in three words, was this: That the Dutch lodged themſelves upon the counter-guard—and that the Engliſh made themſelves maſters of

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

Ταράσσει τὲς Ἀνθρώπες ὲ τά Πράγματα,
Ἀλλὰ τὰ περι τῶν Πραγμάτων, Δόγματα.

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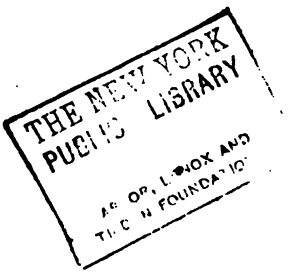
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of the covered way before St. Nicholas-gate, notwithſtanding the gallantry of the French officers, who expoſed themſelves upon the glacis ſword in hand.

As this was the principal attack of which my uncle Toby was an eye-witneſs at Namur,——the army of the beſiegers being cut off, by the confluence of the Maes and Sambre, from ſeeing much of each other's operations,——my uncle Toby was generally more eloquent and particular in his account of it; and the many perplexities he was in, aroſe out of the almoſt inſurmountable difficulties he found in telling his ſtory intelligibly, and giving ſuch clear ideas of the differences and diſtinctions between the ſcarp and counter-ſcarp,—the glacis and covered way,—the half-moon and ravelin,—as to make his company fully comprehend where and what he was about.

Writers themſelves are too apt to confound theſe terms; ſo that you will the leſs wonder, if in his endeavours to explain them, and in oppoſition to many miſconceptions, that my uncle Toby did oft-times puzzle his viſitors, and ſometimes himſelf too.

To ſpeak the truth, unleſs the company my father led up ſtairs were tolerably clear-headed, or my uncle Toby was in one of his explanatory moods, 'twas a difficult thing, do what he could, to keep the diſcourſe free from obſcurity.

What rendered the account of this affair the more intricate to my uncle Toby, was this,—that in the attack of the counter-ſcarp, before the gate of

of St. Nicholas, extending itſelf from the bank of the Maes, quite up the great water-ſtop,—the ground was cut and croſs cut with ſuch a multitude of dykes, drains, rivulets, and ſluices, on all ſides, —and he would get ſo ſadly bewildered, and ſet faſt amongſt them, that frequently he could neither get backwards or forwards to ſave his life; and was oft-times obliged to give up the attack upon that very account only.

Theſe perplexing rebuffs gave my uncle Toby Shandy more perturbations than you would imagine; and as my father's kindneſs to him was continually dragging up freſh friends and freſh enquirers,——he had but a very uneaſy taſk of it.

No doubt my uncle Toby had great command of himſelf,—and could guard appearances, I believe, as well as moſt men;—yet, any one may imagine, that when he could not retreat out of the ravelin without getting into the half-moon, or get out of the covered way without falling down the counter-ſcarp, nor croſs the dyke without danger of ſlipping into the ditch, but that he muſt have fretted and fumed inwardly.—He did ſo;—and the little and hourly vexations, which may ſeem trifling and of no account to the man who has not read Hippocrates; yet, whoever has read Hippocrates, or Dr. James Mackenzie, and has conſidered well the effects which the paſſions and affections of the mind have upon the digeſtion—(Why not of a wound as well as of a dinner?)—may eaſily conceive what ſharp paroxyſms and exacerbations of his

his wound my uncle Toby muſt have undergone upon that ſcore only.

—My uncle Toby could not philoſophize upon it;—'twas enough he felt it ſo:—and having ſuſtained the pain and ſorrows of it for three months together, he was reſolved, ſome way or other, to extricate himſelf.

He was one morning lying upon his back in his bed, the anguiſh and nature of the wound upon his groin ſuffering him to lie in no other poſition, when a thought came into his head, that if he could purchaſe ſuch a thing and have it paſted down upon a board, as a large map of the fortification of the town and citadel of Namur, with its environs, it might be a means of giving him eaſe.—I take notice of his deſire to have the environs along with the town and citadel, for this reaſon,—becauſe my uncle Toby's wound was got in one of the traverſes, about thirty toiſes from the returning angle of the trench, oppoſite to the ſalient angle of the demibaſtion of St. Roch:——ſo that he was pretty confident he could ſtick a pin upon the indentical ſpot of ground where he was ſtanding when the ſtone ſtruck him.

All this ſucceeded to his wiſhes; and not only freed him from a world of ſad explanations, but, in the end, it proved the happy means, as you will read, of procuring my uncle Toby his HOBBY-HORSE.

CHAP. II.

THERE is nothing ſo fooliſh, when you are at the expence of making an entertainment of this kind,

kind, as to order things ſo badly, as to let your critics and gentry of refined taſte run it down: nor is there any thing ſo likely to make them do it, as that of leaving them out of the party, or, what is full as offenſive, of beſtowing your attention upon the reſt of your gueſts in ſo particular a way, as if there was no ſuch thing as a critic (by occupation) at table.

—— I guard againſt both; for, in the firſt place, I have left half a dozen places purpoſely open for them;—and in the next place, I pay them all court.—Gentlemen, I kiſs your hands. I proteſt, no company could give me half the pleaſure:—by my ſoul, I am glad to ſee you.——I beg only you will make no ſtrangers of yourſelves, but ſit down, without any ceremony, and fall on heartily.

I ſaid I had left ſix places, and I was upon the point of carrying my complaiſance ſo far, as to have left a ſeventh open for them,—and in this very ſpot I ſtand on; but being told by a critic (tho' not by occupation,—but by nature) that I had acquitted myſelf well enough, I ſhall fill it up directly, hoping, in the meantime, that I ſhall be able to make a great deal of more room next year.

———How, in the name of wonder! could your uncle Toby, who, it ſeems, was a military man, and whom you have repreſented as no fool, ——be at the ſame time ſuch a confuſed, pudding-headed, muddle-headed fellow, as—Go look.

So, Sir Critic, I could have replied; but I ſcorn it.—'Tis language unurbane,—and only befitting the

the man who cannot give clear and ſatisfactory accounts of things, or dive deep enough into the firſt cauſes of human ignorance and confuſion. It is, moreover the reply valiant,—and therefore I reject it; for tho' it might have ſuited my uncle Toby's character as a ſoldier excellently well,—and had he not accuſtomed himſelf, in ſuch attacks, to whiſtle the Lillabullero, as he wanted no courage, 'tis the very anſwer he would have given; yet it would by no means have done for me. You ſee as plain as can be, that I write as a man of erudition;—that even my ſimiles, my alluſions, my illuſtrations, my metaphors, are erudite,—and that I muſt ſuſtain my character properly, and contraſt it properly too,—elſe what would become of me?——Why, Sir, I ſhould be undone;—at this very moment that I am going here to fill up one place againſt a critic,—I ſhould have made an opening for a couple.

——Therefore I anſwer thus:—

Pray, Sir, in all the reading which you have ever read, did you ever read ſuch a book as Locke's Eſſay upon the Human Underſtanding?——Don't anſwer me raſhly,—becauſe many, I know, quote the book, who have not read it,—and many have read it who underſtand it not.—If either of theſe is your caſe, as I write to inſtruct, I will tell you in three words what the book is.—It is a hiſtory.—A hiſtory! of who? what? where? when? Don't hurry yourſelf, ——It is a hiſtory-book, Sir (which may poſſibly recommend it to the world) of what paſſes in a man's own mind; and if you will ſay ſo much of the

the book, and no more, believe me, you will cut no contemptible figure in a metaphyſic circle.

But this by the way.

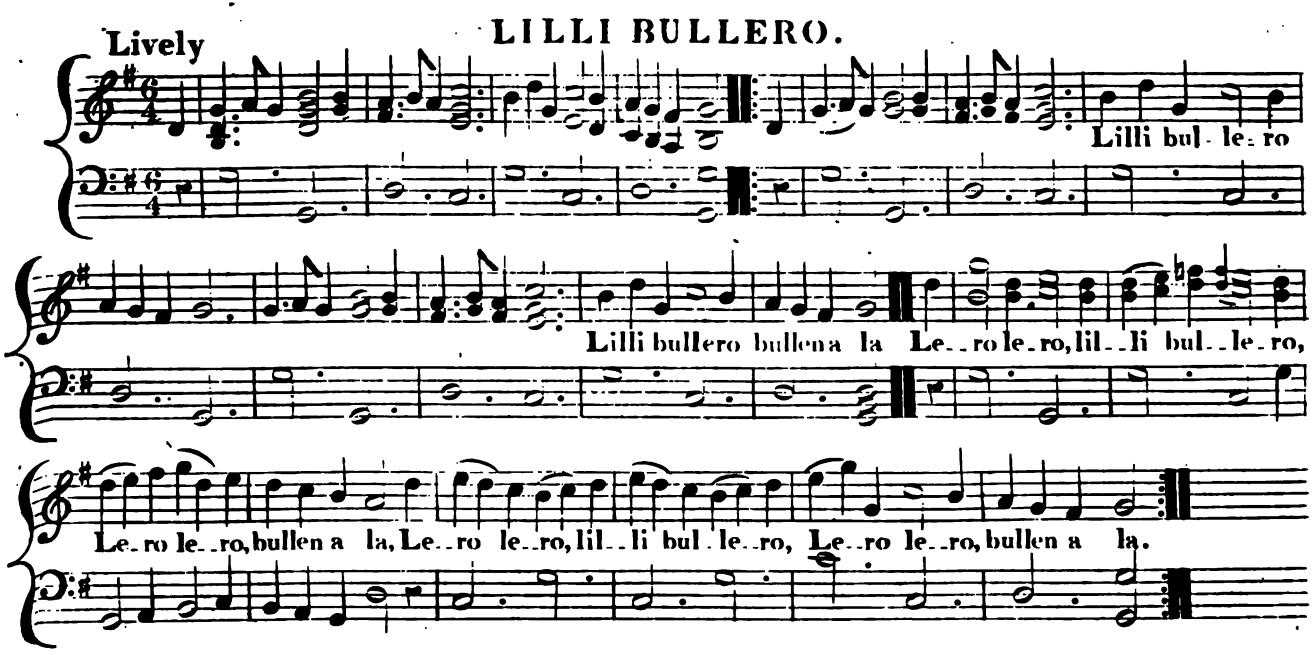
Now if you will venture to go along with me, and look down into the bottom of this matter, it will be found that the cauſe of obſcurity and confuſion in the mind of a man, is threefold.

Dull organs, dear Sir, in the firſt place. Secondly, Slight and tranſient impreſſions made by the objects, when the ſaid organs are not dull: and Thirdly, A memory like unto a ſieve; not able to retain what it has received.—Call down Dolly, your chamber-maid, and I will give you my cap and bell along with it, if I make not this matter ſo plain that Dolly herſelf ſhould underſtand it as well as Malbranch.——When Dolly has indited her epiſtle to Robin, and has thruſt her arm into the bottom of her pocket hanging by her right ſide,—take that opportunity to recollect, that the organs and faculties of perception can, by nothing in this world, be ſo aptly typified and explained as by that one thing which Dolly's hand is in ſearch of.—Your organs are not ſo dull that I ſhould inform you,—'tis an inch, Sir, of red ſeal-wax.

When this is melted and dropped upon the letter, if Dolly fumbles too long for her thimble, till the wax is over-hardened, it will not receive the mark of her thimble from the uſual impulſe which was wont to imprint it. Very well. If Dolly's wax, for want of better, is bees-wax, or of a temper too ſoft,—tho' it may receive,—it will not hold the impreſſion, how hard ſoever Dolly thruſts againſt

To face page 96.

LILLIBULLERO.


LILLI BULLERO.
Lively
Lilli bul- le- ro
Lilli bullero bullen a la Le- ro le- ro, lil- li bul- le- ro,
Le- ro le- ro, bullen a la, Le- ro le- ro, lil- li bul- le- ro, Le- ro le- ro, bullen a la.

MY UNCLE TOBY'S WHISTLE.

LILLIBULLERO.

THE Ballad* to this tune, was written in the year 1686, on account of King James II. nominating to the Lieutenancy of Ireland, General Talbot, newly created Earl of Tyrconnel, a furious Papiſt, who had recommended himſelf to his bigotted maſter by his arbitrary treatment of the Proteſtants in the preceding year, when only Lieutenant General; and whoſe ſubſequent conduct fully juſtified his expectations and their fears.

This fooliſh Ballad, treating the Papiſts, and chiefly the Iriſh, in a very ridiculous manner, had a burden, ſaid to be Iriſh words, "Lero, lero, lillibullero," and made an impreſſion on the (King's) army, more powerful than either the Philippics of Demoſthenes or Cicero. The whole army, and at laſt the people, both in city and country, were ſinging it perpetually. Perhaps never had ſo ſlight a thing ſo great an effect, for it contributed not a little towards the Revolution in 1688.†

LILLIBULLERO and BULLEN-A-LAH, are ſaid to have been the watch-words uſed among the Iriſh Papiſts, in their maſſacre of the Proteſtants in 1641.

* See Percy's Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry, vol. 2. page 358.

† See Biſhop Burnet's Hiſtory of his own Times, and King's State of the Proteſtants in Ireland, 1691. 4to.

againſt it: and, laſt of all, Suppoſing the wax good, and eke the thimble, but applied thereto in careleſs haſte, as her miſtreſs rings the bell;—in any one of theſe three caſes, the print left by the thimble will be as unlike the prototype as a braſs-jack.

Now you muſt underſtand, that not one of theſe was the true cauſe of the confuſion in my uncle Toby's diſcourſe; and it is for that very reaſon I enlarge upon them ſo long, after the manner of great phyſiologiſts,—to ſhew the world, what it did *not* ariſe from.

What it *did* ariſe from, I have hinted above; and a fertile ſource of obſcurity it is,—and ever will be,—and that is, the unſteady uſes of words, which have perplexed the cleareſt and moſt exalted underſtandings.

It is ten to one (at Arthur's) whether you have ever read the literary hiſtories of paſt ages;—if you have, what terrible battles, yclept logomachies, have they occaſioned, and perpetuated with ſo much gall and ink-ſhed,—that a good-natured man cannot read the accounts of them without tears in his eyes.

Gentle critic! when thou haſt weighed all this, and conſidered within thyſelf how much of thy own knowledge, diſcourſe, and converſation has been peſtered and diſordered, at one time or other, by this, and this only:—what a pudder and racket in Councils about οὐσία and ὑπόστασις; and in the Schools of the learned about power and about ſpirit;—about eſſences, and about quinteſſences;—about ſubſtances, and about ſpace;——what con-

fuſion in greater Theatres from words of little meaning, and as indeterminate a ſenſe! when thou conſidereſt this, thou wilt not wonder at my uncle Toby's perplexities,—thou wilt drop a tear of pity upon his ſcarp and his counterſcarp;—his glacis and his covered way;—his ravelin and his half-moon: 'twas not by ideas,—by Heaven: his life was put in jeopardy by words.

CHAP. III.

WHEN my uncle Toby got his map of Namur to his mind, he began immediately to apply himſelf, and with the utmoſt diligence, to the ſtudy of it; for nothing being of more importance to him than his recovery, and his recovery depending, as you have read, upon the paſſions and affections of his mind, it behoved him to take the niceſt care to make himſelf ſo far maſter of his ſubject, as to be able to talk upon it without emotion.

In a fortnight's cloſe and painful application, which, by the bye, did my uncle Toby's wound, upon his groin, no good,—he was enabled by the help of ſome marginal documents at the feet of the elephant, together with Gobeſius's military architecture and pyroballogy, tranſlated from the Flemiſh, to form his diſcourſe with paſſable perſpicuity; and before he was two full months gone,—he was right eloquent upon it, and could make not only the attack of the advanced counterſcarp with great order;——but having by that time gone much

much deeper into the art than what his firſt motive made neceſſary, my uncle Toby was able to croſs the Maes and Sambre; make diverſions as far as Vauban's line, the abbey of Salſines, &c. and give his viſitors as diſtinct a hiſtory of each of their attacks as of that of the gate of St. Nicholas, where he had the honour to receive his wound.

But deſire of knowledge, like the thirſt of riches, increaſes ever with the acquiſition of it. The more my uncle Toby pored over his map, the more he took a liking to it!—by the ſame proceſs and electrical aſſimilation, as I told you, through which I ween the ſouls of connoiſſeurs themſelves, by long friction and incumbition, have the happineſs, at length, to get all be-virtu'd,—be-pictured,—be-butterflied, and be-fiddled.

The more my uncle Toby drank of this ſweet fountain of ſcience, the greater was the heat and impatience of his thirſt; ſo that before the firſt year of his confinement had well gone round, there was ſcarce a fortified town in Italy or Flanders, of which, by one means or other, he had not procured a plan, reading over as he got them, and carefully collating therewith the hiſtories of their ſieges, their demolitions, their improvements, and new works, all which he would read with that intenſe application and delight, that he would forget himſelf, his wound, his confinement, his dinner.

In the ſecond year, my uncle Toby purchaſed Ramelli and Cataneo, tranſlated from the Italian;—likewiſe Stevinus, Moralis, the Chevalier

de Ville, Lorini, Coehorn, Sheeter, the Count de Pagon, the Marſhal Vauban, Monſ. Blondel, with almoſt as many more books of military architecture as Don Quixotte was found to have of chivalry, when the curate and barber invaded his library.

Towards the beginning of the third year, which was in Auguſt, ninety-nine, my uncle Toby found it neceſſary to underſtand a little of projectiles:—and having judged it beſt to draw his knowledge from the fountain-head, he began with N. Tartaglia, who it ſeems was the firſt man who detected the impoſition of a cannon-ball's doing all that miſchief under the notion of a right line.—This, N. Tartaglia proved, to my uncle Toby, to be an impoſſible thing.

——Endleſs is the ſearch of truth.

No ſooner was my uncle Toby ſatisfied which road the cannon-ball *did not* go, but he was inſenſibly led on, and reſolved in his mind to inquire and find out which road the ball *did* go: for which purpoſe he was obliged to ſet off afreſh with old Maltus, and ſtudied him devoutly.—He proceeded next to Galileo and Torricellius, wherein, by certain geometrical rules, infallibly laid down, he found the preciſe path to be a Parabola,—or elſe an Hyperbola,—and that the parameter, or *latus rectum*, of the conic ſection of the ſaid path, was to the quantity and amplitude in a direct *ratio*, as the whole line to the ſine of double the angle of incidence, formed by the breech upon an horizontal plane;—and that the ſemiparameter,——ſtop! my

my dear uncle Toby,——ſtop!—go not one foot farther into this thorny and bewildered track:—intricate are the ſteps! intricate are the mazes of this labyrinth! intricate are the troubles which the purſuit of this bewitching phantom Knowledge will bring upon thee.—O my uncle,—fly—fly,—fly from it as from a ſerpent!——Is it fit——good-natured man! thou ſhould'ſt ſit up, with the wound upon thy groin, whole nights baking thy blood with hectic watchings?——Alas! 'twill exaſperate thy ſymptoms,—check thy perſpirations—evaporate thy ſpirits—waſte thy animal ſtrength,—dry up thy radical moiſture, bring thee into a coſtive habit of body,—impair thy health,—and haſten all the infirmities of thy old age.——O my uncle! my uncle Toby!

CHAP. IV.

I WOULD not give a groat for that man's knowledge in pen-craft, who does not underſtand this:——That the beſt plain narrative in the world, tacked very cloſe to the laſt ſpirited apoſtrophe to my uncle Toby,——would have felt both cold and vapid upon the reader's palate;—therefore I forthwith put an end to the chapter, though I was in the middle of my ſtory.

———Writers of my ſtamp have one principle in common with painters. Where an exact copying makes our picture leſs ſtriking, we chooſe the leſs evil; deeming it even more pardonable to treſpaſs againſt truth, than beauty. This is to be

underſtood *cum grano ſalis*; but be it as it will,—as the parallel is made more for the ſake of letting the apoſtrophe cool, than any thing elſe,—'tis not very material whether upon any other ſcore the reader approves of it or not.

In the latter end of the third year, my uncle Toby perceiving that the parameter and ſemiparameter of the conic ſection angered his wound, he left off the ſtudy of projectiles in a kind of a huff, and betook himſelf to the practical part of fortification only; the pleaſure of which, like a ſpring held back, returned upon him with redoubled force.

It was in this year that my uncle began to break in upon the daily regularity of a clean ſhirt,——to diſmiſs his barber unſhaven,——and to allow his ſurgeon ſcarce time ſufficient to dreſs his wound, concerning himſelf ſo little about it, as not to aſk him once in ſeven times dreſſing, how it went on: when lo!—all of a ſudden, for the change was as quick as lightning, he began to ſigh heavily for his recovery,——complained to my father, grew impatient with the ſurgeon:——and one morning, as he heard his foot coming up ſtairs, he ſhut up his books, and thruſt aſide his inſtruments, in order to expoſtulate with him upon the protraction of the cure, which, he told him, might ſurely have been accompliſhed at leaſt by that time:—He dwelt long upon the miſeries he had undergone, and the ſorrows of his four years melancholy impriſonment;——adding, that had it not been for the kind looks and fraternal cheerings of the beſt

of

of brothers,—he had long ſince ſunk under his misfortunes.——My father was by. My uncle Toby's eloquence brought tears into his eyes;——'twas unexpected:——My uncle Toby, by nature, was not eloquent;—it had the greater effect:——The ſurgeon was confounded;—not that there wanted grounds for ſuch, or greater marks of impatience,—but 'twas unexpected too. In the four years he had attended him, he had never ſeen any thing like it in my uncle Toby's carriage; he had never once dropped one fretful or diſcontented word;——he had been all patience,—all ſubmiſſion.

—We loſe the right of complaining ſometimes by forbearing it;—but we often treble the force:—The ſurgeon was aſtoniſhed; but much more ſo, when he heard my uncle Toby go on, and peremptorily inſiſt upon his healing up the wound directly,—or ſending for Monſieur Ronjat, the king's ſerjeant-ſurgeon, to do it for him.

The deſire of life and health is implanted in man's nature;——the love of liberty and enlargement is a ſiſter-paſſion to it: Theſe my uncle Toby had in common with his ſpecies——and either of them had been ſufficient to account for his earneſt deſire to get well and out of doors;——but I have told you before, that nothing wrought with our family after the common way;——and from the time and manner in which this eager deſire ſhewed itſelf in the preſent caſe, the penetrating reader will ſuſpect there was ſome other cauſe or crotchet for it in my uncle Toby's head:——There was ſo, and

'tis the ſubject of the next chapter to ſet forth what that cauſe and crotchet was. I own, when that's done, 'twill be time to return back to the parlour fire-ſide, where we left my uncle in the middle of his ſentence.

CHAP. V.

WHEN a man gives himſelf up to the government of a ruling paſſion,—or, in other words, when his HOBBY-HORSE grows headſtrong,——farewell cool reaſon and fair diſcretion!

My uncle Toby's wound was near well, and as ſoon as the ſurgeon recovered his ſurprize, and could get leave to ſay as much——he told him, 'twas juſt beginning to incarnate; and that if no freſh exfoliation happened, which there was no ſign of,—it would be dried up in five or ſix weeks. The ſound of as many Olympiads, twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of ſhorter duration to my uncle Toby's mind.——The ſucceſſion of his ideas was now rapid,—he broiled with impatience to put his deſign in execution;——and ſo, without conſulting farther with any ſoul living,—which, by the bye, I think is right, when you are predetermined to take no one ſoul's advice,——he privately ordered Trim, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dreſſings, and hire a chariot-and-four to be at the door exactly by twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would

would be upon 'Change.——So leaving a bank-note upon the table for the ſurgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's—he packed up his maps, his books of fortification, his inſtruments, &c. and by the help of a crutch on one ſide, and Trim on the other,——my uncle Toby embarked for Shandy-Hall.

The reaſon, or rather the riſe of this ſudden demigration, was as follows:

The table in my uncle Toby's room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was ſitting with his maps, &c. about him—being ſomewhat of the ſmalleſt, for that infinity of great and ſmall inſtruments of knowledge which uſually lay crowded upon it—he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw down his compaſſes, and in ſtooping to take the compaſſes up, with his ſleeve he threw down his caſe of inſtruments and ſnuffers;—and as the dice took a run againſt him, in his endeavouring to catch the ſnuffers in falling,——he thruſt Monſieur Blondel off the table, and Count de Pagon o'top of him.

'Twas to no purpoſe for a man, lame as my uncle Toby was, to think of redreſſing theſe evils by himſelf,—he rung his bell for his man Trim;——Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, prithee ſee what confuſion I have here been making—I muſt have ſome better contrivance, Trim.——Canſt not thou take my rule, and meaſure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and beſpeak me one as big again?——Yes, an' pleaſe your Honour,

Honour, replied Trim, making a bow; but I hope your Honour will be ſoon well enough to get down to your country-ſeat, where,—as your Honour takes ſo much pleaſure in fortification, we could manage this matter to a T.

I muſt here inform you, that this ſervant of my uncle Toby's, who went by the name of Trim, had been a corporal in my uncle's own company, —his real name was James Butler,—but having got the nickname of Trim, in the regiment, my uncle Toby, unleſs when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been diſabled for the ſervice, by a wound on his left knee by a muſket-bullet, at the battle of Landen, which was two years before the affair of Namur;—and as the fellow was well-beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my uncle Toby took him for his ſervant; and of an excellent uſe was he, attending my uncle Toby in the camp and in his quarters as a valet, groom, barber, cook, ſcmpſter, and nurſe; and indeed, from firſt to laſt, waited upon him and ſerved him with great fidelity and affection.

My uncle Toby loved the man in return, and what attached him more to him ſtill, was the ſimilitude of their knowledge.——For Corporal Trim, (for ſo, for the future, I ſhall call him) by four years occaſional attention to his Maſter's diſcourſe upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually into his Maſter's plans,

plans, *&c.* excluſive and beſides what he gained HOBBY-HORSICALLY, as a body-ſervant, *Non Hobby Horſical per ſe*;——had become no mean proficient in the ſcience; and was thought, by the cook and chamber-maid, to know as much of the nature of ſtrong-holds as my uncle Toby himſelf.

'I have but one more ſtroke to give to finiſh Corporal Trim's character,——and it is the only dark line in it.—The fellow loved to adviſe,—or rather to hear himſelf talk; his carriage, however, was ſo perfectly reſpectful, 'twas eaſy to keep him ſilent when you had him ſo; but ſet his tongue a-going,—you had no hold of him—he was voluble;—the eternal interlardings of *your Honour*, with the reſpectfulneſs of Corporal Trim's manner, interceding ſo ſtrong in behalf of his elocution,—that though you might have been incommoded,——you could not well be angry. My uncle Toby was ſeldom either the one or the other with him,—or, at leaſt, this fault, in Trim, broke no ſquares with them. My uncle Toby, as I ſaid, loved the man;——and beſides, as he ever looked upon a faithful ſervant,—as an humble friend,—he could not bear to ſtop his mouth.——Such was Corporal Trim.

If I durſt preſume, continued Trim, to give your Honour my advice, and ſpeak my opinion in this matter.—Thou art welcome, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby——ſpeak,——ſpeak what thou thinkeſt upon the ſubject, man, without fear.—Why then, replied Trim, (not hanging his ears and ſcratching his head like a country-lout, but) ſtroking his hair back from his forehead, and ſtanding erect as before

fore his diviſion,—I think, quoth Trim, advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards,—and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of Dunkirk, which was pinned againſt the hangings,——I think, quoth Corporal Trim, with humble ſubmiſſion to your Honour's better judgment,——that theſe ravelins, baſtions, curtains, and hornworks, make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your Honour and I could make of it were we in the country by ourſelves, and had but a rood, or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleaſed with: As ſummer is coming on, continued Trim, your Honour might ſit out of doors, and give me the nography—(Call it ichnography, quoth my uncle,)——of the town or citadel your Honour was pleaſed to ſit down before, and I will be ſhot by your Honour upon the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it to your Honour's mind.——I dare ſay thou would'ſt, Trim, quoth my uncle.—For if your Honour, continued the corporal, could but mark me the polygon, with its exact lines and angles—That I could do very well, quoth my uncle.—I would begin with the foſſé, and if your Honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth—I can to an hair's breadth, Trim, replied my uncle—I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the ſcarp,—and on that hand towards the campaign for the counter-ſcarp—(Very right, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby)——And when I had ſloped them to your mind,——an' pleaſe your Honour, I would face the glacis, as the fineſt fortifications

fortifications are done in Flanders, with ſods—(and as your Honour knows they ſhould be)—and I would make the walls and parapets with ſods too. ——The beſt engineers call them Gazons, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.——Whether they are gazons or ſods, is not much matter, replied Trim; your Honour knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or ſtone.——I know they are, Trim, in ſome reſpects,——quoth my uncle Toby, nodding his head;—for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbiſh down with it, which might fill the foſſé, (as was the caſe at St. Nicholas's gate) and facilitate the paſſage over it.

Your Honour underſtands theſe matters, replied Corporal Trim, better than any officer in his Majeſty's ſervice;——but would your Honour pleaſe to let the beſpeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country, I would work under your Honour's directions like a horſe, and make fortifications for you ſomething like a tanſy, with all their batteries, ſaps, ditches, and paliſadoes, that it ſhould be worth all the world's riding twenty miles to go and ſee it.

My uncle Toby bluſhed as red as ſcarlet as Trim went on;—but it was not a bluſh of guilt,—of modeſty,—or of anger,—it was a bluſh of joy;—he was fired with Corporal Trim's project and deſcription.——Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, thou haſt ſaid enough.——We might begin the campaign, continued Trim, on the very day that his Majeſty and the Allies take the field, and demoliſh them

town

town by town as faſt as—(Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, ſay no more.) Your Honour, continued Trim, might ſit in your arm-chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would——(Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby)——Beſides, your Honour would get not only pleaſure and good paſtime,—but good air, and good exerciſe, and good health,—and your Honour's wound would be well in a month. Thou haſt ſaid enough, Trim,—quoth my uncle Toby (putting his hand into his breeches-pocket)—I like thy project mightily.—And if your Honour pleaſes, I'll this moment go and buy a pioneer's ſpade to take down with us, and I'll beſpeak a ſhovel and a pick-axe, and a couple of——Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture,—and thruſting a guinea into Trim's hand,—Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſay no more;—but go down, Trim, this moment, my lad, and bring up my ſupper this inſtant.

Trim ran down and brought up his maſter's ſupper,——to no purpoſe:—Trim's plan of operation ran ſo in my uncle Toby's head, he could not taſte it.—Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, get me to bed.—'Twas all one.—Corporal Trim's deſcription had fired his imagination,—my uncle Toby could not ſhut his eyes.—The more he conſidered it, the more bewitching the ſcene appeared to him;—ſo that, two full hours before daylight, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal Trim's decampment.

My

My uncle Toby had a little neat country-houſe of his own, in the village where my father's eſtate lay at Shandy, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a ſmall eſtate of about one hundred pounds a-year. Behind this houſe, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre, and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew hedge, was a bowling-green, containing juſt about as much ground as Corporal Trim wiſhed for;—ſo that as Trim uttered the words, "A rood and a half of ground to do what "they would with,"—this identical bowling-green inſtantly preſented itſelf, and became curiouſly painted all at once, upon the retina of my uncle Toby's fancy;—which was the phyſical cauſe of making him change colour, or at leaſt of heightening his bluſh, to that immoderate degree I ſpoke of.

Never did lover poſt down to a beloved miſtreſs with more heat and expectation, than my uncle Toby did, to enjoy this ſelfſame thing in private;—I ſay in private;—for it was ſheltered from the houſe, as I told you, by a tall yew hedge, and was covered on the other three ſides, from mortal ſight, by rough holly and thick-ſet flowering ſhrubs:—ſo that the idea of not being ſeen, did not a little contribute to the idea of pleaſure preconceived in my uncle Toby's mind.—Vain thought! however thick it was planted about,—or private ſoever it might ſeem,—to think, dear uncle Toby, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground,——and not have it known!

How

How my uncle Toby and Corporal Trim managed this matter,——with the hiſtory of their campaigns, which were no way barren of events, ——may make no unintereſting under-plot in the epitaſis and working-up of this drama.—At preſent the ſcene muſt drop,—and change for the parlour fire-ſide.

CHAP. VI.

——WHAT can they be doing, brother? ſaid my father.—I think, replied my uncle Toby,—taking, as I told you, his pipe from his mouth, and ſtriking the aſhes out of it as he began his ſentence; ——I think, replied he,—it would not be amiſs, brother, if we rung the bell.

Pray, what's all that racket over our heads, Obadiah?——quoth my father;——my brother and I can ſcarce hear ourſelves ſpeak.

Sir, anſwered Obadiah, making a bow towards his left ſhoulder,—my Miſtreſs is taken very badly. —And where's Suſannah running down the garden there, as if they were going to raviſh her?——Sir, ſhe is running the ſhorteſt cut into the town, replied Obadiah, to fetch the old midwife.—Then ſaddle a horſe, quoth my father, and do you go directly for Dr. Slop, the man-midwife, with all our ſervices, ——and let him know your miſtreſs is fallen into labour——and that I deſire he will return with you with all ſpeed.

It

It is very ſtrange, ſays my father, addreſſing himſelf to my uncle Toby, as Obadiah ſhut the door, ——as there is ſo expert an operator as Dr. Slop ſo near,—that my wife ſhould perſiſt to the very laſt in this obſtinate humour of hers, in truſting the life of my child, who has had one misfortune already, to the ignorance of an old woman;—— and not only the life of my child, brother,——but her own life, and with it the lives of all the children I might, peradventure, have begot out of her hereafter.

Mayhap, brother, replied my uncle Toby, my ſiſter does it to ſave the expence:—A pudding's end,—replied my father,——the Doctor muſt be paid the ſame for inaction as action,—if not better, —to keep him in temper.

——Then it can be out of nothing in the whole world, quoth my uncle Toby, in the ſimplicity of his heart,—but Modeſty.—My ſiſter, I dare ſay, added he, does not care to let a man come ſo near her——. I will not ſay whether my uncle Toby had completed the ſentence or not;—'tis for his advantage to ſuppoſe he had,——as, I think he could have added no ONE WORD which would have improved it.

If, on the contrary, my uncle Toby had not fully arrived at the period's end—then the world ſtands indebted to the ſudden ſnapping of my father's tobacco-pipe for one of the neateſt examples of that ornamental figure in oratory, which Rhetoricians ſtyle the *Apoſiopeſis*.——Juſt Heaven! how does the *Poco piu* and the *Poco meno* of the Italian

artiſts;—the inſenſible MORE OR LESS, determine the preciſe line of beauty in the ſentence, as well as in the ſtatue! How do the ſlight touches of the chiſel, the pencil, the pen, the fiddle-ſtick, *et cætera*, —give the true ſwell, which gives the true pleaſure!—O my countrymen:—be nice; be cautious of your language;—and never, O! never let it be forgotten upon what ſmall particles your eloquence and your fame depend.

——"My ſiſter, mayhap," quoth my uncle Toby, "does not chooſe to let a man come ſo "near her——" Make this daſh,—'tis an Apoſiopeſis;—Take the daſh away, and write *Backſide*,——'tis bawdy.—Scratch Backſide out, and put *Cover'd way* in, 'tis a Metaphor;—and, I dare ſay, as fortification ran ſo much in my uncle Toby's head, that if he had been left to have added one word to the ſentence,——that word was it.

But whether that was the caſe or not the caſe;—or whether the ſnapping of my father's tobacco-pipe, ſo critically, happened through accident or anger, will be ſeen in due time.

CHAP. VII.

THO' my father was a good natural philoſopher,—yet he was ſomething of a moral philoſopher too; for which reaſon, when his tobacco-pipe ſnapp'd ſhort in the middle,—he had nothing to do, as ſuch, but to have taken hold of the two pieces,

pieces, and thrown them gently upon the back of the fire.——He did no ſuch thing;——he threw them with all the violence in the world;—and, to give the action ſtill more emphaſis,—he ſtarted upon both legs to do it.

This looked ſomething like heat;—and the manner of his reply to what my uncle Toby was ſaying, proved it was ſo.

—" Not chooſe," quoth my father, (repeating my uncle Toby's words) " to let a man come ſo " near her——!" By Heaven, brother Toby! you would try the patience of Job;—and I think I have the plagues of one already without it.—— Why?——Where?——Wherein?——Wherefore? ——Upon what account? replied my uncle Toby, in the utmoſt aſtoniſhment.—To think, ſaid my father, of a man living to your age, brother, and knowing ſo little about women!——I know nothing at all about them,—replied my uncle Toby: And I think, continued he, that the ſhock I received the year after the demolition of Dunkirk, in my affair with widow Wadman; which ſhock you know I ſhould not have received, but from my total ignorance of the ſex,—has given me juſt cauſe to ſay, That I neither know, nor do pretend to know, any thing about 'em, or their concerns either.—Methinks, brother, replied my father, you might, at leaſt, know ſo much as the right end of a woman from the wrong.

It is ſaid in Ariſtotle's Maſter Piece, " That " when a man doth think of any thing which " is paſt,——he looketh down upon the ground;

" ——but that when he thinketh of ſomething " that is to come, he looketh up towards the " heavens."

My uncle Toby, I ſuppoſe, thought of neither, for he look'd horizontally. Right end! quoth my uncle Toby, muttering the two words low to himſelf, and fixing his two eyes inſenſibly as he muttered them, upon a ſmall crevice, formed by a bad joint in the chimney-piece——Right end of a woman!——I declare, quoth my uncle, I know no more which it is than the man in the moon;—— and if I was to think, continued my uncle Toby (keeping his eyes ſtill fixed upon the bad joint) this month together, I am ſure I ſhould not be able to find it out.

Then, brother Toby, replied my father, I will tell you.

Every thing in this world, continued my father (filling a freſh pipe)—every thing in this world, my dear brother Toby, has two handles.—— Not always, quoth my uncle Toby.——At leaſt, replied my father, every one has two hands,—— which comes to the ſame thing——Now, if a man was to ſit down coolly, and conſider within himſelf the make, the ſhape, the conſtruction, come-at-ability, and convenience of all the parts which conſtitute the whole of that animal, called Woman, and compare them analogically——I never underſtood rightly the meaning of that word,—quoth my uncle Toby.—

Analogy, replied my father, is the certain relation and agreement which different——Here, a devil

a devil of a rap at the door ſnapped my father's definition (like his tobacco-pipe) in two,—and, at the ſame time, cruſhed the head of as notable and curious a diſſertation as ever was engendered in the womb of ſpeculation;—it was ſome months before my father could get an opportunity to be ſafely delivered of it:—And, at this hour, it is a thing full as problematical as the ſubject of the diſſertation itſelf,—(conſidering the confuſion and diſtreſſes of our domeſtic miſadventures, which are now coming thick one upon the back of another) whether I ſhall be able to find a place for it in the third volume or not.

CHAP. VIII.

IT is about an hour and a half's tolerable good reading ſince my uncle Toby rung the bell, when Obadiah was ordered to ſaddle a horſe, and go for Dr. Slop, the man-midwife;—ſo that no one can ſay, with reaſon, that I have not allowed Obadiah time enough, poetically ſpeaking, and conſidering the emergency too, both to go and come;—— though, morally and truly ſpeaking, the man perhaps has ſcarce had time to get on his boots.

If the hypercritic will go upon this; and is reſolved after all to take a pendulum, and meaſure the true diſtance betwixt the ringing of the bell, and the rap at the door;—and, after finding it to be no more than two minutes, thirteen ſeconds, and three-fifths,—ſhould take upon him to inſult over

me for ſuch a breach in the unity, or rather probability of time;—I would remind him, that the idea of duration, and of its ſimple modes, is got merely from the train and ſucceſſion of our ideas——and is the true ſcholaſtic pendulum,——and by which, as a ſcholar, I will be tried in this matter,—abjuring and deteſting the juriſdiction of all other pendulums whatever.

I would therefore deſire him to conſider that it is but poor eight miles from Shandy-Hall to Dr. Slop, the man-midwife's houſe:—and that whilſt Obadiah has been going thoſe ſaid miles and back, I have brought my uncle Toby from Namur, quite acroſs all Flanders, into England:—That I have had him ill upon my hands near four years;—and have ſince travelled him and Corporal Trim in a chariot-and-four, a journey of near two hundred miles down into Yorkſhire;——all which put together, muſt have prepared the reader's imagination for the entrance of Dr. Slop upon the ſtage,—as much, at leaſt (I hope) as a dance, a ſong, or a concerto between the acts.

If my hypercritic is intractable, alleging, that two minutes and thirteen ſeconds are no more than two minutes and thirteen ſeconds,—when I have ſaid all I can about them; and that this plea, though it might ſave me dramatically, will damn me biographically, rendering my book from this very moment, a profeſſed Romance, which, before, was a book apocryphal:——If I am thus preſſed—I then put an end to the whole objection and controverſy about it all at once,——by acquainting him,

him, that Obadiah had not got above threeſcore yards from the ſtable-yard, before he met with Dr. Slop;—and indeed he gave a dirty proof that he had met with him, and was within an ace of giving a tragical one too.

Imagine to yourſelf——But this had better begin a new chapter.

CHAP. IX.

IMAGINE to yourſelf a little ſquat, uncourtly figure of a Doctor Slop, of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back, and a ſeſquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a ſerjeant in the horſe-guards.

Such were the outlines of Doctor Slop's figure, which—if you have read *Hogarth*'s analyſis of beauty, and if you have not, I wiſh you would;——you muſt know, may as certainly be caricatured, and conveyed to the mind by three ſtrokes as three hundred.

Imagine ſuch a one,——for ſuch, I ſay, were the outlines of Dr. Slop's figure, coming ſlowly along, foot by foot, waddling through the dirt upon the *vertebræ* of a little diminutive pony, of a pretty colour——but of ſtrength——alack!——ſcarce able to have made an amble of it, under ſuch a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition. ——They were not.——Imagine to yourſelf, Obadiah mounted upon a ſtrong-monſter of a coach-

horſe, pricked into a full gallop, and making all practicable ſpeed the adverſe way.

Pray, Sir, let me intereſt you a moment in this deſcription.

Had Dr. Slop beheld Obadiah a mile off, poſting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monſtrous rate,—ſplaſhing and plunging like a devil thro' thick and thin, as he approached, would not ſuch a phænomenon, with ſuch a vortex of mud and water moving along with it, round its axis,—have been a ſubject of juſter apprehenſion to Dr. Slop in his ſituation, than the *worſt* of Whiſton's comets? —To ſay nothing of the Nucleus; that is, of Obadiah and the coach-horſe.—In my idea, the vortex alone of 'em was enough to have involved and carried, if not the doctor, at leaſt the doctor's pony, quite away with it. What then do you think muſt the terror and hydrophobia of Dr. Slop have been, when you read (which you are juſt going to do) that he was advancing thus warily along towards Shandy-Hall, and had approached to within ſixty yards of it, and within five yards of a ſudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden-wall,—and in the dirtieſt part of a dirty lane,—when Obadiah and his coach-horſe turned the corner, rapid, furious, —pop,—full upon him!—Nothing, I think, in nature, can be ſuppoſed more terrible than ſuch a rencounter,—ſo imprompt! ſo ill prepared to ſtand the ſhock of it as Dr. Slop was.

What could Dr. Slop do?——he croſſed himſelf+ —Pugh!—but the doctor, Sir, was a Papiſt. —No matter; he had better have kept hold of the pommel.

pommel.—He had ſo;—nay, as it happened, he had better have done nothing at all; for in croſſing himſelf he let go his whip,——and in attempting to ſave his whip betwixt his knee and his ſaddle's ſkirt, as it ſlipped, he loſt his ſtirrup,——in loſing which he loſt his ſeat;——and in the multitude of all theſe loſſes (which, by the bye, ſhews what little advantage there is in croſſing) the unfortunate doctor loſt his preſence of mind. So that without waiting for Obadiah's onſet, he left his pony to its deſtiny, tumbling off it diagonally, ſomething in the ſtyle and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other conſequence from the fall, ſave that of being left (as it would have been) with the broadeſt part of him ſunk about twelve inches deep in the mire.

Obadiah pull'd off his cap twice to Dr. Slop;—once as he was falling,—and then again when he ſaw him ſeated.——Ill-timed complaiſance;—had not the fellow better have ſtopped his horſe, and got off and help'd him?—Sir, he did all that his ſituation would allow;—but the *momentum* of the coach-horſe was ſo great, that Obadiah could not do it all at once; he rode in a circle three times round Dr. Slop, before he could fully accompliſh it any how;—and at the laſt, when he did ſtop his beaſt, 'twas done with ſuch an exploſion of mud, that Obadiah had better have been a league off. In ſhort, never was a Dr. Slop ſo beluted and tran ſubſtantiated, ſince that affair came into faſhion,

CHAP. X.

WHEN Dr. Slop entered the back parlour, where my father and my uncle Toby were diſcourſing upon the nature of women,——it was hard to determine whether Dr. Slop's figure, or Dr. Slop's preſence, occaſioned more ſurprize to them; for as the accident happened ſo near the houſe, as not to make it worth while for Obadiah to remount him,——Obadiah had led him in as he was, *unwiped, unappointed, unannealed,* with all his ſtains and blotches on him.—He ſtood like *Hamlet*'s ghoſt, motionleſs and ſpeechleſs, for a full minute and a half at the parlour-door (Obadiah ſtill holding his hand) with all the majeſty of mud:—his hinder parts, upon which he had received his fall, totally beſmeared;——and in every other part of him, blotched over in ſuch a manner with Obadiah's exploſion, that you would have ſworn (without mental reſervation) that every grain of it had taken effect.

Here was a fair opportunity for my uncle Toby to have triumphed over my father in his turn;—for no mortal, who had beheld Dr. Slop in that pickle, could have diſſented from ſo much, at leaſt, of my uncle Toby's opinion, "That mayhap his "ſiſter might not care to let ſuch a Dr. Slop come "ſo near her——." But it was the *argumentum ad hominem*; and if my uncle Toby was not very expert at it, you may think, he might not care to uſe it.

it.——No; the reaſon was,—'twas not his nature to inſult.

Dr. Slop's preſence at that time was no leſs problematical than the mode of it; tho' it is certain, one moment's reflection in my father might have ſolved it; for he had apprized Dr. Slop but the week before, that my mother was at her full reckoning; and as the doctor had heard nothing ſince, 'twas natural and very political too in him, to have taken a ride to Shandy Hall, as he did, merely to ſee how matters went on.

But my father's mind took unfortunately a wrong turn in the inveſtigation; running, like the hypercritic's, altogether upon the ringing of the bell and the rap upon the door,—meaſuring their diſtance, and keeping his mind ſo intent upon the operation, as to have power to think of nothing elſe, ——common-place infirmity of the greateſt mathematicians! working with might and main at the demonſtration, and ſo waſting all their ſtrength upon it, that they have none left in them to draw the corollary to do good with.

The ringing of the bell and the rap upon the door, ſtruck likewiſe ſtrong upon the *ſenſorium* of my uncle Toby,—but it excited a very different train of thoughts;—the two irreconcileable pulſations inſtantly brought Stevinus, the great engineer, along with them, into my uncle Toby's mind. What buſineſs Stevinus had in this affair,—is the greateſt problem of all:——It ſhall be ſolved;—but not in the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

WRITING, when properly managed (as you may be ſure I think mine is) is but a different name for converſation. As no one, who knows what he is about in good company, would venture to talk all; ——ſo no author, who underſtands the juſt boundaries of decorum and good-breeding, would preſume to think all: the trueſt reſpect which you can pay to the reader's underſtanding, is to halve this matter amicably, and leave him ſomething to imagine, in his turn, as well as yourſelf.

For my own part, I am eternally paying him compliments of this kind, and do all that lies in my power to keep his imagination as buſy as my own.

'Tis his turn now;—I have given an ample deſcription of Dr. Slop's ſad overthrow, and of his ſad appearance in the back-parlour;—his imagination muſt now go on with it for a while.

Let the reader imagine then, that Dr. Slop has told his tale—and in what words, and with what aggravations, his fancy chooſes;—let him ſuppoſe, that Obadiah has told his tale alſo, and with ſuch rueful looks of affected concern, as he thinks beſt will contraſt the two figures as they ſtand by each other.——Let him imagine, that my father has ſtepped up ſtairs to ſee my mother:—and, to conclude this work of imagination,—let him imagine the doctor waſhed,—rubbed down and condoled,—felicitated,—got into a pair of Obadiah's pumps,

ſtepping

ſtepping forward towards the door, upon the very point of entering upon action.

Truce!—truce, good Dr. Slop!—ſtay thy obſtetrick hand;——return it ſafe into thy boſom to keep it warm;——little doſt thou know what obſtacles,———little doſt thou think what hidden cauſes retard its operation!——Haſt thou, Dr. Slop,—haſt thou been entruſted with the ſecret articles of the ſolemn treaty which has brought thee into this place?—Art thou aware that at this inſtant, a daughter of Lucina is put obſtetrically over thy head? Alas!—'tis too true.—Beſides, great ſon of Pilumnus! what canſt thou do?—Thou haſt come forth unarm'd;—thou haſt left thy *tire-tête*,—thy new-invented *forceps*,—thy *crotchet*,—thy *ſquirt*, and all thy inſtruments of ſalvation and deliverance, behind thee:—By Heaven! at this moment they are hanging up in a green baize bag, betwixt thy two piſtols, at the bed's head!—Ring;—call;—ſend Obadiah back upon the coach-horſe to bring them with all ſpeed.

——Make great haſte, Obadiah, quoth my father, and I'll give thee a crown! and quoth my uncle Toby, I'll give him another.

CHAP. XII.

YOUR ſudden and unexpected arrival, quoth my uncle Toby, addreſſing himſelf to Dr. Slop, (all three of them ſitting down to the fire together, as my uncle Toby began to ſpeak)—inſtantly brought the

the great Stevinus into my head, who, you muſt know, is a favourite author with me.—Then, added my father, making uſe of the argument *ad crumenam*, —I will lay twenty guineas to a ſingle crown-piece, (which will ſerve to give away to Obadiah when he gets back) that this ſame Stevinus was ſome engineer or other—or has wrote ſomething or other, either directly or indirectly, upon the ſcience of fortification.

He has ſo,—replied my uncle Toby.—I knew it, ſaid my father, though, for the ſoul of me, I cannot ſee what kind of connection there can be betwixt Dr. Slop's ſudden coming, and a diſcourſe upon fortification;—yet I fear'd it.—Talk of what we will, brother,——or let the occaſion be never ſo foreign or unfit for the ſubject,—you are ſure to bring it in. I would not, brother Toby, continued my father,——I declare I would not have my head ſo full of curtains and horn-works.—That I dare ſay you would not, quoth Dr. Slop, interrupting him, and laughing moſt immoderately at his pun.

Dennis the critic could not deteſt and abhor a pun, or the inſinuation of a pun, more cordially than my father;—he would grow teſty upon it at any time;—but to be broke in upon by one, in a ſerious diſcourſe, was as bad, he would ſay, as a fillip upon the noſe;——he ſaw no difference.

Sir, quoth my uncle Toby, addreſſing himſelf to Dr. Slop,—the curtains my brother Shandy mentions here, have nothing to do with bedſteads;—tho' I know Du Cange ſays, "That bed-curtains,

"in

" in all probability have taken their name from " them;"—nor have the horn-works he ſpeaks of, any thing in the world to do with the horn-works of cuckoldom: But the *curtain*, Sir, is the word we uſe in fortification, for that part of the wall or rampart which lies between the two baſtions, and joins them.—Beſiegers ſeldom offer to carry on their attacks directly againſt the curtain, for this reaſon, becauſe they are ſo well *flanked*. ('Tis the caſe of other curtains, quoth Dr. Slop, laughing.) However, continued my uncle Toby, to make them ſure, we generally chooſe to place ravelins before them, taking care only to extend them beyond the foſſé or ditch:——The common men, who know very little of fortification, confound the ravelin and the half-moon together,—tho' they are very different things;—not in their figure or conſtruction, for we make them exactly alike, in all points; for they always conſiſt of two faces, making a ſalient angle, with the gorges, not ſtraight, but in form of a creſcent.——Where then lies the difference? (quoth my father, a little teſtily.)—In their ſituations, anſwered my uncle Toby:—for when a ravelin, brother, ſtands before the curtain, it is a ravelin; and when a ravelin ſtands before a baſtion, then the ravelin is not a ravelin;—it is a half-moon;—a half-moon likewiſe is a half-moon, and no more, ſo long as it ſtands before its baſtion;——but was it to change place, and get before the curtain,—'twould be no longer a half-moon; a half-moon, in that caſe, is not a half-moon;—'tis no more than a ravelin.——I think, quoth my father, that the

noble

noble ſcience of defence has its weak ſides——as well as others.

—As for the horn-work (heigh! ho! ſighed my father) which, continued my uncle Toby, my brother was ſpeaking of, they are a very conſiderable part of an outwork;——they are called by the French engineers, *Ouvrage à corne*, and we generally make them to cover ſuch places as we ſuſpect to be weaker than the reſt;—'tis formed by two epaulments or demi-baſtions—they are very pretty,—and if you will take a walk, I'll engage to ſhew you one well worth your trouble.—I own, continued my uncle Toby, when we crown them,—they are much ſtronger, but then they are very expenſive, and take up a great deal of ground, ſo that, in my opinion, they are moſt of uſe to cover or defend the head of a camp; otherwiſe the double *tenaille*—By the mother who bore us!——brother Toby, quoth my father, not able to hold out any longer,——you would provoke a ſaint;——here have you got us, I know not how, not only ſouſe into the middle of the old ſubject again:—but ſo full is your head of theſe confounded works, that though my wife is this moment in the pains of labour, and you hear her cry out, yet nothing will ſerve you but to carry off the man-midwife.——*Accoucheur*,—if you pleaſe, quoth Dr. Slop.——With all my heart, replied my father, I don't care what they call you;—but I wiſh the whole ſcience of fortification, with all its inventors, at the devil;—it has been the death of thouſands,—and it will be mine in the end.—I would not, I would not, brother Toby, have my brains

brains ſo full of ſaps, mines, blinds, gabions, palliſadoes, ravelins, half-moons, and ſuch trumpery, to be proprietor of Namur, and of all the towns in Flanders with it.

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage;—I have told you in a former chapter, "that he was a man of courage:"—and will add here, that where juſt occaſions preſented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whoſe arm I would have ſooner taken ſhelter;——nor did this ariſe from any inſenſibility or obtuſeneſs of his intellectual parts;—for he felt this inſult of my father's as feelingly as a man could do;—but he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up ſo kindly within him; my uncle Toby had ſcarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.

—Go—ſays he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his noſe, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at laſt, as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, ſays my uncle Toby, riſing from his chair, and going acroſs the room, with the fly in his hand,——I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, ſays he, lifting up the ſaſh, and opening his hand as he ſpoke, to let it eſcape;—go, poor devil, get thee gone, why ſhould I hurt thee?——This world ſurely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

I was but ten years old when this happened: but, whether it was, that the action itſelf was more in uniſon to my nerves at that age of pity, which in-

ſtantly ſet my whole frame into one vibration of moſt pleaſurable ſenſation;—or how far the manner and expreſſion of it might go towards it;—or in what degree, or by what ſecret magic,—a tone of voice and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might find a paſſage to my heart, I know not;—this I know, that the leſſon of univerſal good-will then taught and imprinted by my uncle Toby, has never ſince been worn out of my mind: and tho' I would not depreciate what the ſtudy of the *literæ humaniores*, at the univerſity, have done for me in that reſpect, or diſcredit the other helps of an expenſive education beſtowed upon me, both at home and abroad ſince;—yet I often think that I owe one half of my philanthropy to that one accidental impreſſion.

This is to ſerve for parents and governors inſtead of a whole volume upon the ſubject.

I could not give the reader this ſtroke in my uncle Toby's picture, by the inſtrument with which I drew the other parts of it,—that taking in no more than the mere HOBBY-HORSICAL likeneſs:——this is a part of his moral character. My father, in this patient endurance of wrongs, which I mention, was very different, as the reader muſt long ago have noted; he had a much more acute and quick ſenſibility of nature, attended with a little ſoreneſs of temper; tho' this never tranſported him to any thing which looked like malignancy:—yet in the little rubs and vexations of life, 'twas apt to ſhew itſelf in a drolliſh and witty kind of peeviſhneſs:——He was, however, frank and generous in his nature;

nature;——at all times open to conviction; and in the little ebullitions of this ſubacid humour towards others, but particularly towards my uncle Toby, whom he truly loved;——he would feel more pain, ten times told (except in the affair of my aunt Dinah, or where an hypotheſis was concerned) than what he ever gave.

The characters of the two brothers, in this view of them, reflected light upon each other, and appeared with great advantage in this affair which roſe about Stevinus.

I need not tell the reader, if he keeps a HOBBY-HORSE,——that a man's HOBBY-HORSE is as tender a part as he has about him; and that theſe unprovoked ſtrokes at my uncle Toby's could not be unfelt by him.——No:———as I ſaid above, my uncle Toby did feel them, and very ſenſibly too.

Pray, Sir, what ſaid he?—How did he behave?—O, Sir!—it was great: for as ſoon as my father had done inſulting his HOBBY-HORSE,———he turned his head, without the leaſt emotion, from Dr. Slop, to whom he was addreſſing his diſcourſe, and looking up into my father's face, with a countenance ſpread over with ſo much good-nature;——ſo placid;——ſo fraternal;———ſo inexpreſſibly tender towards him:—it penetrated my father to his heart: He roſe up haſtily from his chair, and ſeizing hold of both my uncle Toby's hands as he ſpoke:—Brother Toby, ſaid he:—I beg thy pardon;——forgive, I pray thee, this raſh humour which my mother gave me.——My dear, dear brother, anſwered my

uncle Toby, riſing up by my father's help, ſay no more about it;—you are heartily welcome, had it been ten times as much, brother. But 'tis ungenerous, replied my father, to hurt any man;——a brother worſe;——but to hurt a brother of ſuch gentle manners,—ſo unprovoking,—and ſo unreſenting;——'tis baſe:——By Heaven, 'tis cowardly.—You are heartily welcome, brother, quoth my uncle Toby,——had it been fifty times as much.——Beſides, what have I to do, my dear Toby, cried my father, either with your amuſements or your pleaſures, unleſs it was in my power (which it is not) to increaſe their meaſure?

——Brother Shandy, anſwered my uncle Toby, looking wiſtfully in his face,——you are much miſtaken in this point:—for you do increaſe my pleaſure very much, in begetting children for the Shandy family at your time of life.—But, by that, Sir, quoth Dr. Slop, Mr. Shandy increaſes his own.—Not a jot, quoth my father.

CHAP. XIII.

MY brother does it, quoth my uncle Toby, out of *principle*.——In a family way, I ſuppoſe, quoth Dr. Slop.——Pſhaw!—ſaid my father,—'tis not worth talking of.

CHAP. XIV.

AT the end of the laſt chapter, my father and my uncle Toby were left both ſtanding, like Brutus and

and Caſſius, at the close of the ſcene, making up their accounts.

As my father ſpoke the three laſt words,——he ſat down;—my uncle Toby exactly followed his example, only, that before he took his chair, he rung the bell, to order Corporal Trim, who was in waiting, to ſtep home for Stevinus:—my uncle Toby's houſe being no farther off than the oppoſite ſide of the way.

Some men would have dropped the ſubject of Stevinus;——but my uncle Toby had no reſentment in his heart, and he went on with the ſubject, to ſhew my father that he had none.

Your ſudden appearance, Dr. Slop, quoth my uncle, reſuming the diſcourſe, inſtantly brought Stevinus into my head. (My father, you may be ſure, did not offer to lay any more wagers upon Stevinus's head.)——Becauſe, continued my uncle Toby, the celebrated ſailing chariot, which belonged to Prince Maurice, and was of ſuch wonderful contrivance and velocity, as to carry half a dozen people thirty German miles, in I don't know how few minutes,——was invented by Stevinus, that great mathematician and engineer.

You might have ſpared your ſervant the trouble, quoth Dr. Slop, (as the fellow is lame) of going for Stevinus's account of it, becauſe in my return from Leyden thro' the Hague, I walked as far as Schevling, which is two long miles, on purpoſe to take a view of it.

That's nothing, replied my uncle Toby, to what the learned Peireſkius did, who walked a matter of

five hundred miles, reckoning from Paris to Schevling, and from Schevling to Paris back again, in order to ſee it,—and nothing elſe.

Some men cannot bear to be out-gone.

The more fool Peireſkius, replied Dr. Slop. But mark, 'twas out of no contempt of Peireſkius at all;——but that Peireſkius's indefatigable labour in trudging ſo far on foot, out of love for the ſciences, reduced the exploit of Dr. Slop, in that affair, to nothing:—the more fool Peireſkius, ſaid he again.—Why ſo?—replied my father, taking his brother's part, not only to make reparation as faſt as he could for the inſult he had given him, which ſat ſtill upon my father's mind;——but partly, that my father began really to intereſt himſelf in the diſcourſe.——Why ſo?——ſaid he. Why is Peireſkius, or any man elſe, to be abuſed for an appetite for that, or any other morſel of ſound knowledge: for notwithſtanding I know nothing of the chariot in queſtion, continued he, the inventor of it muſt have had a very mechanical head;—and tho' I cannot gueſs upon what principles of philoſophy he has achieved it;—yet certainly his machine has been conſtructed upon ſolid ones, be they what they will, or it could not have anſwered at the rate my brother mentions.

It anſwered, replied my uncle Toby, as well, if not better; for, as Peireſkius elegantly expreſſes it, ſpeaking of the velocity of its motion, *Tam citus erat, quam erat ventus*; which, unleſs I have forgot my Latin, is, *that it was as ſwift as the wind itſelf.*

But

But pray, Dr. Slop, quoth my father, interrupting my uncle (tho' not without begging pardon for it at the ſame time) upon what principles was this ſelf-ſame chariot ſet a-going?—Upon very pretty principles to be ſure, replied Dr. Slop:—and I have often wondered, continued he, evading the queſtion, why none of our gentry, who live upon large plains like this of ours,—(eſpecially they whoſe wives are not paſt child-bearing) attempt nothing of this kind; for it would not only be infinitely expeditious upon ſudden calls, to which the ſex is ſubject,—if the wind only ſerved,—but would be excellent good huſbandry to make uſe of the winds, which coſt nothing, and which eat nothing, rather than horſes, which (the devil take 'em) both coſt and eat a great deal.

For that very reaſon, replied my father, "Be-"cauſe they coſt nothing, and becauſe they eat "nothing,"—the ſcheme is bad;—it is the conſumption of our products, as well as the manufactures of them, which gives bread to the hungry, circulates trade, brings in money, and ſupports the value of our lands;—and tho', I own, if I was a Prince, I would generouſly recompenſe the ſcientific head which brought forth ſuch contrivances;—yet I would as peremptorily ſuppreſs the uſe of them.

My father here had got into his element,——and was going on as proſperouſly with his diſſertation upon trade, as my uncle Toby had before, upon his of fortification;—but to the loſs of much ſound knowledge, the deſtinies in the

morning had decreed that no diſſertation of any kind ſhould be ſpun by my father that day,—— for as he opened his mouth to begin the next ſentence,

CHAP. XV.

IN popped Corporal Trim with Stevinus:— But 'twas too late,—all the diſcourſe had been exhauſted without him, and was running into a new channel.

—You may take the book home again, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, nodding to him.

But prithee, Corporal, quoth my father, drolling,—look firſt into it, and ſee if thou canſt ſpy aught of a ſailing chariot in it.

Corporal Trim, by being in the ſervice, had learned to obey,—and not to remonſtrate;—ſo taking the book to a ſide-table, and running over the leaves; An' pleaſe your Honour, ſaid Trim, I can ſee no ſuch thing;—however, continued the Corporal, drolling a little in his turn, I'll make ſure work of it, an' pleaſe your Honour:—ſo taking hold of the two covers of the book, one in each hand, and letting the leaves fall down as he bent the covers back, he gave the book a good ſound ſhake.

There is ſomething falling out, however, ſaid Trim, an' pleaſe your Honour;—but it is not a chariot, or any thing like one.—Prithee, Corporal, ſaid my father, ſmiling, what is it then?—I think, anſwered

anſwered Trim, ſtooping to take it up,——'tis more like a ſermon,———for it begins with a text of ſcripture, and the chapter and verſe;—and then goes on, not as a chariot, but like a ſermon directly.

The company ſmiled.

I cannot conceive how it is poſſible, quoth my uncle Toby, for ſuch a thing as a ſermon to have got into my Stevinus.

I think 'tis a ſermon, replied Trim;—but if it pleaſe your Honours, as it is a fair hand, I will read you a page;—for Trim, you muſt know, loved to hear himſelf read almoſt as well as talk.

I have ever a ſtrong propenſity, ſaid my father, to look into things which croſs my way, by ſuch ſtrange fatalities as theſe:—and as we have nothing better to do, at leaſt till Obadiah gets back, I ſhall be obliged to you, brother, if Dr. Slop has no objection to it, to order the Corporal to give us a page or two of it,—if he is as able to do it, as he ſeems willing. An' pleaſe your Honour, quoth Trim, I officiated two whole campaigns, in Flanders, as clerk to the chaplain of the regiment.——He can read it, quoth my uncle Toby, as well as I can.——Trim, I aſſure you, was the beſt ſcholar in my company, and ſhould have had the next halberd, but for the poor fellow's misfortune. Corporal Trim laid his hand upon his heart, and made an humble bow to his maſter;—then laying down his hat upon the floor, and taking up the ſermon in his left hand, in order to have his right at liberty, ——he advanced, nothing doubting, into the middle

of

of the room, where he could beſt ſee, and be beſt ſeen by his audience.

CHAP. XVI.

—IF you have any objection,—ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf to Dr Slop.—Not in the leaſt, replied Dr. Slop;—for it does not appear on which ſide of the queſtion it is wrote,——it may be a compoſition of a divine of our church, as well as yours,—ſo that we run equal riſques.——'Tis wrote upon neither ſide, quoth Trim, for 'tis only upon *Conſcience*, 'an pleaſe your Honours.

Trim's reaſon put his audience into good humour, —all but Dr. Slop, who turning his head about towards Trim, looked a little angry.

Begin, Trim,—and read diſtinctly, quoth my father.—I will, an' pleaſe your Honour, replied the Corporal, making a bow, and beſpeaking attention with a ſlight movement of his right hand.

CHAP. XVII.

———But before the Corporal begins, I muſt firſt give you a deſcription of his attitude;—— otherwiſe he will naturally ſtand repreſented, by your imagination, in an uneaſy poſture,—ſtiff,— perpendicular,— dividing the weight of his body equally upon both legs;——his eye fixed, as if on duty;—his look determined,—clenching the ſermon in

in his left hand, like his firelock.——In a word, you would be apt to paint Trim, as if he was ſtanding in his platoon ready for action.—His attitude was as unlike all this as you can conceive.

He ſtood before them with his body ſwayed, and bent forwards, juſt ſo far as to make an angle of 85 degrees and a half upon the plain of the horizon;—which ſound orators, to whom I addreſs this, know very well to be the true perſuaſive angle of incidence;—in any other angle you may talk and preach;—'tis certain;—and it is done every day;—but with what effect,—I leave the world to judge!

The neceſſity of this preciſe angle of 85 degrees and a half to a mathematical exactneſs,——does it not ſhew us, by the way, how the arts and ſciences mutually befriend each other?

How the deuce Corporal Trim, who knew not ſo much as an acute angle from an obtuſe one, came to hit it ſo exactly;——or whether it was chance or nature, or good ſenſe or imitation, *&c.* ſhall be commented upon in that part of the cyclopædia of arts and ſciences, where the inſtrumental parts of the eloquence of the ſenate, the pulpit, and the bar, the coffee-houſe, the bedchamber, and fireſide, fall under conſideration.

He ſtood,—for I repeat it, to take the picture of him in at one view, with his body ſwayed, and ſomewhat bent forwards,—his right leg from under him, ſuſtaining ſeven-eighths of his whole weight,——the foot of his left leg, the defect of which was no diſadvantage

diſadvantage to his atttitude, advanced a little,—not laterally, nor forwards, but in a line betwixt them;—his knee bent, but that not violently,—but ſo as to fall within the limits of the line of beauty;—and I add, of the line of ſcience too;—for conſider, it had one-eighth part of his body to bear up;—ſo that in this caſe the poſition of the leg is determined,—becauſe the foot could be no farther advanced, or the knee more bent, than what would allow him, mechanically to receive an eighth part of his whole weight under it, and to carry it too.

☞ This I recommend to painters:—need I add,—to orators!—I think not; for unleſs they practiſe it,——they muſt fall upon their noſes.

So much for Corporal Trim's body and legs.——He held the ſermon looſely, not careleſsly, in his left hand, raiſed ſomething above his ſtomach, and detached a little from his breaſt;——his right arm falling negligently by his ſide, as nature and the laws of gravity ordered it,——but with the palm of it open and turned towards his audience, ready to aid the ſentiment in caſe it ſtood in need.

Corporal Trim's eyes and the muſcles of his face were in full harmony with the other parts of him;—he looked frank,—unconſtrained,—ſomething aſſured,—but not bordering upon aſſurance.

Let not the critic aſk how Corporal Trim could come by all this.——I've told him it ſhould be explained;—but ſo he ſtood before my father, my uncle Toby, and Dr. Slop,—ſo ſwayed his body, ſo contraſted his limbs, and with ſuch an oratorical ſweep throughout the whole figure,——a ſtatuary might

might have modelled from it;——nay, I doubt whether the oldeſt Fellow of College,—or the Hebrew Profeſſor himſelf, could have much mended it.

Trim made a bow, and read as follows:

The SERMON.

HEBREWS xiii. 18.

———*For, we* truſt, *we have a good Conſcience.*

" TRUST!——Truſt we have a good con-
" ſcience!"

[Certainly, Trim, quoth my father, interrupting him, you give that ſentence a very improper accent; for you curl up your noſe, man, and read it with ſuch a ſneering tone, as if the Parſon was going to abuſe the Apoſtle.

He is, an' pleaſe your Honour, replied Trim.

Pugh! ſaid my father, ſmiling.

Sir, quoth Dr. Slop, Trim is certainly in the right; for the writer (who I perceive is a Proteſtant) by the ſnappiſh manner in which he takes up the apoſtle, is certainly going to abuſe him;—if this treatment of him has not done it already. But from whence, replied my father, have you concluded ſo ſoon, Dr. Slop, that the writer is of our church?—for aught I can ſee yet,—he may be of any church.—Becauſe, anſwered Dr. Slop, if he was of ours,

ours, he durſt no more take ſuch a licence, than a bear by his beard:—If, in our communion, Sir, a man was to inſult an apoſtle,——a ſaint,——or even the pairing of a ſaint's nail,—he would have his eyes ſcratched out.—What, by the ſaint? quoth my uncle Toby.—No, replied Dr. Slop, he would have an old houſe over his head.—Pray is the Inquiſition an ancient building, anſwered my uncle Toby, or is it a modern one?—I know nothing of architecture, replied Dr. Slop.—An' pleaſe your Honours, quoth Trim, the Inquiſition is the vileſt ——Prithee ſpare thy deſcription, Trim, I hate the very name of it, ſaid my father.—No matter for that, anſwered Dr. Slop,—it has its uſes; for tho' I'm no great advocate for it, yet, in ſuch a caſe as this, he would ſoon be taught better manners; and I can tell him, if he went on at that rate, would be flung into the Inquiſition for his pains. God help him then, quoth my uncle Toby.—Amen, added Trim; for Heaven above knows, I have a poor brother who has been fourteen years a captive in it.—I never heard one word of it before, ſaid my uncle Toby, haſtily:—How came he there, Trim?——O, Sir, the ſtory will make your heart bleed,—as it has made mine a thouſand times;—but it is too long to be told now;—your Honour ſhall hear it from firſt to laſt ſome day when I am working beſide you in our fortifications;—but the ſhort of the ſtory is this;—That my brother Tom went over a ſervant to Liſbon,—and then married a Jew's widow, who kept a ſmall ſhop, and ſold ſauſages, which, ſomehow or other, was the cauſe of his being taken

taken in the middle of the night out of his bed, where he was lying with his wife and two ſmall children, and carried directly to the Inquiſition, where, God help him, continued Trim, fetching a ſigh from the bottom of his heart,—the poor honeſt lad lies confined at this hour. He was as honeſt a ſoul, added Trim, (pulling out his handkerchief) as ever blood warmed.——

The tears trickled down Trim's cheeks faſter than he could well wipe them away.—A dead ſilence in the room enſued for ſome minutes.—Certain proof of pity!

Come, Trim, quoth my father, after he ſaw the poor fellow's grief had got a little vent,—read on,—and put this melancholy ſtory out of thy head:—I grieve that I interrupted thee; but prithee begin the ſermon again;—for if the firſt ſentence in it is matter of abuſe, as thou ſayeſt, I have a great deſire to know what kind of provocation the apoſtle has given.

Corporal Trim wiped his face, and returned his handkerchief into his pocket, and, making a bow as he did it,—he began again.]

The SERMON.

HEBREWS xiii. 18.

——*For, we* truſt, *we have a good Conſcience.*—

" TRUST!—truſt we have a good conſcience! " Surely if there is any thing in this life which

" a man

" a man may depend upon, and to the know-
" ledge of which he is capable of arriving upon
" the moſt indiſputable evidence, it muſt be this
" very thing,—whether he has a good conſcience
" or no."

[I am poſitive I am right, quoth Dr. Slop.]

" If a man thinks at all, he cannot well be a
" ſtranger to the true ſtate of this account:——
" he muſt be privy to his own thoughts and
" deſires;—he muſt remember his paſt purſuits,
" and know certainly the true ſprings and motives,
" which, in general, have governed the actions of
" his life."

[I defy him, without an aſſiſtant, quoth Dr. Slop.]

" In other matters we may be deceived by falſe
" appearances; and, as the wiſe man complains,
" *hardly do we gueſs aright at the things that are*
" *upon the earth, and with labour do we find the*
" *things that are before us.* But here the mind
" has all the evidence and facts within herſelf;
" ——is conſcious of the web ſhe has wove;——
" knows its texture and fineneſs, and the exact
" ſhare which every paſſion has had in working
" upon the ſeveral deſigns which virtue or vice
" has planned before her."

[The language is good, and I declare Trim reads very well, quoth my father.]

" Now,—as conſcience is nothing elſe but the
" knowledge which the mind has within herſelf
" of this; and the judgment, either of approbation
" or cenſure, which it unavoidably makes upon

" the

" the ſucceſſive actions of our lives; 'tis plain you " will ſay, from the very terms of the propoſition, " —whenever this inward teſtimony goes againſt " a man, and he ſtands ſelf-accuſed, that he muſt " neceſſarily be a guilty man.—And, on the con- " trary, when the report is favourable on his ſide, " and his heart condemns him not:—that it is not " a matter of *truſt*, as the apoſtle intimates, but a " matter of *certainty* and fact, that the con- " ſcience is good, and that the man muſt be good " alſo."

[Then the apoſtle is altogether in the wrong, I ſuppoſe, quoth Dr. Slop, and the Proteſtant divine is in the right. Sir, have patience, replied my father, for I think it will preſently appear that St. Paul and the Proteſtant divine are both of an opinion.—As nearly ſo, quoth Dr. Slop, as eaſt is to weſt;—but this, continued he, lifting both hands, comes from the liberty of the preſs.

It is no more at the worſt, replied my uncle Toby, than the liberty of the pulpit; for it does not appear that the ſermon is printed, or ever likely to be.

Go on, Trim, quoth my father.]

" At firſt ſight this may ſeem to be a true ſtate " of the caſe: and I make no doubt but the know- " ledge of right and wrong is ſo truly impreſſed " upon the mind of man,—that did no ſuch thing " ever happen, as that the conſcience of a man, by " long habits of ſin, might (as the ſcripture aſſures " it may) inſenſibly become hard;—and, like " ſome tender parts of his body, by much ſtreſs

" and continual hard uſage, loſe by degrees that " nice ſenſe and perception with which God and " nature endowed it:—Did this never happen;— " or was it certain that ſelf-love could never hang " the leaſt bias upon the judgment;—or that the " little intereſts below could riſe up and perplex " the faculties of our upper regions, and encompaſs " them about with clouds and thick darkneſs: " ——Could no ſuch thing as favour and affec- " tion enter this ſacred Court:—Did Wit diſ- " dain to take a bribe in it;—or was aſhamed " to ſhew its face as an advocate for an unwar- " rantable enjoyment:—Or, laſtly, were we aſ- " ſured that Intereſt ſtood always unconcern- " ed whilſt the cauſe was hearing—and that " Paſſion never got into the judgment-ſeat, and " pronounced ſentence in the ſtead of Reaſon, " which is ſuppoſed always to preſide and de- " termine upon the caſe:—Was this truly ſo, as " the objection muſt ſuppoſe;—no doubt then " the religious and moral ſtate of a man would " be exactly what he himſelf eſteemed it:—and " the guilt or innocence of every man's life could " be known, in general, by no better meaſure, " than the degrees of his own approbation and " cenſure.

" I own, in one caſe, whenever a man's con- " ſcience does accuſe him (as it ſeldom errs on " that ſide) that he is guilty; and unleſs in melan- " choly and hypochondriac caſes, we may ſafely " pronounce upon it, that there is always ſufficient " grounds for the accuſation.

" But

"But the converſe of the propoſition will not
" hold true;——namely, that whenever there is
" guilt, the conſcience muſt accuſe; and if it does
" not, that a man is therefore innocent.——This
" is not fact———So that the common conſola-
" tion which ſome good Chriſtian or other is
" hourly adminiſtering to himſelf,—that he thanks
" God his mind does not miſgive him; and that,
" conſequently, he has a good conſcience, becauſe
" he hath a quiet one,—is fallacious;—and as
" current as the inference is, and as infallible as
" the rule appears at firſt ſight, yet when you look
" nearer to it, and try the truth of this rule upon
" plain facts,——you ſee it liable to ſo much error
" from a falſe application;——the principle upon
" which it goes ſo often perverted;——the whole
" force of it loſt, and ſometimes ſo vilely caſt away,
" that it is painful to produce the common ex-
" amples from human life, which confirm the
" account.

" A man ſhall be vicious and utterly debauched
" in his principles;—exceptionable in his conduct
" to the world; ſhall live ſhameleſs, in the open
" commiſſion of a ſin which no reaſon or pretence
" can juſtify,——a ſin by which, contrary to all
" the workings of humanity, he ſhall ruin for ever
" the deluded partner of his guilt;—rob her of her
" beſt dowry; and not only cover her own head
" with diſhonour;—but involve a whole virtuous
" family in ſhame and ſorrow for her ſake. Surely,
" you will think conſcience muſt lead ſuch a man a

" troubleſome life; he can have no reſt night or " day from its reproaches.

" Alas! CONSCIENCE had ſomething elſe to do " all this time, than break in upon him; as Elijah " reproached the god Baal,——this domeſtic god " *was either talking, or purſuing, or was on a* " *journey, or peradventure he ſlept, and could not be* " *awoke.*

" Perhaps He was gone out in company with " Honour to fight a duel: to pay off ſome debt at " play;——or dirty annuity, the bargain of his " luſt. Perhaps CONSCIENCE all this time was " engaged at home, talking aloud againſt petty " larcency, and executing vengeance upon ſome " ſuch puny crimes, as his fortune and rank of life " ſecured him againſt all temptation of committing; " ſo that he lives as merrily"——[If he was of our church, tho', quoth Dr. Slop, he could not]—" ſleeps as ſoundly in his bed;—and at laſt meets " death as unconcernedly;—perhaps much more " ſo, than a much better man."

[All this is impoſſible with us, quoth Dr. Slop, turning to my father;—the caſe could not happen in our church.—It happens in ours, however, replied my father, but too often.——I own, quoth Dr. Slop, (ſtruck a little with my father's frank acknowledgment)—that a man in the Romiſh church may live as badly;—but then he cannot eaſily die ſo.——'Tis little matter, replied my father, with an air of indifference,—how a raſcal dies.—I mean, anſwered Dr. Slop, he would be denied the benefits of the laſt ſacraments.—Pray how many have you

in

in all, ſaid my uncle Toby,——for I always forget?——Seven, anſwered Dr. Slop.——Humph!—ſaid my uncle Toby; tho' not accented as a note of acquieſcence,—but as an interjection of that particular ſpecies of ſurprize, when a man in looking into a drawer, finds more of a thing than he expected.—Humph! replied my uncle Toby. Dr. Slop, who had an ear, underſtood my uncle Toby as well as if he had wrote a whole volume againſt the ſeven ſacraments.——Humph! replied Dr. Slop, (ſtating my uncle Toby's argument over again to him)——Why, Sir, are there not ſeven cardinal virtues?——Seven mortal ſins?——Seven golden candleſticks?——Seven heavens?—'Tis more than I know, replied my uncle Toby.——Are there not ſeven wonders of the world?——Seven days of the creation?——Seven planets?——Seven plagues?——That there are, quoth my father, with a moſt affected gravity. But prithee, continued he, go on with the reſt of thy characters, Trim.]

" Another is ſordid, unmerciful," (here Trim waved his right hand) " a ſtrait-hearted, ſelfiſh " wretch, incapable either of private friendſhip or " public ſpirit. Take notice how he paſſes by " the widow and orphan in their diſtreſs, and ſees " all the miſeries incident to human life without " a ſigh or a prayer." [An' pleaſe your Honours, cried Trim, I think this a viler man than the other.]

" Shall not conſcience riſe up and ſting him on " ſuch occaſions?——No; thank God there is no

" occaſion, *I pay every man his own;—I have no*
" *fornication to anſwer to my conſcience;—no faith-*
" *leſs vows or promiſes to make up;—I have de-*
" *bauched no man's wife or child; thank God, I am*
" *not as other men, adulterers, unjuſt, or even as this*
" *libertine, who ſtands before me.*

" A third is crafty and deſigning in his nature.
" View his whole life;—'tis nothing but a cunning
" contexture of dark arts and unequitable ſubter-
" fuges, baſely to defeat the true intent of all laws,
" ——plain dealing, and the ſafe enjoyment of
" our ſeveral properties.——You will ſee ſuch a
" one working out a frame of little deſigns upon
" the ignorance and perplexities of the poor and
" needy man;—ſhall raiſe a fortune upon the inex-
" perience of a youth, or the unſuſpecting temper
" of his friend, who would have truſted him with
" his life.

" When old age comes on, and repentance calls
" him to look back upon this black account, and
" ſtate it over again with his conſcience——Con-
" SCIENCE looks into the STATUTES AT LARGE;—
" finds no expreſs law broken by what he has done;
" —perceives no penalty or forfeiture of goods
" and chattels incurred;—ſees no ſcourge waving
" over his head, or priſon opening its gates upon
" him:—What is there to affright his conſcience?
" —Conſcience has got ſafely entrenched behind
" the Letter of the Law; ſits there invulnerable,
" fortified with **Caſes** and **Reports** ſo ſtrongly on
" all ſides,—that it is not preaching can diſpoſſeſs
" it of its hold."

[Here

[Here Corporal Trim and my uncle Toby exchanged looks with each other.—Aye, aye, Trim! quoth my uncle Toby, ſhaking his head,——theſe are but ſorry fortifications, Trim.——O! very poor work, anſwered Trim, to what your Honour and I make of it.——The character of this laſt man, ſaid Dr. Slop, interrupting Trim, is more deteſtable than all the reſt; and ſeems to have been taken from ſome pettifogging Lawyer amongſt you. Amongſt us, a man's conſcience could not poſſibly continue ſo long *blinded:*——three times in a year, at leaſt, he muſt go to confeſſion.—Will that reſtore it to ſight? quoth my uncle Toby.——Go on, Trim, quoth my father, or Obadiah will have got back before thou haſt got to the end of thy ſermon.——'Tis a very ſhort one, replied Trim.——I wiſh it was longer, quoth my uncle Toby, for I like it hugely.—Trim went on.]

" A fourth man ſhall want even this refuge;—
" ſhall break through all their ceremony of ſlow
" chicane;——ſcorns the doubtful workings of
" ſecret plots and cautious trains to bring about his
" purpoſe:——See the barefaced villain, how he
" cheats, lies, perjures, robs, murders!—Horrid!—
" But indeed much better was not to be expected
" in the preſent caſe—the poor man was in the
" dark!——his prieſt had got the keeping of his
" conſcience;——and all he would let him know
" of it, was, That he muſt believe in the Pope;—
" go to Maſs;—croſs himſelf;—tell his beads;—
" be a good Catholic; and that this, in all con-
" ſcience, was enough to carry him to heaven.

" What!—if he perjures?—Why,—he had a " mental reſervation in it.—But if he is ſo wicked " and abandoned a wretch as you repreſent him;— " if he robs,—if he ſtabs, will not conſcience, on " every ſuch act, receive a wound itſelf?—Aye,— " but the man has carried it to confeſſion;——the " wound digeſts there, and will do well enough, " and in a ſhort time be quite healed up by abſo- " lution. O Popery! what haſt thou to anſwer " for!——when not content with the too many " natural and fatal ways, thro' which the heart of " man is every day thus treacherous to itſelf above " all things;—thou haſt wilfully ſet open the wide " gate of deceit before the face of this unwary " traveller,—too apt, God knows, to go aſtray of " himſelf, and confidently ſpeak peace to himſelf, " when there is no peace.

" Of this the common inſtances which I have " drawn out of life, are too notorious to require " much evidence. If any man doubts the re- " ality of them, or thinks it impoſſible for a man " to be ſuch a bubble to himſelf,—I muſt refer " him a moment to his own reflections, and will " then venture to truſt my appeal with his own " heart.

" Let him conſider in how different a degree of " deteſtation, numbers of wicked actions ſtand *there*, " tho' equally bad and vicious in their own natures; " —he will ſoon find, that ſuch of them as ſtrong " inclination and cuſtom have prompted him to " commit, are generally dreſſed out and painted " with all the falſe beauties which a ſoft and a

" flattering

" flattering hand can give them;—and that the
" others, to which he feels no propenſity, appear
" at once naked and deformed, ſurrounded with
" all the true circumſtances of folly and diſ-
" honour.

" When David ſurprized Saul ſleeping in the
" cave, and cut off the ſkirt of his robe,—we read
" that his heart ſmote him for what he had done:—
" but in the matter of Uriah, where a faithful and
" gallant ſervant, whom he ought to have loved and
" honoured, fell to make way for his luſt,—where
" conſcience had ſo much greater reaſon to take the
" alarm, his heart ſmote him not. A whole
" year had almoſt paſſed from the firſt commiſ-
" ſion of that crime, to the time Nathan was ſent
" to reprove him; and we read not once of the
" leaſt ſorrow or compunction of heart which he
" teſtified, during all that time, for what he had
" done.

" Thus conſcience, this once able monitor,—
" placed on high as a judge within us, and in-
" tended by our Maker as a juſt and equitable
" one too,—by an unhappy train of cauſes and
" impediments, takes often ſuch imperfect cogni-
" zance, of what paſſes,—does its office ſo negli-
" gently,—ſometimes ſo corruptly, that it is not
" to be truſted alone; and therefore we find there
" is a neceſſity, an abſolute neceſſity, of joining
" another principle with it, to aid, if not govern, its
" determinations.

" So that, if you would form a juſt judgment
" of what is of infinite importance to you not to

" be

" be miſled in,—namely, in what degree of real " merit you ſtand, either as an honeſt man, an uſe- " ful citizen, a faithful ſubject to your king, or a " good ſervant to your God,—call in religion and " morality. Look: What is written in the law of " God?——How readeſt thou?—Conſult calm " reaſon and the unchangeable obligations of juſtice " and truth;—what ſay they?

" Let CONSCIENCE determine the matter upon " theſe reports;—and then if thy heart condemns " thee not, which is the caſe the apoſtle ſuppoſes,— " the rule will be infallible;"—[Here Dr. Slop fell aſleep]—" *thou wilt have confidence towards God*;— " that is, have juſt grounds to believe the judgment " thou haſt paſt upon thyſelf, is the judgment of " God; and nothing elſe but an anticipation of that " righteous ſentence which will be pronounced upon " thee hereafter by that Being, to whom thou art " finally to give an account of thy actions.

" *Bleſſed is the man*, indeed, then, as the author of " the book of Eccleſiaſticus expreſſes it, *who is not* " *pricked with the multitude of his ſins: bleſſed is* " *the man whoſe heart hath not condemned him*; " *whether he be rich, or whether he be poor, if he* " *have a good heart* (a heart thus guided and in- " formed) *he ſhall at all times rejoice in a cheerful* " *countenance*; *his mind ſhall tell him more than* " *ſeven watchmen that ſit above upon a tower on* " *high*."—[A tower has no ſtrength, quoth my uncle Toby, unleſs 'tis flanked.]—" In the darkeſt " doubts it ſhall conduct him ſafer than a thouſand " caſuiſts, and give the ſtate he lives in a better " ſecurity

" ſecurity for his behaviour than all the cauſes " and reſtrictions put together, which law-makers " are forced to multiply:—*forced*, I ſay, as things " ſtand; human laws not being a matter of original " choice, but of pure neceſſity, brought in to fence " againſt the miſchievous effects of thoſe conſci- " ences which are no law unto themſelves; well " intending, by the many proviſions made,—that " in all ſuch corrupt and miſguided caſes, where " principles and the checks of conſcience will " not make us upright,—to ſupply their force, " and, by the terrors of gaols and halters, oblige us " to it."

[I ſee plainly, ſaid my father, that this ſermon has been compoſed to be preached at the Temple,—or at ſome Aſſize.—I like the reaſoning,—and am ſorry that Dr. Slop has fallen aſleep before the time of his conviction;—for it is now clear, that the Parſon, as I thought at firſt, never inſulted St. Paul in the leaſt;—nor has there been, brother, the leaſt difference between them.——A great matter, if they had differed, replied my uncle Toby!—the beſt friends in the world may differ ſometimes.——True,—brother Toby, quoth my father, ſhaking hands with him,—we'll fill our pipes, brother, and then Trim ſhall go on.

Well,—what doſt thou think of it? ſaid my father, ſpeaking to Corporal Trim, as he reached his tobacco-box.

I think, anſwered the Corporal, that the ſeven watchmen upon the tower,—who, I ſuppoſe, are all ſentinels there,—are more, an' pleaſe your Honour,

Honour, than were neceſſary;—and, to go on at that rate, would haraſs a regiment all to pieces, which a commanding-officer, who loves his men, will never do, if he can help it, becauſe two ſentinels, added the Corporal, are as good as twenty.—I have been a commanding-officer myſelf in the *Corps de Garde* a hundred times, continued Trim, riſing an inch higher in his figure, as he ſpoke;—and all the time I had the honour to ſerve his Majeſty King William, in relieving the moſt conſiderable poſts, I never left more than two in my life.——Very right, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby;—but you do not conſider, Trim, that the towers, in Solomon's days, were not ſuch things as our baſtions, flanked and defended by other works. This, Trim, was an invention ſince Solomon's death; nor had they horn-works, or ravelins before the curtain, in his time;—or ſuch a foſſé as we make with a cuvette in the middle of it, and with covered ways and counter-ſcarps palliſadoed along it, to guard againſt a *coup de main*:—ſo that the ſeven men upon the tower were a party, I dare ſay, from the *Corps de Garde*, ſet there, not only to look out, but to defend it.——They could be no more, an' pleaſe your Honour, than a corporal's guard.——My father ſmiled inwardly, but not outwardly;—the ſubject being rather too ſerious, conſidering what had happened, to make a jeſt of;—ſo putting his pipe into his mouth, which he had juſt lighted,—he contented himſelf with ordering Trim to read on. He read on as follows:—

"To have the fear of God before our eyes,

"and,

" and, in our mutual dealings with each other, to " govern our actions by the eternal meaſures of " right and wrong;—the firſt of theſe will com- " prehend the duties of religion;—the ſecond, thoſe " of morality, which are ſo inſeparably connected " together, that you cannot divide theſe *two tables*, " even in imagination (though the attempt is often " made in practice) without breaking and mutually " deſtroying them both.

" I ſaid the attempt is often made; and ſo it " is;—there being nothing more common than to " ſee a man who has no ſenſe at all of religion, " and indeed has ſo much honeſty as to pretend " to none, who would take it as the bittereſt affront, " ſhould you but hint at a ſuſpicion of his moral " character,—or imagine he was not conſcientiouſly " juſt and ſcrupulous to the uttermoſt mite.

" When there is ſome appearance that it is ſo,— " tho' one is unwilling even to ſuſpect the appear- " ance of ſo amiable a virtue as moral honeſty, " yet were we to look into the grounds of it, " in the preſent caſe, I am perſuaded we ſhould " find little reaſon to envy ſuch a one the honour " of his motive.

" Let him declaim as pompouſly as he chooſes " upon the ſubject, it will be found to reſt upon " no better foundation than either his intereſt, " his pride, his eaſe, or ſome ſuch little and change- " able paſſion as will give us but ſmall depend- " ence upon his actions in matters of great diſtreſs.

" I will illuſtrate this by an example.

" I know the banker I deal with, or the phy-

" ſician

" ſician I uſually call in,"—[There is no need, cried Dr. Slop, *waking*, to call in any phyſician in this caſe]—" to be neither of them men of " much religion: I hear them make jeſt of it every " day, and treat all its ſanctions with ſo much " ſcorn, as to put the matter paſt doubt. Well; " —notwithſtanding this, I put my fortune into " the hands of the one:—and what is dearer ſtill " to me, I truſt my life to the honeſt ſkill of the " other.

" Now, let me examine what is my reaſon for " this great confidence. Why, in the firſt place, " I believe there is no probability that either of " them will employ the power I put into their hands " to my diſadvantage;—I conſider that honeſty " ſerves the purpoſes of this life:—I know their " ſucceſs in the world depends upon the fairneſs of " their characters.—In a word, I'm perſuaded that " they cannot hurt me without hurting themſelves " more.

" But put it otherwiſe; namely, that intereſt " lay, for once, on the other ſide; that a caſe " ſhould happen, wherein the one, without ſtain " to his reputation, could ſecrete my fortune, and " leave me naked in the world;—or that the " other could ſend me out of it, and enjoy an " eſtate by my death, without diſhonour to him- " ſelf or his art;—in this caſe, what hold have " I of either of them?—Religion, the ſtrongeſt of " all motives, is out of the queſtion;—intereſt, the " next moſt powerful motive in the world, is " ſtrongly againſt me:——What have I left to

" caſt

" caſt into the oppoſite ſcale to balance this
" temptation?——Alas! I have nothing—nothing
" but what is lighter than a bubble:——I muſt
" lie at the mercy of Honour, or ſome ſuch
" capricious principle,—ſtrait ſecurity for two of
" the moſt valuable bleſſings!—my property and
" my life.

" As therefore we can have no dependence
" upon morality without religion;—ſo, on the
" other hand,—there is nothing better to be
" expected from religion without morality; ne-
" verthelefs, 'tis no prodigy to ſee a man whoſe
" real moral character ſtands very low, who yet
" entertains the higheſt notion of himſelf in the
" light of a religious man.

" He ſhall not only be covetous, revengeful,
" implacable,—but even wanting in points of
" common honeſty; yet inaſmuch as he talks
" aloud againſt the infidelity of the age,—is
" zealous for ſome points of religion,—goes twice
" a day to church,—attends the ſacraments,
" and amuſes himſelf with a few inſtrumental
" parts of religion,—ſhall cheat his conſcience
" into a judgment, that, for this, he is a reli-
" gious man, and has diſcharged truly his duty
" to God: and you will find that ſuch a man,
" through force of this deluſion, generally looks
" down with ſpiritual pride upon every other
" man who has leſs affectation of piety,—though,
" perhaps, ten times more real honeſty than
" himſelf.

" *This likewiſe is a ſore evil under the ſun*; and,

" I believe,

" I believe, there is no one miſtaken principle, " which, for its time, has wrought more ſerious " miſchiefs.——For a general proof of this,— " examine the hiſtory of the Romiſh church;"— [Well what can you make of that? cried Dr. Slop] —" ſee what ſcenes of cruelty, murder, rapine, " bloodſhed"—[They may thank their own obſtinacy, cried Dr. Slop]—" have all been ſanctified " by a religion not ſtrictly governed by morality!

" In how many kingdoms of the world"—[Here Trim kept waving his right hand from the ſermon to the extent of his arm, returning it backwards and forwards to the concluſion of the paragraph.]

" In how many kingdoms of the world has the " cruſading ſword of this miſguided ſaint-errant, " ſpared neither age, or merit, or ſex, or condition? " —and, as he fought under the banners of a re- " ligion which ſet him looſe from juſtice and hu- " manity, he ſhewed none; mercileſsly trampled " upon both,—heard neither the cries of the unfor- " tunate, nor pitied their diſtreſſes!"

[I have been in many a battle, an' pleaſe your Honour, quoth Trim, ſighing, but never in ſo melancholy a one as this:—I would not have drawn a trigger in it againſt theſe poor ſouls,—to have been made a general officer.——Why? what do you underſtand of the affair? ſaid Dr. Slop, looking towards Trim, with ſomething more of contempt than the Corporal's honeſt heart deſerved. ——What do you know, friend, about this battle you talk of?——I know, replied Trim, that I never refuſed quarter in my life to any man who cried out

out for it:—but to a woman or a child, continued Trim, before I would level my muſket at them, I would loſe my life a thouſand times.——Here's a crown for thee, Trim, to drink with Obadiah to-night, quoth my uncle Toby; and I'll give Obadiah another too.——God bleſs your Honour, replied Trim,—I had rather theſe poor women and children had it.——Thou art an honeſt fellow, quoth my uncle Toby.——My father nodded his head, as much as to ſay,—And ſo he is.——

But prithee, Trim, ſaid my father, make an end, —for I ſee thou haſt but a leaf or two left.

Corporal Trim read on.]

"If the teſtimony of paſt centuries in this "matter is not ſufficient,—conſider at this inſtant, "how the votaries of that religion are every day "thinking to do ſervice and honour to God, by "actions which are a diſhonour and ſcandal to "themſelves!

"To be convinced of this, go with me for a "moment into the priſons of the Inquiſition."—[God help my poor brother Tom.]—"Behold "Religion, with Mercy and Juſtice chained down "under her feet,—there ſitting ghaſtly upon a "black tribunal, propped up with racks and "inſtruments of torment. Hark!—hark! what a "piteous groan!"—[Here Trim's face turned as pale as aſhes.]——"See the melancholy wretch "who uttered it"—[Here the tears began to trickle down]——"juſt brought forth to undergo "the anguiſh of a mock trial, and endure the ut-"moſt pains that a ſtudied ſyſtem of cruelty has

" been able to invent."——[D—n them all, quoth Trim, his colour returning into his face as red as blood.]—" Behold this helpleſs victim delivered up " to his tormentors,—his body ſo waſted with " ſorrow and confinement!"—[Oh! 'tis my brother, cried poor Trim, in a moſt paſſionate exclamation, dropping the ſermon upon the ground, and clapping his hands together—I fear 'tis poor Tom.——My father's and my uncle Toby's heart yearned with ſympathy for the poor fellow's diſtreſs; even Slop himſelf acknowledged pity for him.——Why, Trim, ſaid my father, this is not a hiſtory,—'tis a ſermon thou art reading; prithee begin the ſentence again.] ——" Behold this helpleſs victim delivered up to " his tormentors,—his body ſo waſted with ſorrow " and confinement, you will ſee every nerve and " muſcle as it ſuffers.

" Obſerve the laſt movement of that horrid en- " gine!"—[I would rather face a cannon, quoth Trim, ſtamping.]—" See what convulſions it has " thrown him into!—Conſider the nature of the " poſture in which he now lies ſtretched!—what " exquiſite tortures he endures by it!"—[I hope 'tis not in Portugal.]—" 'Tis all nature can bear! " Good God! ſee how it keeps his weary ſoul " hanging upon his trembling lips!"—[I would not read another line of it, quoth Trim, for all this world!—I fear, an' pleaſe your Honours, all this is in Portugal, where my poor brother Tom is.—— I tell thee, Trim, again, quoth my father, 'tis not an hiſtorical account,—'tis a deſcription.—'Tis only a deſcription, honeſt man, quoth Slop; there is not a word of truth in it.——That's another ſtory, re-

plied my father.—However, as Trim reads it with ſo much concern,—'tis cruelty to force him to go on with it.—Give me hold of the ſermon, Trim,—I'll finiſh it for thee, and thou may'ſt go.——I muſt ſtay and hear it too, replied Trim, if your Honour will allow me;—tho' I would not read it myſelf for a Colonel's pay.——Poor Trim! quoth my uncle Toby.——My father went on.]

" ——Conſider the nature of the poſture in " which he now lies ſtretched!—what exquiſite " torture he endures by it!—'Tis all nature can " bear! Good God! See how it keeps his weary " ſoul hanging upon his trembling lips,—willing to " take its leave,—but not ſuffered to depart!—Be- " hold the unhappy wretch led back to his cell!" ——[Then, thank God, however, quoth Trim, that they have not killed him.] " See him dragged out of " it again to meet the flames, and the inſults in his " laſt agonies, which this principle,—this principle, " that there can be religion without mercy, has pre- " pared for him!"——[Then, thank God, he is dead, quoth Trim,—he is out of his pain,—and they have done their worſt at him.—O Sirs!——Hold your peace, Trim, ſaid my father, going on with the ſermon, leſt Trim ſhould incenſe Dr. Slop,—we ſhall never have done at this rate.]

" The ſureſt way to try the merit of any diſputed " notion is, to trace down the conſequences ſuch a " notion has produced, and compare them with the " ſpirit of Chriſtianity;——'tis the ſhort and deciſive " rule which our Saviour hath left us for theſe and " ſuch like caſes, and it is worth a thouſand argu- " ments—*By their fruits ye ſhall know them all.*

" I will add no farther to the length of this " ſermon, than by two or three ſhort and inde- " pendent rules deducible from it.

" *Firſt*, Whenever a man talks loudly againſt " religion, always ſuſpect that it is not his reaſon, " but his paſſions, which have got the better of his " CREED. A bad life and a good belief are diſ- " agreeable and troubleſome neighbours; and where " they ſeparate, depend upon it, 'tis for no other " cauſe but quietneſs ſake.

" *Secondly*, When a man, thus repreſented, tells " you in any particular inſtance,—That ſuch a " thing goes againſt his conſcience,—always believe " he means exactly the ſame thing as when he tells " you ſuch a thing goes againſt his ſtomach;—a " preſent want of appetite being generally the true " cauſe of both.

" In a word,—truſt that man in nothing, who " has not a CONSCIENCE in every thing.

" And, in your own caſe, remember this plain " diſtinction, a miſtake in which has ruined thou- " ſands,—That your conſcience is not a law:— " no, God and reaſon made the law, and have " placed conſcience within you to determine;— " not, like an Aſiatic Cadi, according to the ebbs " and flows of his own paſſions,—but like a Britiſh " judge in this land of liberty and good ſenſe, who " makes no new law, but faithfully declares that " law which he knows already written."

FINIS.

THOU

THOU haſt read the ſermon extremely well, Trim, quoth my father.——If he had ſpared his comments, replied Dr. Slop,—he would have read it much better.—— I ſhould have read it ten times better, Sir, anſwered Trim, but that my heart was ſo full.——That was the very reaſon, Trim, replied my father, which has made thee read the ſermon as well as thou haſt done; and if the clergy of our church, continued my father, addreſſing himſelf to Dr. Slop, would take part in what they deliver as deeply as this poor fellow has done,—as their compoſitions are fine;—[I deny it, quoth Dr. Slop] —I maintain it,—that the eloquence of our pulpits, with ſuch ſubjects to inflame it, would be a model for the whole world:—But, alas! continued my father, and I own it, Sir, with ſorrow, that, like French politicians in this reſpect, what they gain in the cabinet they loſe in the field.——'Twere a pity, quoth my uncle, that this ſhould be loſt.—— I like the ſermon well, replied my father,—'tis dramatic;—and there is ſomething in that way of writing, when ſkilfully managed, which catches the attention.——We preach much in that way with us, ſaid Dr. Slop.——I know that very well, ſaid my father,—but in a tone and manner which diſguſted Dr. Slop, full as much as his aſſent, ſimply, could have pleaſed him.——But in this, added Dr. Slop, a little piqued,—our ſermons have greatly the advantage, that we never introduce any character into them below a patriarch or a patriarch's wife, or a martyr, or a ſaint.—There are ſome very bad characters in this, however, ſaid my father;

and I do not think the ſermon a jot the worſe for 'em.——But pray, quoth my uncle Toby,—whoſe can this be?—How could it get into my Stevinus!——A man muſt be as great a conjurer as Stevinus, ſaid my father, to reſolve the ſecond queſtion. The firſt, I think, is not ſo difficult;—for, unleſs my judgment greatly deceives me,—I know the author, for 'tis wrote, certainly, by the parſon of the pariſh.

The ſimilitude of the ſtyle and manner of it, with thoſe my father conſtantly had heard preached in his pariſh-church, was the ground of his conjecture,—proving it as ſtrongly as an argument *à priori* could prove ſuch a thing to a philoſophic mind, That it was Yorick's, and no one's elſe.—It was proved to be ſo, *à poſteriori*, the day after, when Yorick ſent a ſervant to my uncle Toby's houſe to enquire after it.

It ſeems that Yorick, who was inquiſitive after all kinds of knowledge, had borrowed Stevinus of my uncle Toby, and had careleſsly popped his ſermon, as ſoon as he had made it, into the middle of Stevinus; and by an act of forgetfulneſs to which he was ever ſubject, he had ſent Stevinus home, and his ſermon to keep him company.

Ill-fated ſermon! Thou waſt loſt, after this recovery of thee, a ſecond time, dropped thro' an unſuſpected fiſſure in thy maſter's pocket down into a treacherous and tattered lining,—trod deep into the dirt, by the left hind-foot of his Roſinante inhumanly ſtepping upon thee as thou falledſt;—buried ten days in the mire,—raiſed up out of it by a beggar,

beggar,—ſold for a halfpenny to a pariſh-clerk,—transferred to his parſon,—loſt for ever to thy own, the remainder of his days,—nor reſtored to his reſtleſs manes till this very moment that I tell the world the ſtory.

Can the reader believe that this ſermon of Yorick's was preached at an aſſize, in the cathedral of York, before a thouſand witneſſes, ready to give oath of it, by a certain prebendary of that church, and actually printed by him when he had done?—and within ſo ſhort a ſpace as two years and three months after Yorick's death?—Yorick indeed, was never better ſerved in his life;——but it was a little hard to maltreat him after, and plunder him after he was laid in his grave.

However, as the gentleman who did it was in perfect charity with Yorick,—and, in conſcious juſtice, printed but a few copies to give away;—and that, I am told, he could moreover have made as good a one himſelf, had he thought fit,—I declare I would not have publiſhed this anecdote to this world;—nor do I publiſh it with an intent to hurt his character and advancement in the church;—I leave that to others;—but I find myſelf impelled by two reaſons, which I cannot withſtand.

The firſt is, That in doing juſtice, I may give reſt to Yorick's ghoſt;—which,—as the country-people, and ſome others, believe,—*ſtill walks.*

The ſecond reaſon is, That, by laying open this ſtory to the world, I gain an opportunity of informing it,—That in caſe the character of Parſon Yorick, and the ſample of his ſermons, is liked,—there are

now in the poſſeſſion of the Shandy family, as many as will make a handſome volume, at the world's ſervice;—and much good may they do it.

CHAP. XVIII.

OBADIAH gained the two crowns without diſpute; for he came in jingling, with all the inſtruments in a green baize-bag we ſpoke of, ſlung acroſs his body, juſt as Corporal Trim went out of the room.

"It is now proper, I think, quoth Dr. Slop (clearing up his looks) as we are in a condition to be of ſome ſervice to Mrs. Shandy, to ſend up ſtairs to know how ſhe goes on.

I have ordered, anſwered my father, the old midwife to come down to us upon the leaſt difficulty;—for you muſt know, Dr. Slop, continued my father, with a perplexed kind of a ſmile upon his countenance, that by expreſs treaty, ſolemnly ratified between me and my wife, you are no more than an auxiliary in this affair,—and not ſo much as that,—unleſs the lean old mother of a midwife above ſtairs cannot do without you.—Women have their particular fancies; and in points of this nature, continued my father, where they bear the whole burden, and ſuffer ſo much acute pain for the advantage of our families and the good of the ſpecies,—they claim a right of deciding, *en Souveraines*, in whoſe hands, and in what faſhion, they chooſe to undergo it.

They

"They are in the right of it,"—quoth my uncle Toby.——"But, Sir," replied Dr. Slop, not taking notice of my uncle Toby's opinion, but turning to my father,—"they had better govern in other points; —and a father of a family, who wiſhes its perpetuity, in my opinion, had better exchange this prerogative with them, and give up ſome other rights in lieu of it."——"I know not," quoth my father, anſwering a little too teſtily, to be quite diſpaſſionate in what he ſaid;—"I know not," quoth he, "what we have left to give up in lieu of who ſhall bring our children into the world, unleſs that,—of who ſhall beget them."——"One would almoſt give up any thing," replied Dr. Slop.——"I beg your pardon," —anſwered my uncle Toby.——"Sir," replied Dr. Slop, "it would aſtoniſh you to know what improvements we have made of late years, in all branches of obſtetrical knowledge, but particularly in that one ſingle point of the ſafe and expeditious extraction of the *fœtus*,—which has received ſuch lights, that, for my part (holding up his hands) I declare, I wonder how the world has——"I wiſh," quoth my uncle Toby, "you had ſeen what prodigious armies we had in Flanders."

CHAP. XIX.

I HAVE dropped the curtain over this ſcene for a minute,—to remind you of one thing,—and to inform you of another.

What

What I have to inform you, comes, I own, a little out of its due courſe;—for it ſhould have been told a hundred and fifty pages ago, but that I foreſaw then 'twould come in pat hereafter, and be of more advantage here than elſewhere.—Writers had need look before them, to keep up the ſpirit and connection of what they have in hand.

When theſe two things are done,—the curtain ſhall be drawn up again, and my uncle Toby, my father, and Dr. Slop, ſhall go on with their diſcourſe, without any more interruption.

Firſt, then, the matter which I have to remind you of, is this:—That from the ſpecimens of ſingularity in my father's notions in the point of Chriſtian names, and that other previous point thereto, —you was led, I think, into an opinion,—(and I am ſure I ſaid as much) that my father was a gentleman altogether as odd and whimſical in fifty other opinions. In truth, there was not a ſtage in the life of man, from the very firſt act of his begetting,—down to the lean and ſlippered pantaloon in his ſecond childiſhneſs, but he had ſome favourite notion to himſelf, ſpringing out of it, as ſceptical, and as far out of the highway of thinking, as theſe two which have been explained.

—Mr. Shandy, my father, Sir, would ſee nothing in the light in which others placed it;—he placed things in his own light;—he would weigh nothing in common ſcales:—no, he was too refined a reſearcher to lie open to ſo groſs an impoſition.—To come at the exact weight of things in the ſcientific ſteel-yard, the *fulcrum*, he would ſay, ſhould be

almoſt

almoſt inviſible, to avoid all friction from popular tenets:—without this, the *minutiæ* of philoſophy, which would always turn the balance, will have no weight at all. Knowledge, like matter, he would affirm, was diviſible *in infinitum*;—that the grains and ſcruples were as much a part of it, as the gravitation of the whole world.—In a word, he would ſay, error was error,—no matter where it fell,—whether in a fraction,—or a pound,—'twas alike fatal to Truth; and ſhe was kept down at the bottom of her well, as inevitably by a miſtake in the duſt of a butterfly's wing,—as in the diſk of the ſun, the moon, and all the ſtars of Heaven put together.

He would often lament that it was for want of conſidering this properly, and of applying it ſkilfully to civil matters, as well as to ſpeculative truths, that ſo many things in this world were out of joint;—that the political arch was giving way;—and that the very foundations of our excellent conſtitution in church and ſtate, were ſo ſapped as eſtimators had reported.

"You cry out, he would ſay, we are a ruined, undone people. Why?" he would aſk, making uſe of the ſtories or ſyllogiſm of Zeno and Chryſippus, without knowing it belonged to them.—"Why? why are we a ruined people?—Becauſe we are corrupted.—Whence is it, dear Sir, that we are corrupted?—Becauſe we are needy;—our poverty, and not our wills, conſent:—and wherefore, he would add, are we needy?—From the neglect, he would anſwer, of our peace and our halfpence:—

our

our bank-notes, Sir, our guineas;—nay, our ſhillings take care of themſelves.

'Tis the ſame, he would ſay, throughout the whole circle of the ſciences;—the great, the eſtabliſhed points of them, are not to be broke in upon.—The laws of nature will defend themſelves;—but error—(he would add, looking earneſtly at my mother)—error, Sir, creeps in thro' the minute holes, and ſmall crevices which human nature leaves unguarded.

This turn of thinking in my father, is what I had to remind you of:—the point you are to be informed of, and which I have reſerved for this place, is as follows:—

Amongſt the many and excellent reaſons with which my father had urged my mother to accept of Dr. Slop's aſſiſtance preferably to that of the old woman,—there was one of a very ſingular nature; which, when he had done arguing the matter with her as a Chriſtian, and came to argue it over again with her as a philoſopher, he had put his whole ſtrength to, depending indeed upon it as his ſheet-anchor.——It failed him, tho' from no defect in the argument itſelf; but that, do what he could, he was not able for his ſoul to make her comprehend the driſt of it.——Curſed luck! ſaid he to himſelf, one afternoon, as he walked out of the room, after he had been ſtating it for an hour and an half to her, to no manner of purpoſe;—curſed luck! ſaid he, biting his lip as he ſhut the door,—for a man to be maſter of one of the fineſt chains of reaſoning in nature,—and have a wife at the ſame time

with

with ſuch a head-piece, that he cannot hang up a ſingle inference within-ſide of it, to ſave his ſoul from deſtruction!

This argument, though it was entirely loſt upon my mother,—had more weight with him than all his other arguments joined together:—I will therefore endeavour to do it juſtice,—and ſet it forth with all the perſpicuity I am maſter of.

My father ſet out upon the ſtrength of theſe two following axioms:—

Firſt, That an ounce of a man's own wit was worth a ton of other people's; and,

Secondly, (which by the bye, was the ground-work of the firſt axiom,—tho' it comes laſt) That every man's wit muſt come from every man's own ſoul,—and no other body's.

Now, as it was plain to my father, that all ſouls were by nature equal,—and that the great difference between the moſt acute and the moſt obtuſe underſtanding,—was from no original ſharpneſs or bluntneſs of one thinking ſubſtance above or below another,—but aroſe merely from the lucky or unlucky organization of the body, in that part where the ſoul principally took up her reſidence,—he had made it the ſubject of his enquiry to find out the identical place.

Now, from the beſt accounts he had been able to get of this matter, he was ſatisfied it could not be where Des Cartes had fixed it, upon the top of the *pineal* gland of the brain; which, as he philoſophized, formed a cuſhion for her about the ſize of a marrow-pea; tho', to ſpeak the truth, as ſo many nerves did

did terminate all in that one place,—'twas no bad conjecture;—and my father had certainly fallen with that great philoſopher plumb into the centre of the miſtake, had it not been for my uncle Toby, who reſcued him out of it, by a ſtory he told him of a Walloon officer at the battle of Landen, who had one part of his brain ſhot away by a muſket-ball,—and another part of it taken out after by a French ſurgeon; and after all recovered, and did his duty very well without it.

If death, ſaid my father, reaſoning with himſelf, is nothing but the ſeparation of the ſoul from the body;—and if it is true that people can walk about and do their buſineſs without brains,—then certes the ſoul does not inhabit there, Q. E. D.

As for that certain, very thin, ſubtle, and very fragrant juice which Coglioniſſimo Borri, the great Milaneſe phyſician affirms, in a letter to Bartholine, to have diſcovered in the *cellulæ* of the *occipital* parts of the *cerebellum*, and which he likewiſe affirms to be the principal ſeat of the reaſonable ſoul (for you muſt know, in theſe latter and more enlightened ages, there are two ſouls in every man living,—the one, according to the great Metheglingius, being called the *Animus*; the other, the *Anima*;)—as for the opinion, I ſay, of Borri,—my father could never ſubſcribe to it by any means; the very idea of ſo noble, ſo refined, ſo immaterial, and ſo exalted a being as the *Anima*, or even the *Animus*, taking up her reſidence and ſitting dabbling, like a tadpole, all day long, both ſummer and winter, in a puddle,—or in a liquid of any kind, how thick or thin

thin ſoever, he would ſay, ſhocked his imagination; he would ſcarce give the doctrine a hearing.

What therefore ſeemed the leaſt liable to objections of any, was, that the chief *ſenſorium*, or head-quarters of the ſoul, and to which place all intelligences were referred, and from whence all her mandates were iſſued,—was in, or near, the *cerebellum*,—or rather ſomewhere about the *medulla oblongata*, wherein it was generally agreed by Dutch anatomiſts, that all the minute nerves from all the organs of the ſeven ſenſes concentered, like ſtreets and winding alleys, into a ſquare.

So far there was nothing ſingular in my father's opinion,—he had the beſt of philoſophers, of all ages and climates, to go along with him.——But here he took a road of his own, ſetting up another Shandean hypotheſis upon theſe corner-ſtones they had laid for him;—and which ſaid hypotheſis equally ſtood its ground; whether the ſubtilty and fineneſs of the ſoul depended upon the temperature and clearneſs of the ſaid liquor, or of the finer net-work and texture in the *cerebellum* itſelf; which opinion he favoured.

He maintained, that next to the due care to be taken in the act of propagation of each individual, which required all the thought in the world, as it laid the foundation of this incomprehenſible contexture, in which wit, memory, fancy, eloquence, and what is uſually meant by the name of good natural parts, do conſiſt;—that next to this and his Chriſtian-name, which were the two original and moſt efficacious cauſes of all;—that the third cauſe, or rather

rather what logicians call the *Cauſa ſine quâ non*, and without which all that was done was of no manner of ſignificance,—was the preſervation of this delicate and fine-ſpun web, from the havoc which was generally made in it by the violent compreſſion and cruſh which the head was made to undergo, by the nonſenſical method of bringing us into the world by that foremoſt.

——This requires explanation.

My father, who dipped into all kinds of books, upon looking into *Lithopædus Senonenſis de Partu difficili* *, publiſhed by Adrianus Smelvgot, had found out, that the lax and pliable ſtate of a child's head in parturition, the bones of the *cranium* having no ſutures at that time, was ſuch,—that by force of the woman's efforts, which, in ſtrong labour-pains, was equal, upon an average, to the weight of 470 pounds avoirdupois acting perpendicular upon it;—it ſo happened, that in forty-nine inſtances out of fifty, the ſaid head was compreſſed and moulded into the ſhape of an oblong conical piece of dough, ſuch as a paſtry-cook generally rolls up, in order to make a pie of.—Good God! cried my father, what havoc and deſtruction muſt this make in the

* The author is here twice miſtaken; for *Lithopædus* ſhould be wrote thus, *Lithopædii Senonenſis Icon.* The ſecond miſtake is, that this *Lithopædus* is not an author, but a drawing of a petrified child. The account of this, publiſhed by Athoſius 1580, may be ſeen at the end of Cordæus's works in Spachius. Mr. Triſtram Shandy has been led into this error, either from ſeeing *Lithopædus*'s name of late in a catalogue of learned writers in Dr. ———, or by miſtaking *Lithopædus* for *Trinecavellius*,—from the too great ſimilitude of the names.

infinitely

infinitely fine and tender texture of the *cerebellum*? —Or if there is ſuch a juice as Borri pretends,—is it not enough to make the cleareſt liquid in the world both feculent and mothery?

But how great was his apprehenſion, when he farther underſtood, that this force acting upon the very vertex of the head, not only injured the brain itſelf, or *cerebrum*,—but that it neceſſarily ſqueezed and propelled the *cerebrum* towards the *cerebellum*, which was the immediate ſeat of the underſtanding! ——Angels and miniſters of grace defend us! cried my father,—can any ſoul withſtand this ſhock? —No wonder the intellectual web is ſo rent and tattered as we ſee it; and that ſo many of our beſt heads are no better than a puzzled ſkein of ſilk;—all perplexity,—all confuſion within-ſide.

But when my father read on, and was let into the ſecret, that when a child was turned topſy-turvy, which was eaſy for an operator to do, and was extracted by the feet;—that inſtead of the *cerebrum* being propelled towards the *cerebellum*,—the *cerebellum*, on the contrary, was propelled ſimply towards the *cerebrum*, where it could do no manner of hurt:——By Heavens! cried he, the world is in conſpiracy to drive out what little wit God has given us,—and the profeſſors of the obſtetric art are lifted into the ſame conſpiracy.—What is it to me which end of my ſon comes foremoſt into the world, provided all goes right after, and his *cerebellum* eſcapes uncruſhed?

It is the nature of an hypotheſis, when once a man has conceived it, that it aſſimilates every thing

to itſelf, as proper nouriſhment; and, from the firſt moment of your begetting it, it generally grows the ſtronger by every thing you ſee, hear, read, or underſtand. This is of great uſe.

When my father was gone with this about a month, there was ſcarce a phenomenon of ſtupidity or of genius, which he could not readily ſolve by it:—it accounted for the eldeſt ſon being the greateſt blockhead in the family.——Poor devil, he would ſay,—he made way for the capacity of his younger brothers.——It unriddled the obſervations of drivellers and monſtrous heads,—ſhewing *à priori*, it could not be otherwiſe,—unleſs **** I don't know what. It wonderfully explained and accounted for the *acumen* of the Aſiatic genius, and that ſprightlier turn, and a more penetrating intuition of minds, in warmer climates; not from the looſe and common-place ſolution of a clearer ſky, and a more perpetual ſunſhine, &c.—which for aught he knew, might as well rarefy and dilute the faculties of the ſoul into nothing, by one extreme,—as they are condenſed in colder climates by the other;—but he traced the affair up to its ſpring-head;—ſhewed that, in warmer climates, nature had laid a lighter tax upon the faireſt parts of the creation;—their pleaſures more;—the neceſſity of their pains leſs, inſomuch that the preſſure and reſiſtance upon the vertex was ſo ſlight, that the whole organization of the *cerebellum* was preſerved;—nay, he did not believe, in natural births, that ſo much as a ſingle thread of the net-work was

broke or diſplaced,—ſo that the ſoul might juſt act as ſhe liked.

When my father had got ſo far,——what a blaze of light did the accounts of the Cæſarian ſection, and of the towering geniuſes who had come ſafe into the world by it, caſt upon this hypotheſis! Here you ſee, he would ſay, there was no injury done to the *ſenſorium*;—no preſſure of the head againſt the *pelvis*;—no propulſion of the *cerebrum* towards the *cerebellum*, either by the *os pubis* on this ſide, or the *os coxygis* on that;——and pray, what were the happy conſequences? Why, Sir, your Julius Cæſar, who gave the operation a name;—and your Hermes Triſmegiſtus, who was born ſo before ever the operation had a name;——your Scipio Africanus; your Manlius Torquatus; our Edward the Sixth,—who, had he lived, would have done the ſame honour to the hypotheſis:——Theſe, and many more who figured high in the annals of fame,—all came *ſideway*, Sir, into the world.

The inciſion of the *abdomen* and *uterus* ran for ſix weeks together in my father's head; he had read, and was ſatisfied, that wounds in the *epigaſtrium*, and thoſe in the *matrix*, were not mortal;—ſo that the belly of the mother might be opened extremely well to give a paſſage to the child:—He mentioned the thing one afternoon to my mother,—merely as a matter of fact; but ſeeing her turn as pale as aſhes at the very mention of it, as much as the operation flattered his hopes,—he thought it as well to ſay no more of it,—contenting himſelf

ſelf with admiring,—what he thought was to no purpoſe to propoſe.

This was my father, Mr. Shandy's hypotheſis; concerning which I have only to add, that my brother Bobby did as great honour to it (whatever he did to the family) as any one of the great heroes we ſpoke of: for happening not only to be chriſtened, as I told you, but to be born too, when my father was at Epſom,—being moreover my mother's firſt child,—coming into the world with his head *foremoſt*,—and turning out afterwards a lad of wonderful ſlow parts,—my father ſpelt all theſe together into his opinion; and as he had failed at one end,—he was determined to try the other.

This was not to be expected from one of the ſiſterhood, who are not eaſily to be put out of their way;—and was therefore one of my father's great reaſons in favour of a man of ſcience,——whom he could better deal with.

Of all men in the world, Dr. Slop was the fitteſt for my father's purpoſe;—for tho' his new-invented forceps was the armour he had proved, and what he maintained to be the ſafeſt inſtrument of deliverance, yet, it ſeems, he had ſcattered a word or two in his book, in favour of the very thing which ran in my father's fancy;—tho' not with a view to the ſoul's good in extracting by the feet, as was my father's ſyſtem,—but for reaſons merely obſtetrical.

This will account for the coalition betwixt my father and Dr. Slop, in the enſuing diſcourſe, which went

went a little hard againſt my uncle Toby.——In what manner a plain man, with nothing but common ſenſe, could bear up againſt two ſuch allies in ſcience, is hard to conceive.—You may conjecture upon it, if you pleaſe;—and whilſt your imagination is in motion, you may encourage it to go on, and diſcover by what cauſes and effects in nature it could come to paſs, that my uncle Toby got his modeſty by the wound he received upon his groin. —You may raiſe a ſyſtem to account for the loſs of my noſe by marriage-articles,—and ſhew the world how it could happen, that I ſhould have the misfortune to be called Triſtram, in oppoſition to my father's hypotheſis, and the wiſh of the whole family, godfathers and godmothers not excepted. —Theſe, with fifty other points left yet unravelled, you may endeavour to ſolve, if you have time;—but I tell you beforehand it will be in vain, for not the ſage Alquiſe, the magician in Don Belianis of Greece, nor the no leſs famous Urganda the ſorcereſs, his wife (were they alive) could pretend to come within a league of the truth.

The reader will be content to wait for a full explanation of theſe matters till the next year,—when a ſeries of things will be laid open which he little expects.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

Multitudinis imperitæ non formido judicia, meis tamen, rogo, parcant opusculis---in quibus fuit propositi semper, à jocis ad seria, in seriis vicissim ad jocos transire. JOAN. SARISBERIENSIS,
Episcopus Lugdun.

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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAP. I.

——"I WISH, Dr. Slop," quoth my uncle Toby (repeating his wiſh for Dr. Slop a ſecond time, and with a degree of more zeal and earneſtneſs in his manner of wiſhing than he had wiſhed at firſt*)——"I wiſh, Dr. Slop," quoth my uncle Toby, "you had ſeen what prodigious armies "we had in Flanders."

My uncle Toby's wiſh did Dr. Slop a diſſervice, which his heart never intended any man:—Sir, it confounded him,—and thereby putting his ideas firſt into confuſion, and then to flight, he could not rally them again for the ſoul of him.

In all diſputes—male or female,—whether for honour, for profit, or for love,—it makes no difference in the caſe;—nothing is more dangerous, Madam, than a wiſh coming ſideways in this unexpected manner upon a man. The ſafeſt way in general to take off the force of the wiſh, is for the

* Vide page 169.

party wiſh'd at, inſtantly to get upon his legs,—and wiſh the *wiſher* ſomething in return, of pretty near the ſame value;—ſo balancing the account upon the ſpot, you ſtand as you were:—nay, ſometimes gain the advantage of the attack by it.

This will be fully illuſtrated to the world in my chapter of wiſhes.—

Dr. Slop did not underſtand the nature of this defence;—he was puzzled with it, and it put an entire ſtop to the diſpute for four minutes and a half;—five had been fatal to it:—my father ſaw the danger;—the diſpute was one of the moſt intereſting diſputes in the world, "Whether the child "of his prayers and endeavours ſhould be born "without a head or with one."—He waited to the laſt moment, to allow Dr. Slop, in whoſe behalf the wiſh was made, his right of returning it; but perceiving, I ſay, that he was confounded, and continued looking with that perplexed vacuity of eye which puzzled ſouls generally ſtare with,—firſt in my uncle Toby's face,—then in his,—then up,—then down,—then eaſt,—eaſt and by eaſt, and ſo on,—coaſting it along by the plinth of the wainſcot till he had got to the oppoſite point of the compaſs,—and that he had actually begun to count the braſs nails upon the arm of his chair,—my father thought there was no time to be loſt with my uncle Toby; ſo took up the diſcourſe as follows:—

CHAP. II.

—" WHAT prodigious armies you had in Flan-
" ders!"——

Brother Toby, replied my father, taking his wig from off his head with his right hand, and with his *left* pulling out a ſtriped India handkerchief from his right coat-pocket, in order to rub his head, as he argued the point with my uncle Toby.——

——Now, in this I think my father was much to blame; and I will give you my reaſons for it.

Matters of no more ſeeming conſequence in themſelves than, " Whether my father ſhould have " taken off his wig with his right hand or with " his left,"—have divided the greateſt kingdoms, and made the crowns of the monarchs who governed them, to totter upon their heads.——But need I tell you, Sir, that the circumſtances with which every thing in this world is begirt, give every thing in this world its ſize and ſhape!—and by tightening it, or relaxing it, this way or that, make the thing to be, what it is,—great,—little,—good,—bad,—indifferent or not indifferent, juſt as the caſe happens?

As my father's India handkerchief was in his right coat-pocket, he ſhould by no means have ſuffered his right hand to have got engaged: on the contrary, inſtead of taking off his wig with it, as he did, he ought to have committed that entirely to the left; and then, when the natural exigency my father

Zeno, Cleanthes, Diogenes Babylonius, Dionyſius, Heracleotes, Antipater, Panætius, and Poſſidonius amongſt the Greeks;—Cato, and Varro, and Seneca amongſt the Romans;—Pantenus, and Clemens Alexandrinus, and Montaigne amongſt the Chriſtians; and a ſcore and a half of good, honeſt, unthinking Shandean people as ever lived, whoſe names I can't recollect,—all pretended that their jerkins were made after this faſhion;—you might have rumpled and crumpled, and doubled and creaſed, and fretted and tridged the outſide of them all to pieces;—in ſhort, you might have play'd the very devil with them, and at the ſame time, not one of the inſides of them would have been one button the worſe, for all you had done to them.

I believe in my conſcience that mine is made up ſomewhat after this ſort:—for never poor jerkin has been tickled off at ſuch a rate as it has been theſe laſt nine months together,—and yet I declare, the lining to it,—as far as I am a judge of the matter, is not a three-penny piece the worſe;—pell-mell, helter-ſkelter, ding-dong, cut and thruſt, back ſtroke and fore ſtroke, ſide way and long way, have they been trimming it for me:—had there been the leaſt gumminеſs in my lining, by Heaven! it had all of it, long ago, been frayed and fretted to a thread.

———You Meſſrs. the Monthly Reviewers! ——how could you cut and ſlaſh my jerkin as you did?—how did you know but you would cut my lining too?

Heartily

Heartily and from my ſoul, to the protection of that Being who will injure none of us, do I recommend you and your affairs,—ſo God bleſs you;—only next month, if any one of you ſhould gnaſh his teeth, and ſtorm and rage at me, as ſome of you did laſt May (in which I remember the weather was very hot)—don't be exaſperated if I paſs it by again with good temper,—being determined as long as I live or write (which in my caſe means the ſame thing) never to give the honeſt gentleman a worſe word or a worſe wiſh than my uncle Toby gave the fly which buzz'd about his noſe all dinner-time:——"Go,—go, poor devil," quoth he;—"get thee gone:—why ſhould I hurt thee! This "world is ſurely wide enough to hold both thee "and me."

CHAP. V.

ANY man, Madam, reaſoning upwards, and obſerving the prodigious ſuffuſion of blood in my father's countenance,—by means of which (as all the blood in his body ſeemed to ruſh into his face, as I told you) he muſt have reddened, pictorically and ſcientifically ſpeaking, ſix whole tints and a half, if not a full octave above his natural colour. Any man, Madam, but my uncle Toby, who had obſerved this,—together with the violent knitting of my father's brows, and the extravagant contortion of his body during the whole affair,—would have concluded my father in a rage; and taking that

that for granted,—had he been a lover of ſuch kind of concord as ariſes from two ſuch inſtruments being put in exact tune,—he would inſtantly have ſkrew'd up his to the ſame pitch;—and then the devil and all had broke looſe—the whole piece, Madam, muſt have been played off like the ſixth of Aviſon Scarlatti—*con furia*,—like mad.—Grant me patience!—What has *con furia*,—*con ſtrepito*, —or any other hurly-burly whatever to do with harmony?

Any man, I ſay, Madam, but my uncle Toby, the benignity of whoſe heart interpreted every motion of the body in the kindeſt ſenſe the motion would admit of, would have concluded my father angry, and blamed him too. My uncle Toby blamed nothing but the taylor who cut the pocket-hole;—ſo ſitting ſtill till my father had got his handkerchief out of it, and looking all the time up in his face with inexpreſſible good-will,—my father at length went on as follows:—

CHAP. VI.

"WHAT prodigious armies you had in Flan-"ders!"

——Brother Toby, quoth my father, I do believe thee to be as honeſt a man, and with as good and as upright a heart as ever God created;—nor is it thy fault, if all the children which have been, may, can, ſhall, will, or ought to be begotten, come with their heads foremoſt into the world:—

but

but believe me, dear Toby, the accidents which unavoidably way-lay them, not only in the article of our begetting 'em,—though theſe, in my opinion, are well worth conſidering, but the dangers and difficulties our children are beſet with, after they are got forth into the world, are enow;—little need is there to expoſe them to unneceſſary ones in their paſſage to it.——Are theſe dangers, quoth my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon my father's knee, and looking up ſeriouſly in his face for an anſwer,—are theſe dangers greater now-a-days, brother, than in times paſt?——Brother Toby, anſwered my father, if a child was but fairly begot, and born alive, and healthy, and the mother did well after it,—our forefathers never looked farther. —My uncle Toby inſtantly withdrew his hand from off my father's knee, reclined his body gently back in his chair, raiſed his head till he could juſt ſee the cornice of the room, and then directing the buccinatory muſcles along his cheeks, and the obicular muſcles around his lips to do their duty,—he whiſtled *Lillabullero.*

CHAP. VII.

WHILST my uncle Toby was whiſtling *Lillabullero* to my father,—Dr. Slop was ſtamping, and curſing and damning at Obadiah at a moſt dreadful rate.——It would have done your heart good, and cured you, Sir, for ever of the vile ſin of ſwearing, to have heard him. I am determined, therefore, to relate the whole affair to you.

When

When Dr. Slop's maid delivered the green baize bag with her maſter's inſtruments in it, to Obadiah, ſhe very ſenſibly exhorted him to put his head and one arm through the ſtrings, and ride with it ſlung acroſs his body. So undoing the bow-knot, to lengthen the ſtrings for him, without any more ado, ſhe helped him on with it. However, as this, in ſome meaſure, unguarded the mouth of the bag; leſt any thing ſhould bolt out in galloping back, at the ſpeed Obadiah threatened, they conſulted to take it off again: and in the great care and caution of their hearts, they had taken the two ſtrings and tied them cloſe (purſing up the mouth of the bag firſt) with half a dozen hard knots, each of which Obadiah, to make all ſafe, had twitched and drawn together with all the ſtrength of his body.

This anſwered all that Obadiah and the maid intended; but was no remedy againſt ſome evils which neither he or ſhe foreſaw. The inſtruments, it ſeems, as tight as the bag was tied above, had ſo much room to play in it, towards the bottom (the ſhape of the bag being conical) that Obadiah could not make a trot of it, but with ſuch a terrible jingle, what with the *tire tête*, *forceps*, and *ſquirt*, as would have been enough, had Hymen been taking a jaunt that way, to have frightened him out of the country; but when Obadiah accelerated his motion, and from a plain trot aſſayed to prick his coach-horſe into a full gallop,—by Heaven! Sir, the jingle was incredible.

As Obadiah had a wife and three children,—

the turpitude of fornication, and the many other political ill conſequences of this jingling, never once entered his brain;—he had however his objection, which came home to himſelf, and weighed with him, as it has oftentimes done with the greateſt patriots.——"The poor fellow, Sir, was "not able to hear himſelf whiſtle."

CHAP. VIII.

AS Obadiah loved wind-muſic perſerably to all the inſtrumental muſic he carried with him,—he very conſiderately ſet his imagination to work, to contrive and to invent by what means he ſhould put himſelf in a condition of enjoying it.

In all diſtreſſes (except muſical) where ſmall cords are wanted, nothing is ſo apt to enter a man's head as his hat-band:——the philoſophy of this is ſo near the ſurface,—I ſcorn to enter into it.

As Obadiah's was a mixed caſe;——mark, Sirs,—I ſay, a mixed caſe; for it was obſtetrical, —*ſcrip*-tical, ſquirtical, papiſtical—and as far as the coach-horſe was concerned in it,—Cabaliſtical, and only partly muſical;—Obadiah made no ſcruple of availing himſelf of the firſt expedient which offered; ſo taking hold of the bag and inſtruments, and griping them hard together with one hand, and with the finger and thumb of the other, putting the end of the hat-band betwixt his teeth, and then ſlipping his hand down to the middle of it,—he tied and croſs-tied them all faſt together from one end to the other (as you would cord a trunk) with

ſuch a multiplicity of round-abouts and intricate croſs turns, with a hard knot at every interſection or point where the ſtrings met,—that Dr. Slop muſt have had three-fifths of Job's patience at leaſt to have unlooſed them.—I think, in my conſcience, that had Nature been in one of her nimble moods, and in humour for ſuch a conteſt,—and ſhe and Dr. Slop both fairly ſtarted together,—there is no man living who had ſeen the bag with all that Obadiah had done to it,—and known likewiſe the great ſpeed the Goddeſs can make when ſhe thinks proper, who would have had the leaſt doubt remaining in his mind which of the two would have carried off the prize. My mother, Madam, had been delivered ſooner than the green bag infallibly —at leaſt by twenty knots.——Sport of ſmall accidents, Triſtram Shandy! that thou art, and ever will be! had that trial been made for thee, and it was fifty to one but it had,—thy affairs had not been ſo depreſs'd (at leaſt by the depreſſion of thy noſe) as they have been; nor had the fortunes of thy houſe and the occaſions of making them, which have ſo often preſented themſelves in the courſe of thy life, to thee, been ſo often, ſo vexatiouſly, ſo tamely, ſo irrecoverably abandoned—as thou haſt been forced to leave them;—but 'tis over,—all but the account of 'em, which cannot be given to the curious till I am got into the world.

CHAP. IX.

GREAT wits jump:—for the moment Dr. Slop caſt his eyes upon his bag (which he had not done till the diſpute with my uncle Toby about midwifery put him in mind of it) the very ſame thought occurred.—'Tis God's mercy, quoth he (to himſelf) that Mrs. Shandy has had ſo bad a time of it, elſe ſhe might have been brought to bed, ſeven times told, before one half of theſe knots could have been got untied.—But here you muſt diſtinguiſh:—the thought floated only in Dr. Slop's mind, without ſail or ballaſt to it, as a ſimple propoſition; millions of which, as your Worſhip knows, are every day ſwimming quietly in the middle of the thin juice of a man's underſtanding, without being carried backwards or forwards, till ſome little guſts of paſſion or intereſt drive them to one ſide.

A ſudden trampling in the room above, near my mother's bed, did the propoſition the very ſervice I am ſpeaking of. By all that's unfortunate, quoth Dr. Slop, unleſs I make haſte, the thing will actually befall me as it is.

CHAP X.

IN the caſe of knots; by which, in the firſt place, I would not be underſtood to mean ſlip-knots,—becauſe in the courſe of my life and opinions,—my opinions concerning them will come

in more properly when I mention the cataſtrophe of my great uncle Mr. Hammond Shandy,—a little man,— but of high fancy:—he ruſhed into the Duke of Monmouth's affair :—nor, ſecondly, in this place, do I mean that particular ſpecies of knots called Bow-knots ;—there is ſo little addreſs, or ſkill, or patience required in the unlooſing them, that they are below my giving any opinion at all about them. —But by the knots I am ſpeaking of, may it pleaſe your Reverences to believe, that I mean good, honeſt, deviliſh tight, hard knots, made *bonâ fide* as Obadiah made his;—in which there is no quibbling proviſion made by the duplication and return of the two ends of the ſtrings thro' the annulus or nooſe made by the ſecond implication of them,— to get them ſlipp'd and undone by.—I hope you apprehend me.

In the caſe of theſe knots then, and of the ſeveral obſtructions, which, may it pleaſe your Reverences, ſuch knots caſt in our way in getting through life, —every haſty man can whip out his penknife and cut through them.—'Tis wrong. Believe me, Sirs, the moſt virtuous way, and which both reaſon and conſcience dictate,—is to take our teeth or our fingers to them.—Dr. Slop had loſt his teeth—his favourite inſtrument, by extracting in a wrong direction, or by ſome miſapplication of it, unfortunately ſlipping, he had formerly, in a hard labour, knock'd out three of the beſt of them with the handle of it :——he tried his fingers ;—alas, the nails of his fingers and thumbs were cut cloſe.—— The deuce take it! I can make nothing of it either way,

way, cried Dr. Slop.——The trampling over head near my mother's bedſide increaſed.—Pox take the fellow! I ſhall never get the knots untied as long as I live.—My mother gave a groan.——Lend me your penknife—I muſt e'en cut the knots at laſt.—Pugh!—pſha!—Lord! I have cut my thumb quite acroſs to the very bone.—Curſe the fellow—if there was not another man-widwife within fifty miles—I am undone for this bout—I wiſh the ſcoundrel hang'd—I wiſh he was ſhot—I wiſh all the devils in hell had him for a blockhead!———

My father had a great reſpect for Obadiah, and could not bear to hear him diſpoſed of in ſuch a manner:—he had moreover ſome little reſpect for himſelf,—and could as ill bear with the indignity offered to himſelf in it.

Had Dr. Slop cut any part about him but his thumb,—my father had paſs'd it by—his prudence had triumphed:—as it was, he was determined to have his revenge.

"Small curſes, Dr. Slop, upon great occaſions," quoth my father (condoling with him firſt upon the accident) "are but ſo much waſte of our ſtrength and ſoul's health to no manner of purpoſe."——"I own it," replied Dr. Slop.——"They are like ſparrow-ſhot," quoth my uncle Toby (ſuſpending his whiſtling) fired againſt a baſtion.——"They ſerve," continued my father, "to ſtir the humours—but carry off none of their acrimony;—for my own part, I ſeldom ſwear or curſe at all—I hold it bad;—but if I fall into it by ſurprize, I generally retain ſo much preſence of mind (right, quoth my uncle Toby) as to

make it anſwer my purpoſe;—that is, I ſwear on till I find myſelf eaſy. A wiſe and a juſt man however would always endeavour to proportion the vent given to theſe humours, not only to the degree of them ſtirring within himſelf, — but to the ſize and ill intent of the offence upon which they are to fall.—"Injuries come only from the heart," —quoth my uncle Toby.——For this reaſon, continued my father, with the moſt Cervantic gravity, I have the greateſt veneration in the world for that gentleman, who, in diſtruſt of his own diſcretion in this point, ſat down and compoſed (that is at his leiſure) fit forms of ſwearing ſuitable to all caſes, from the loweſt to the higheſt provocation which could poſſibly happen to him;—which forms being well conſidered by him, and ſuch moreover as he could ſtand to, he kept them ever by him on the chimney-piece, within his reach, ready for uſe.——"I never apprehended," replied Dr. Slop, "that ſuch a thing was ever thought of,—much leſs executed."—I beg your pardon, anſwered my father; "I was reading, though not uſing, one of them to my brother Toby this morning, whilſt he pour'd out the tea:—'tis here upon the ſhelf over my head;——but if I remember right, 'tis too violent for a cut of the thumb.——"Not at all, "quoth Dr. Slop—"the devil take the fellow."——"Then, anſwered my father, 'Tis much at your ſervice, Dr. Slop,—on condition you read it aloud.—So riſing up and reaching down a form of excommunication of the church of Rome, a copy of which my father (who was curious in his collections) had procured out of the ledger-

book of the church of Rocheſter, writ by Ernulphus the biſhop,—with a moſt affected ſerioufneſs of look and voice, which might have cajoled Ernulphus himſelf,—he put it into Dr. Slop's hands. ——Dr. Slop wrapt his thumb up in the corner of his handkerchief, and with a wry face, though without any ſuſpicion, read aloud, as follows,—my uncle Toby whiſtling Lillabullero as loud as he could all the time.

TEXTUS DE ECCLESIA ROFFENSI, PER ERNULFUM EPISCOPUM.

CAP. XI.

EXCOMMUNICATIO.

EX auctoritate Dei Omnipotentis, Patris, et Filij, et Spiritus Sancti, et ſanctorum canonum, ſanctæque et intemeratæ Virginis Dei genetricis Mariæ,—

As the genuineneſs of the conſultation of the *Sorbonne* upon the queſtion of Baptiſm, was doubted by ſome and denied by others,—'twas thought proper to print the original of

CHAP. XI.

" BY the authority of God Almighty, the Father, " Son, and Holy Ghoſt, and of the holy canons, " and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, mother and " patroneſs of our Saviour,"—[I think there is no neceſſity," quoth Dr. Slop, dropping the paper down to his knee, and addreſſing himſelf to my father,—as you have read it over, Sir, ſo lately, to read it aloud; —and as Captain Shandy ſeems to have no great inclination to hear it,—I may as well read it to myſelf.——"That's contrary to treaty," replied my father.—Beſides, there is ſomething ſo whimſical, eſpecially in the latter part of it, I ſhould grieve to loſe the pleaſure of a ſecond reading."——Dr. Slop did not altogether like it;—but my uncle Toby offering at that inſtant to give over whiſtling, and read it himſelf to them,—Dr. Slop thought he might as well, under the cover of my uncle Toby's whiſtling —as ſuffer my uncle Toby to read it alone;—ſo raiſing up the paper to his face, and holding it quite parallel to it, in order to hide his chagrin,—he read it aloud, as follows:—my uncle Toby whiſtling *Lillabullero*, though not quite ſo loud as before.

" By

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of this excommunication: for the copy of which Mr. Shandy returns thanks to the chapter-clerk of the dean and chapter of Rocheſter.

——Atque omnium cœleſtium virtutum, angelorum, archangelorum, thronorum, dominationum, poteſtatuum, cherubin ac ſeraphin, et ſanctorum, patriarcharum, prophetarum, et omnium apoſtolorum et evangeliſtarum, et ſanctorum innocentum, qui in conſpectu Agni Sancti digni inventi ſunt canticum cantare novum, et ſanctorum martyrum et ſanctorum confeſſorum, et ſanctarum virginum, atque omnium ſimul ſanctorum et electorum Dei,—Excommuni- *vel* os s *vel* os camus, et anathematizamus hunc furem, vel hunc s maleſactorem, N. N. et à liminibus ſanctæ Dei eccleſiæ ſequeſtramus, et æternis ſuppliciis *vel* i n excruciandus, mancipetur, cum Dathan et Abiram, et cum his qui dixerunt Domino Deo, Recede à nobis, ſcientiam viarum tuarum nolumus: et ſicut aquâ ignis extinguitur, ſic extinguatur, lu- *vel* eorum n cerna ejus in ſecula ſeculorum niſi reſpuerit, et ad n ſatisfactionem venerit. Amen.

os

Maledicat illum Deus Pater qui hominem crea- os vit. Maledicat illum Dei Filius qui pro homine os paſſus eſt. Maledicat illum Spiritus Sanctus qui in os baptiſmo effuſus eſt. Maledicat illum ſancta crux, quam Chriſtus pro noſtrâ, ſalute hoſtem triumphans aſcendit.

Maledicat

" By the authority of God Almighty, the " Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, and of the un- " defiled Virgin Mary, mother and patroneſs of " our Saviour, and of all the celeſtial virtues, " angels, archangels, thrones, dominions, powers, " cherubins and ſeraphins, and of all the holy " patriarchs, prophets, and of all the apoſtles and " evangeliſts, and of the holy innocents, who in " the ſight of the Holy Lamb, are found worthy to " ſing the new ſong of the holy martyrs and holy " confeſſors, and of the holy virgins, and of all " the ſaints together, with the holy and elect of " God,—May he" (Obadiah) " be damn'd" (for tying theſe knots)—" We excommunicate and " anathematize him; and from the threſholds of " the holy church of God Almighty we ſequeſter " him, that he may be tormented, diſpoſed, and " delivered over with Dathan and Abiram, and " with thoſe who ſay unto the Lord God, " depart " from us, we deſire none of thy ways." And as " fire is quenched with water, ſo let the light of him " be put out for evermore, unleſs it ſhall repent " him" (Obadiah, of the knots which he has tied) " and make ſatisfaction!" (for them) "Amen."

" May the Father who created man, curſe " him!—May the Son who ſuffered for us, curſe " him!——May the Holy Ghoſt, who was given " to us in baptiſm, curſe him!" (Obadiah)—— " May the holy croſs which Chriſt, for our ſal- " vation, triumphing over his enemies, aſcended, " curſe him!

" May

os

Maledicat illum ſancta Dei genetrix et perpetua

os

Virgo Maria. Maledicat illum ſanctus Michael,

os

animarum ſuſceptor ſacrarum. Maledicant illum omnes angeli et archangeli, principatus et poteſtates, omneſque militia cœleſtes.

os

Maledicat illum patriarcharum et prophetarum

os

laudabilis numerus. Maledicant illum ſanctus Johannes Præcurſor et Baptiſta Chriſti, et ſanctus Petrus, et ſanctus Paulus, atque ſanctus Andreas, omneſque Chriſti, apoſtoli, ſimul et cæteri diſcipuli, quatuor quoque evangeliſtæ, qui ſua prædicatione

os

mundum univerſum converterunt. Maledicat illum cuneus, martyrum et confeſſorum mirificus, qui Deo bonis operibus placitus inventus eſt.

os

Maledicant illum ſacrarum virginum chori, quæ mundi vana cauſa honoris Chriſti reſpuenda

os

contempſerunt. Maledicant illum omnes ſancti qui ab initio mundi uſque in finem ſeculi Deo dilecti inveniuntur.

os

Maledicant illum cœli et terra, et omnia ſancta in eis manentia.

i n n

Maledictus ſit ubicunque, fuerit, ſive in domo,

ſive

" May the holy and eternal Virgin Mary, mo-
" ther of God, curſe him!——May St. Michael,
" the advocate of holy ſouls, curſe him!——
" May all the angels, and archangels, principalities
" and powers, and all the heavenly armies, curſe
" him!" [Our armies ſwore terribly in Flanders,' cried my uncle Toby,—but nothing to this.——For my own part, I could not have a heart to curſe my dog ſo.]

" May the praiſeworthy multitude of patriarchs
" and prophets curſe him!

" May St. John, the Præcurſor, and St. John
" the Baptiſt, and St. Peter, and St. Paul, and
" St. Andrew, and all other Chriſt's apoſtles,
" together curſe him! And may the reſt of his
" diſciples and four evangeliſts, who by their
" preaching converted the univerſal world, and
" may the holy and wonderful company of mar-
" tyrs and confeſſors, who by their holy works are
" found pleaſing to God Almighty, curſe him!" (Obadiah.)

" May the holy choir of the holy virgins, who
" for the honour of Chriſt have deſpiſed the things
" of the world, damn him!—May all the ſaints
" who, from the beginning of the world to ever-
" laſting ages, are found to be beloved of God,
" damn him!—May the heavens and earth, and
" all the holy things remaining therein, damn him," (Obadiah) " or her!" (or whoever elſe had a hand in tying theſe knots.)

" May he (Obadiah) be damn'd wherever he
" be,—

ſive in agro, ſive in viâ, ſive in ſemitâ, ſive in ſilvâ, ſive in aquâ, ſive in eccleſiâ.

i n

Maledictus ſit vivendo, moriendo,—

——— ——— ——— ———
——— ——— ——— ———
——— ——— ——— ———
——— ——— ——— ———
——— ——— ——— ———

manducando, bibendo, eſuriendo, ſitiendo, jejunando, dormitando, dormiendo, vigilando, ambulando, ſtando, ſedendo, jacendo, operando, quieſcendo, mingendo, cacando, flebotomando.

i n

Maledictus ſit in totis viribus corporis.

i n

Maledictus ſit intus et exterius.

i n i n

Maledictus ſit in capillis; maledictus ſit in cerebro.

i n

Maledictus ſit in vertice, in temporibus, in fronte, in auriculis, in ſuperciliis, in oculis, in genis, in maxillis, in naribus, in dentibus, mordacibus, in labris ſive molibus, in labiis, in guttere, in humeris, in carpis, in brachiis, in manubus, in digitis, in pectore, in corde, et in omnibus interioribus ſtomacho tenus, in renibus, in inguine, in femore, in genitalibus, in coxis, in genubus, in cruribus, in pedibus, et in unguibus.

Male-

" be,—whether in the houſe or the ſtables, the " garden or the field, or the highway, or in the " path, or in the wood, or in the water, or in " the church!——May he be curſed in living, " in dying!" [Here my uncle Toby, taking the advantage of a *minim* in the ſecond bar of his tune, kept whiſtling one continued note to the end of the ſentence,—Dr. Slop, with his diviſion of curſes moving under him, like a running baſs all the way.] " May he be curſed in eating and " drinking; in being hungry, in being thirſty, in " faſting, in ſleeping, in ſlumbering, in walking, in " ſtanding, in ſitting, in lying, in working, in reſting, " in piſſing, in ſhitting, and in blood-letting!

" May he (Obadiah) be curſed in all the facul- " ties of his body!

" May he be curſed inwardly and outwardly! " ——May he be curſed in the hair of his head! " ——May he be curſed in his brains, and in his " vertex," (that is a ſad curſe, quoth my father) " in his temples, in his forehead, in his ears, in " his eye-brows, in his cheeks, in his jaw-bones, " in his noſtrils, in his fore-teeth and grinders, in " his lips, in his throat, in his ſhoulders, in his " wriſts, in his arms, in his fingers!

" May he be damn'd in his mouth, in his breaſt, " in his heart and purtenance, down to the very " ſtomach!

" May he be curſed in his reins, and in his groin" (God in Heaven forbid! quoth my uncle Toby) " in his thighs, in his genitals" (my father ſhook his head) " and in his hips, and in his knees, his legs, " and feet, and toe-nails!

" May

I n

Maledictus ſit in totis compagibus membrorum, à vertice capitis, uſque ad plantam pedis—Non ſit in eo ſanitas.

os

Maledicat illum Chriſtus Filius Dei vivi toto ſuæ majeſtatis imperio——

——et

" May he be curſed in all the joints and articu-
" lations of the members, from the top of his head
" to the ſole of his foot! May there be no ſound-
" neſs in him!

" May the Son of the living God, with all the glory of his majeſty,——" [Here my uncle Toby, throwing back his head, gave a monſtrous, long, loud Whew—w—w——; ſomething betwixt the interjectional whiſtle of *Hey-day!* and the word itſelf.——

——By the golden beard of Jupiter,—and of Juno (if her majeſty wore one) and by the beards of the reſt of your heathen Worſhips, which, by the bye, was no ſmall number, ſince what with the beards of your celeſtial gods, and gods aërial and aquatic,—to ſay nothing of the beards of town-gods and country-gods, or of the celeſtial goddeſſes your wives, or of the infernal goddeſſes your whores and concubines (that is in caſe they wore them)—— all which beards, as Varro tells me, upon his word and honour, when muſtered up together, made no leſs than thirty thouſand effective beards upon the Pagan eſtabliſhment;—every beard of which claimed the rights and privileges of being ſtroken and ſworn by:—by all theſe beards together then,—I vow and proteſt, that of the two bad caſſocks I am worth in the world, I would have given the better of them, as freely as ever Cid Hamet offered his,—only to have ſtood by, and heard my uncle Toby's accompanyment.]

 ——" curſe

——et insurgat adversus illum cœlum cum omnibus virtutibus quæ in eo moventur ad *damnandum* eum, nisi pœnituerit et ad satisfactionem venerit. Amen. Fiat, fiat. Amen.

——"curſe him!"—continued Dr. Slop,—and "may Heaven, with all the powers which move therein, riſe up againſt him, curſe and damn him" (Obadiah) "unleſs he repent and make ſatisfaction! "Amen. So be it,—ſo be it. Amen."

"I declare," quoth my uncle Toby, "my heart would not let me curſe the Devil himſelf with ſo much bitterneſs."——"He is the father of curſes," replied Dr. Slop.——"So am not I," replied my uncle.——"But he is curſed and damn'd already, to all eternity," replied Dr. Slop.

"I am ſorry for it," quoth my uncle Toby.

Dr. Slop drew up his mouth, and was juſt beginning to return my uncle Toby the compliment of his Whu—u—u—, or interjectional whiſtle, when the door haſtily opening in the next chapter but one,—put an end to the affair.

CHAP. XII.

NOW don't let us give ourſelves a parcel of airs, and pretend that the oaths we make free with in this land of liberty of ours are our own; and becauſe we have the ſpirit to ſwear them,—imagine that we have had the wit to invent them too.

I'll undertake this moment to prove it to any man in the world, except to a connoiſſeur:——though I declare I object only to a connoiſſeur in ſwearing,—as I would do to a connoiſſeur in painting, &c. &c. the whole ſet of 'em are ſo hung round and *befetiſh'd* with the bobs and trinkets of criticiſm,

—or, to drop my metaphor, which by the bye is a pity,—for I have fetch'd it as far as from the coaſt of Guinea,—their heads, Sir, are ſtuck ſo full of rules and compaſſes, and have that eternal propenſity to apply them upon all occaſions, that a work of genius had better go to the Devil at once, than ſtand to be prick'd and tortur'd to death by 'em.

—And how did Garrick ſpeak the ſoliloquy laſt night?—Oh, againſt all rule, my Lord—moſt ungrammatically! betwixt the ſubſtantive and the adjective, which ſhould agree together in *number*, *caſe*, and *gender*, he made a breach thus,—ſtopping, as if the point wanted ſettling;—and betwixt the nominative caſe, which your Lordſhip knows ſhould govern the verb, he ſuſpended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times three ſeconds and three fifths by a ſtop-watch, my Lord, each time.——Admirable grammarian!——But in ſuſpending his voice,—was the ſenſe ſuſpended likewiſe?—Did no expreſſion of attitude or countenance fill up the chaſm?—Was the eye ſilent?—Did you narrowly look?——I look'd only at the ſtop-watch, my Lord.——Excellent obſerver!

And what of this new book the whole world makes ſuch a rout about?——Oh! 'tis out of all plumb, my Lord,—quite an irregular thing!—not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.——I had my rule and compaſſes, &c. my Lord, in my pocket.——Excellent critic!

——And for the epic poem your Lordſhip bid me look at,—upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home

upon an exact ſcale of Boſſu's,—'tis out, my Lord, in every one of its dimenſions.——Admirable connoiſſeur!

——And did you ſtep in, to take a look at the grand picture in your way back?——'Tis a melancholy daub, my Lord! not one principle of the pyramid in any one group!—and what a price!—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian,—the expreſſion of Rubens,—the grace of Raphael,—the purity of Dominichino,—the *correggieſcity* of Correggio,—the learning of Pouſſin,—the airs of Guido,—the taſte of the Carrachis,—or the grand contour of Angelo.——Grant me patience, juſt Heaven!—Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world,—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worſt,—the cant of criticiſm is the moſt tormenting!

I would go fifty miles on foot, for I have not a horſe worth riding on, to kiſs the hand of that man whoſe generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands,—be pleaſed he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

Great Apollo! if thou art in a giving humour,—give me,—I aſk no more, but one ſtroke of native humour, with a ſingle ſpark of thy own fire along with it, and ſend Mercury, with the *rules and compaſſes*, if he can be ſpared, with my compliments to,—no matter.

Now to any one elſe I will undertake to prove that all the oaths and imprecations which we have been puffing off upon the world for theſe two

hundred and fifty years laſt paſt as originals,—except *St. Paül's thumb*,—*God's fleſh* and *God's fiſh*, which were oaths monarchical, and, conſidering who made them, not much amiſs; and as kings oaths, 'tis not much matter whether they were fiſh or fleſh;—elſe, I ſay, there is not an oath, or at leaſt a curſe amongſt them, which has not been copied over and over again out of Ernulphus a thouſand times: but, like all other copies, how infinitely ſhort of the force and ſpirit of the original!—it is thought to be no bad oath,—and by itſelf paſſes very well,—"G—d damn you,"——Set it beſide Ernulphus's,—"God Almighty the Father "damn you,—God the Son damn you,—God the "Holy Ghoſt damn you,"—you ſee 'tis nothing.——There is an orientality in his we cannot riſe up to: beſides, he is more copious in his invention,—poſſeſs'd more of the excellencies of a ſwearer,—had ſuch a thorough knowledge of the human frame, its membranes, nerves, ligaments, knittings of the joints, and articulations,—that when Ernulphus curſed,—no part eſcaped him.——'Tis true, there is ſomething of a *hardneſs* in his manner,—and, as in Michael Angelo, a want of grace;—but then there is ſuch a greatneſs of *guſto!*

My father, who generally look'd upon every thing in a light very different from all mankind, would, after all, never allow this to be an original.—He conſidered rather Ernulphus's anathema as an inſtitute of ſwearing, in which, as he ſuſpected, upon the decline of ſwearing in ſome milder pontificate, Ernulphus, by order of the ſucceeding pope, had

had with great learning and diligence collected together all the laws of it;—for the ſame reaſon that Juſtinian, in the decline of the empire, had ordered his chancellor Tribonian to collect the Roman or civil laws all together into one code or digeſt—left, through the ruſt of time,—and the fatality of all things committed to oral tradition,—they ſhould be loſt to the world for ever.

For this reaſon, my father would oftentimes affirm, there was not an oath from the great and tremendous oath of William the conquerer ("By "the ſplendor of God") down to the loweſt oath of a ſcavenger ("Damn your eyes") which was not to be found in Ernulphus.——In ſhort, he would add,—I defy a man to ſwear out of it.

The hypotheſis is, like moſt of my father's, ſingular and ingenious too;—nor have I any objection to it, but that it overturns my own.

CHAP. XIII.

——"BLESS my ſoul!—my poor miſtreſs is ready to faint—and her pains are gone—and the drops are done—and the bottle of julap is broke—and the nurſe has cut her arm—(and I my thumb, cried Dr. Slop); and the child is where it was," continued Suſannah,—"and the midwife has fallen backwards upon the edge of the fender, and bruiſed her hip as black as your hat."—— "I'll look at it," quoth Dr. Slop.——There is no

need of that," replied Suſannah,—"you had better look at my miſtreſs—but the midwife would gladly firſt give you an account how things are; ſo deſires you would go up ſtairs and ſpeak to her this moment."

Human nature is the ſame in all profeſſions.

The midwife had juſt before been put over Dr. Slop's head;—he had not digeſted it.—"No," replied Dr. Slop, "twould be full as proper, if the midwife came down to me."——"I like ſubordination," quoth my uncle Toby,—"and but for it, after the reduction of Liſle, I know not what might have become of the garriſon of Ghent, in the mutiny for bread, in the year Ten."——"Nor," replied Dr. Slop, (parodying my uncle Toby's hobby-horſical reflection; though full as hobby-horſical himſelf)—"do I know, Captain Shandy, what might have become of the garriſon above ſtairs, in the mutiny and confuſion I find all things are in at preſent, but for the ſubordination of fingers and thumbs to ******:—the application of which, Sir, under this accident of mine, comes in ſo *à propos*, that without it, the cut upon my thumb might have been felt by the Shandy family as long as the Shandy family had a name.

CHAP. XIV.

LET us go back to the ******—in the laſt chapter.

It is a ſingular ſtroke of eloquence (at leaſt it was

was ſo when eloquence flouriſhed at Athens and Rome; and would be ſo now, did orators wear mantles) not to mention the name of a thing, when you had the thing about you *in petto*, ready to produce, pop, in the place you want it. A ſcar, an axe, a ſword, a pink'd doublet, a ruſty helmet, a pound and a half of pot-aſhes in an urn, or a three-halfpenny pickle-pot;—but above all, a tender infant royally accoutred.—Tho' if it was too young, and the oration as long as Tully's ſecond Phillipic,—it muſt certainly have beſhit the orator's mantle.—And then again, if too old,—it muſt have been unwieldy and incommodious to his action,—ſo as to make him loſe by his child almoſt as much as he could gain by it.—Otherwiſe, when a ſtate-orator has hit the preciſe age to a minute,—hid his BAMBINO in his mantle ſo cunningly that no mortal could ſmell it,—and produced it ſo critically, that no ſoul could ſay it came in by head and ſhoulders,—Oh, Sirs, it has done wonders!—it has open'd the ſluices, and turn'd the brains, and ſhook the principles, and unhinged the politics of half a nation!

Theſe feats however are not to be done, except in thoſe ſtates and times, I ſay, where orators wore mantles,—and pretty large ones too, my brethren, with ſome twenty or five-and-twenty yards of good purple, ſuperfine, marketable cloth in them,—with large flowing folds and doubles, and in a great ſtyle of deſign.—All which plainly ſhews, may it pleaſe your Worſhips, that the decay of eloquence, and the little good ſervice it does at

at preſent, both within and without doors, is owing to nothing elſe in the world but ſhort coats and the diſuſe of trunk-hoſe.——We can conceal nothing under ours, Madam, worth ſhewing.

CHAP. XV.

DR. SLOP was within an ace of being an exception to all this argumentation: for happening to have his green baize-bag upon his knees when he began to parody my uncle Toby,—'twas as good as the beſt mantle in the world to him: for which purpoſe, when he foreſaw the ſentence would end in his new-invented forceps, he thruſt his hand into the bag, in order to have them ready to clap in, when your Reverences took ſo much notice of the ******, which, had he managed,—my uncle Toby had certainly been overthrown: the ſentence and the argument in that caſe jumping cloſely in one point, ſo like the two lines which form the ſalient angle of a ravelin,—Dr. Slop would never have given them up;—and my uncle Toby would as ſoon have thought of flying, as taking them by force: but Dr. Slop fumbled ſo vilely in pulling them out, it took off the whole effect, and, what was a ten times worſe evil (for they ſeldom come alone in this life) in pulling out his forceps, his forceps unfortunately drew out the ſquirt along with it.

When a propoſition can be taken in two ſenſes, —'tis

—'tis a law in diſputation, that the reſpondent may reply to which of the two he pleaſes, or finds moſt convenient for him.—This threw the advantage of the argument quite on my uncle Toby's ſide.——" Good God!" cried my uncle Toby, "*are* "*children brought into the world with a ſquirt?*"

CHAP. XVI.

"—UPON my honour, Sir, you have tore every bit of ſkin quite off the back of both my hands with your forceps," cried my uncle Toby;—"and you have cruſh'd all my knuckles into the bargain with them to a jelly.—"'Tis your own fault," ſaid Dr. Slop; —"you ſhould have clinch'd your two fiſts together into the form of a child's head, as I told you, and ſat firm.—"I did ſo, anſwered my uncle Toby.—— "Then the points of my forceps have not been ſufficiently arm'd, or the rivet wants cloſing,—or elſe the cut on my thumb has made me a little aukward, —or poſſibly——"'Tis well," quoth my father, interrupting the detail of poſſibilities—"that the experiment was not firſt made upon my child's head-piece.—"It would not have been a cherryſtone the worſe," anſwered Dr. Slop.——"I maintain it," ſaid my uncle Toby, "it would have broke the cerebellum (unleſs indeed the ſkull had been as hard as a granado) and turn'd it all into a perfect poſſet."—— "Pſhaw!" replied Dr. Slop, "a child's head is naturally as ſoft as the pap of an apple;—the ſutures give

give way;—and beſides, I could have extracted by the feet after.——"Not you," ſaid ſhe.——"I rather wiſh you would begin that way," quoth my father.

"Pray do," added my uncle Toby.

CHAP. XVII.

——"AND pray, good woman, after all, will you take upon you to ſay, it may not be the child's hip, as well as the child's head?"—('Tis moſt certainly the head, replied the midwife.) "Becauſe," continued Dr. Slop (turning to my father) "as poſitive as theſe old ladies generally are, —'tis a point very difficult to know,—and yet of the greateſt conſequence to be known;——becauſe, Sir, if the hip is miſtaken for the head,—there is a poſſibility (if it is a boy) that the forceps * * * * * * * * * *

——What the poſſibility was, Dr. Slop whiſpered very low to my father, and then to my uncle Toby.——"There is no ſuch danger," continued he, with the head.——"No, in truth," quoth my father;—but when your poſſibility has taken place at the hip,—you may as well take off the head too."

——It is morally impoſſible that the reader ſhould underſtand this—'tis enough Dr. Slop underſtood it;—ſo taking the green baize-bag in his hand, with the help of Obadiah's pumps, he tripp'd pretty nimbly, for a man of his ſize, acroſs the room

to

to the door;—and from the door was ſhewn the way, by the good old midwife, to my mother's apartments.

CHAP. XVIII.

"IT is two hours and ten minutes,—and no more,"—cried my father, looking at his watch, "ſince Dr. Slop and Obadiah arrived;—and I know not how it happens, brother Toby,—but, to my imagination, it ſeems almoſt an age."

"——Here—pray, Sir, take hold of my cap:—nay, take the bell along with it, and my pantoufles too."

"Now, Sir, they are all at your ſervice; and I freely make you a preſent of 'em, on condition you give me all your attention to this chapter.

Though my father ſaid, "*he knew not how it happen'd*,"—yet he knew very well how it happen'd;—and at the inſtant he ſpoke it, was predetermined in his mind to give my uncle Toby a clear account of the matter, by a metaphyſical diſſertation, upon the ſubject of *duration and its ſimple modes*, in order to ſhew my uncle Toby by what mechaniſm and menſurations in the brain it came to paſs, that the rapid ſucceſſion of their ideas, and the eternal ſcampering of the diſcourſe from one thing to another, ſince Dr. Slop had come into the room, had lengthened out ſo ſhort a period to ſo inconceivable an extent.——"I know not how it happens,"

"happens,"— cried my father;—"but it ſeems an "age."

——"Tis owing entirely," quoth my uncle Toby, "to the ſucceſſion of our ideas."

My father, who had an itch, in common with all philoſophers, of reaſoning upon every thing which happened, and accounting for it too,—propoſed infinite pleaſure to himſelf in this, of the ſucceſſion of ideas; and had not the leaſt apprehenſion of having it ſnatch'd out of his hands by my uncle Toby, who (honeſt man!) generally took every thing as it happen'd;—and who of all things in the world troubled his brain the leaſt with abſtruſe thinking; —the ideas of time and ſpace,—or how we came by thoſe ideas,—or of what ſtuff they were made, —or whether they were born with us, or we picked them up afterwards as we went along,—or whether we did it in frocks,—or not till we had got into breeches;—with a thouſand other inquiries and diſputes about INFINITY, PRESCIENCE, LIBERTY, NECESSITY, and ſo forth, upon whoſe deſperate, and unconquerable theories ſo many fine heads have been turned and cracked,—never did my uncle Toby's the leaſt injury at all; my father knew it,—and was no leſs ſurprized than he was diſappointed with my uncle's fortuitous ſolution.

"Do you underſtand the theory of that affair?" replied my father.

"Not I," quoth my uncle.

—But you have ſome ideas," ſaid my father, "of what you talk about?"

No

"No more than my horſe, replied my uncle Toby.

"Gracious Heaven! "cried my father, looking upwards, and claſping his two hands together,—there is a worth in thy honeſt ignorance, brother Toby;—'twere almoſt a pity to exchange it for a knowledge. —But I'll tell thee.——

"To underſtand what Time is aright, without which we never can comprehend Infinity, inſomuch as one is a portion of the other,—we ought ſeriouſly to ſit down and conſider what idea it is we have of *duration*, ſo as to give a ſatisfactory account how we came by it.——"What is that to any body?" quoth my uncle Toby. * " For if you will turn your eyes " inwards upon your mind, continued my father, " and obſerve attentively, you will perceive, brother, " that whilſt you and I are talking together, and " thinking, and ſmoking our pipes, or whilſt we " receive ſucceſſively ideas in our minds, we know " that we do exiſt; and ſo we eſtimate the exiſt- " ence, or the continuation of the exiſtence of our- " ſelves, or any thing elſe, commenſurate to the " ſucceſſion of any ideas in our minds, the duration " of ourſelves, or any ſuch other thing co-exiſting " with our thinking;—and ſo, according to that " pre-conceived"——"You puzzle me to death," cried my uncle Toby.

——"Tis owing to this," replied my father, "that in our computations of time we are ſo uſed to minutes, hours, weeks, and months—and of clocks (I wiſh there was not a clock in the kingdom) to meaſure

* Vide Locke.

out

out their ſeveral portions to us, and to thoſe who belong to us,—that 'twill be well if, in time to come, the *ſucceſſion of our ideas* be of any uſe or ſervice to us at all.

"Now, whether we obſerve it or no," continued my father, "in every ſound man's head there is a regular ſucceſſion of ideas, of one ſort or other, which follow each other in train juſt like——a train of artillery?" ſaid my uncle Toby——"A train of a fiddle-ſtick!—quoth my father—which follow and ſucceed one another in our minds at certain diſtances, juſt like the images in the inſide of a lanthorn turned round by the heat of a candle."—"I declare, quoth my uncle Toby, mine are more like a ſmoke-jack.——Then, brother Toby, I have nothing more to ſay to you upon the ſubject," ſaid my father.

CHAP. XIX.

——WHAT a conjuncture was here loſt!——My father, in one of his beſt explanatory moods, —in eager purſuit of a metaphyſical point, into the very regions where clouds and thick darkneſs would ſoon have encompaſſed it about;—my uncle Toby in one of the fineſt diſpoſitions for it in the world;—his head like a ſmoke-jack;—the funnel unſwept, and the ideas whirling round and round about in it, all obfuſcated and darkened over with fuliginous matter!——By the tomb-ſtone of Lucian,—if it is in being;—if not, why then by his aſhes! by the aſhes

aſhes of my dear Rabelais, and dearer Cervantes! ——my father and my uncle Toby's diſcourſe upon TIME and ETERNITY,—was a diſcourſe devoutly to be wiſhed for! and the petulancy of my father's humour, in putting a ſtop to it as he did, was a robbery of the *Ontologic Treaſury* of ſuch a jewel, as no coalition of great occaſions and great men are ever likely to reſtore to it again.

CHAP. XX.

THO' my father perſiſted in not going on with the diſcourſe,—yet he could not get my uncle Toby's ſmoke-jack out of his head,—piqued as he was at firſt with it;—there was ſomething in the compariſon at the bottom which hit his fancy; for which purpoſe, reſting his elbow upon the table, and reclining the right ſide of his head upon the palm of his hand,—but looking firſt ſtedfaſtly in the fire,—he began to commune with himſelf, and philoſophize about it: but his ſpirits being wore out with the fatigues of inveſtigating new tracts, and the conſtant exertion of his faculties upon that variety of ſubjects which had taken their turn in the diſcourſe,—the idea of the ſmoke-jack ſoon turned all his ideas upſide down,—ſo that he fell aſleep almoſt before he knew what he was about.

As for my uncle Toby, his ſmoke-jack had not made a dozen revolutions before he fell aſleep alſo. ——Peace be with them both!——Dr. Slop is

engaged with the midwife and my mother, above ſtairs.——Trim is buſy in turning an old pair of jack-boots into a couple of mortars, to be employed in the ſiege of Meſſina next ſummer;—and is this inſtant boring the touch-holes with the point of a hot poker.——All my heroes are off my hands;—'tis the firſt time I have had a moment to ſpare,—and I'll make uſe of it, and write my preface.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

NO, I'll not ſay a word about it;—here it is.—In publiſhing it,—I have appealed to the world,—and to the world I leave it;—it muſt ſpeak for itſelf.

All I know of the matter is, when I ſat down, my intent was to write a good book; and as far as the tenuity of my underſtanding would hold out,—a wiſe, aye, and a diſcreet; taking care only, as I went along, to put into it all the wit and the judgment (be it more or leſs) which the great Author and Beſtower of them had thought fit originally to give me;—ſo that, as your Worſhips ſee,—'tis juſt as God pleaſes.

Now, Agalaſtes (ſpeaking diſpraiſingly) ſaith, That there may be ſome wit in it, for aught he knows,—but no judgment at all: and Triptolemus and Phutatorius agreeing thereto, aſk, How is it poſſible there ſhould? for that wit and judgment in this world never go together; inaſmuch as they

are two operations, differing from each other as wide as eaſt from weſt.—So ſays Locke:—ſo are farting and hickuping, ſay I. But in anſwer to this, Didius the great church-lawyer, in his code *de fartendi et illuſtrandi fallaciis*, doth maintain and make fully appear, That an illuſtration is no argument:—nor do I maintain the wiping of a looking glaſs clean to be a ſyllogiſm;—but you all, may it pleaſe your Worſhips, ſee the better for it;—ſo that the main good theſe things do, is only to clarify the underſtanding previous to the application of the argument itſelf, in order to free it from any little motes, or ſpecks of *opacular* matter, which, if left ſwimming therein, might hinder a conception, and ſpoil all.

Now, my dear anti-Shandeans, and thrice able critics and fellow-labourers (for to you I write this Preface)—and to you, moſt ſubtle ſtateſmen and diſcreet doctors (do,—pull off your beards) renowned for gravity and wiſdom;—Monopolus, my politician;—Didius, my counſel;—Kyſarcius, my friend;—Phutatorius, my guide;—Gaſtripheres, the preſerver of my life;—Somnolentius, the balm and repoſe of it,—not forgetting all others, as well ſleeping as waking, eccleſiaſtical as civil, whom for brevity, but out of no reſentment to you, I lump all together.——Believe me, Right Worthy,

My moſt zealous wiſh and fervent prayer in your behalf, and in my own too, in caſe the thing is not done already for us,—is, That the great gifts and endowments both of wit and judgment, with every thing which uſually goes along with them:—ſuch

as memory, fancy, genius, eloquence, quick parts, and what not, may this precious moment, without ſtint or meaſure, let or hindrance, be poured down warm as each of us could bear it,—ſcum and ſediment and all (for I would not have a drop loſt) into the ſeveral receptacles, cells, cellules, domiciles, dormitories, refectories, and ſpare-places of our brains,——in ſuch ſort, that they might continue to be injected and tunn'd into, according to the true intent and meaning of my wiſh, until every veſſel of them, both great and ſmall, be ſo repleniſh'd, ſaturated, and filled up therewith, that no more, would it ſave a man's life, could poſſibly be got either in or out.

Bleſs us!—what noble work we ſhould make!—how ſhould I tickle it off!—and what ſpirits ſhould I find myſelf in, to be writing away for ſuch readers!—and you,—juſt Heaven!—with what raptures would you ſit and read!—but oh!—'tis too much!—I am ſick,—I faint away deliciouſly at the thoughts of it!—'tis more than nature can bear!—lay hold of me,—I am giddy,—I am ſtone blind,—I am dying,—I am gone.——Help! Help! Help!—But hold,—I grow ſomething better again, for I am beginning to foreſee; when this is over, that as we ſhall all of us continue to be great wits,—we ſhould never agree amongſt ourſelves one day to an end:——there would be ſo much ſatire and ſarcaſm,—ſcoffing and flouting, with rallying and reparteeing of it,—thruſting and parrying in one corner or another,—there would be nothing but miſchief among us.——Chaſte ſtars! what biting and ſcratching,

ſcratching, and what a racket and a clatter we ſhould make, what with breaking of heads, rapping of knuckles, and hitting of ſore places,—there would be no ſuch thing as living for us.

But then again, as we ſhould all of us be men of great judgment, we ſhould make up matters as faſt as ever they went wrong; and though we ſhould abominate each other ten times worſe than ſo many devils or devileſſes, we ſhould nevertheleſs, my dear creatures, be all courteſy and kindneſs, milk and honey,—'twould be a ſecond land of promiſe,—a paradiſe upon earth, if there was ſuch a thing to be had;—ſo that, upon the whole, we ſhould have done well enough.

All I fret and fume at, and what moſt diſtreſſes my invention at preſent, is how to bring the point itſelf to bear; for as your Worſhips well know, that of theſe heavenly emanations of *wit* and *judgment*, which I have ſo bountifully wiſhed both for your Worſhips and myſelf,—there is but a certain *quantum* ſtored up for us all, for the uſe and behoof of the whole race of mankind; and ſuch ſmall *modicums* of 'em are only ſent forth into this wide world, circulating here and there in one bye-corner or another,—and in ſuch narrow ſtreams, and at ſuch prodigious intervals from each other, that one would wonder how it holds out, or could be ſufficient for the wants and emergencies of ſo many great ſtates and populous empires.

Indeed, there is one thing to be conſidered: That in Nova Zembla, North Lapland, and in all thoſe cold and dreary tracks of the globe which lie more

directly under the arctic and antarctic circles, where the whole province of a man's concernments lies for near nine months together within the narrow compaſs of his cave,—where the ſpirits are compreſſed almoſt to nothing,—and where the paſſions of a man, with every thing which belongs to them, are as frigid as the zone itſelf,—there the leaſt quantity of *judgment* imaginable does the buſineſs;—and of *wit*,—there is a total and an abſolute ſaving,—for as not one ſpark is wanted,—ſo not one ſpark is given. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us! what a diſmal thing would it have been to have governed a kingdom, to have fought a battle, or made a treaty, or run a match, or wrote a book, or got a child, or held a provincial chapter there, with ſo *plentiful a lack* of wit and judgment about us!—For mercy's ſake, let us think no more about it, but travel on as faſt as we can ſouthwards into Norway,—croſſing over Swedeland, if you pleaſe, through the ſmall triangular province of Angermania, to the Lake of Bothnia; coaſting along it through Eaſt and Weſt Bothnia, down to Carelia, and ſo on, through all thoſe ſtates and provinces which border upon the far ſide of the Gulf of Finland, and the north-eaſt of the Baltic, up to Peterſbourg, and juſt ſtepping into Ingria;—then ſtretching over directly from thence through the north parts of the Ruſſian empire, leaving Siberia a little upon the left hand, till we got into the very heart of Ruſſia and Aſiatic Tartary.

Now through this long tour which I have led you, you obſerve the good people are better off by far, than

than in the polar countries which we have juſt left:——for if you hold your hand over your eyes, and look very attentively, you may perceive ſome ſmall glimmerings (as it were) of wit, with a comfortable proviſion of good plain houſehold judgment, which, taking the quality and quantity of it together, they make a very good ſhift with;—and had they more of either the one or the other, it would deſtroy the proper balance betwixt them; and I am ſatisfied, moreover, they would want occaſions to put them to uſe.

Now, Sir, if I conduct you home again into this warmer and more luxuriant iſland, where you perceive the ſpring-tide of our blood and humours runs high;—where we have more ambition, and pride, and envy, and lechery, and other whoreſon paſſions upon our hands to govern and ſubject to reaſon,—the *height* of our wit, and the *depth* of our judgment, you ſee, are exactly proportioned to the *length* and *breadth* of our neceſſities;—and accordingly we have them ſent down amongſt us in ſuch a flowing kind of decent and creditable plenty, that no one thinks he has any cauſe to complain.

It muſt however be confeſſed on this head, that, as our air blows hot and cold,—wet and dry, ten times in a day, we have them in no regular and ſettled way;—ſo that ſometimes for near half a century together, there ſhall be very little wit or judgment either to be ſeen or heard of amongſt us:—the ſmall channels of them ſhall ſeem quite dried up;—then all of a ſudden the ſluices ſhall break out, and take a fit of running again like fury,—you would think they would never ſtop:——and

then it is that, in writing, and fighting, and twenty other gallant things, we drive all the world before us.

It is by theſe obſervations, and a wary reaſoning by analogy in that kind of argumentative proceſs, which Suidas calls *dialectic induction*,—that I draw and ſet up this poſition as moſt true and veritable:

That of theſe two luminaries, ſo much of their irradiations are ſuffered from time to time to ſhine down upon us, as he, whoſe infinite wiſdom which diſpenſes every thing in exact weight and meaſure, knows will juſt ſerve to light us on our way in this night of our obſcurity; ſo that your Reverences and Worſhips now find out, nor is it a moment longer in my power to conceal it from you, That the fervent wiſh in your behalf with which I ſet out, was no more than the firſt inſinuating *How d'ye* of a careſſing prefacer, ſtifling his reader, as a lover ſometimes does a coy miſtreſs, into ſilence. For, alas! could this effuſion of light have been as eaſily procured, as the exordium wiſhed it,—I tremble to think how many thouſands for it, of benighted travellers (in the learned ſciences at leaſt) muſt have groped and blundered on in the dark, all the nights of their lives,—running their heads againſt poſts, and knocking out their brains, without ever getting to their journey's end;—ſome falling with their noſes perpendicular into ſinks;—others horizontally with their tails into kennels: Here one half of a learned profeſſion tilting *full butt* againſt the other half of it; and then tumbling and rolling one

one over the other in the dirt like hogs:—Here the brethren of another profeſſion, who ſhould have run in oppoſition to each other, flying on the contrary, like a flock of wild geeſe, all in a row the ſame way. —What confuſion!—what miſtakes!—fiddlers and painters judging by their eyes and ears—admirable! —truſting to the paſſions excited,—in an air ſung, or a ſtory painted to the heart,—inſtead of meaſuring them by a quadrant!

In the fore-ground of this picture, a *ſtateſman* turning the political wheel, like a brute, the wrong way round—*againſt* the ſtream of corruption,—by Heaven!—inſtead of *with* it!

In this corner, a ſon ~~of the~~ divine Eſculapius, writing a book againſt predeſtination; perhaps worſe,—feeling his patient's pulſe, inſtead of his apothecary's:—a brother of the Faculty in the back-ground upon his knees, in tears,—drawing the curtains of a mangled victim, to beg his forgiveneſs;—offering a fee, inſtead of taking one.

In that ſpacious HALL, a coalition of the gown, from all the bars of it, driving a damn'd dirty, vexatious cauſe before them, with all their might and main, the wrong way!—kicking it *out* of the great doors, inſtead of *in!*—and with ſuch fury in their looks, and ſuch a degree of inveteracy in their manner of kicking it, as if the laws had been originally made for the peace and preſervation of mankind: —— perhaps a more enormous miſtake committed by them ſtill,—a litigated point fairly hung up;—for inſtance, Whether *John o'Nokes* his noſe could ſtand in *Tom o'Stiles* his face, without a treſpaſs, or not?—

not?—raſhly determined by them in five-and-twenty minutes, which, with the cautious pro's and con's required in ſo intricate a proceeding, might have taken up as many months;—and if carried on upon a military plan, as your Honours know an ACTION ſhould be, with all the ſtratagems practicable therein,—ſuch as feints,—forced marches,—ſurpriſes,—ambuſcades,—maſk-batteries, and a thouſand other ſtrokes of generalſhip, which conſiſt in catching at all advantages on both ſides,—might reaſonably have laſted them as many years, finding food and raiment all that term for a centumvirate of the profeſſion.

As for the Clergy,—No;—if I ſay a word againſt them, I'll be ſhot.——I have no deſire; and beſides, if I had,—I durſt not for my ſoul touch upon the ſubject. With ſuch weak nerves and ſpirits, and in the condition I am in at preſent, 'twould be as much as my life was worth, to deject and contriſt myſelf with ſo bad and melancholy an account;—and therefore 'tis ſafer to draw a curtain acroſs, and haſten from it, as faſt I can, to the main and principal point I have undertaken to clear up;—and that is, How it comes to paſs, that your men of leaſt *wit* are reported to be men of moſt *judgment?*—But mark—I ſay, *reported to be*;—for it is no more, my dear Sirs, than a report, and which, like twenty others taken up every day upon truſt, I maintain to be a vile and a malicious report into the bargain.

This by the help of the obſervation already premiſed, and I hope already weighed and perpended by

by your Reverences and Worſhips, I ſhall forthwith make appear.

I hate ſet diſſertations;—and, above all things in the world, 'tis one of the ſilliеſt things in one of them, to darken your hypotheſis by placing a number of tall, opake words, one before another, in a right line, betwixt your own and your reader's conception,—when, in all likelihood, if you had looked about, you might have ſeen ſomething ſtanding, or hanging up, which would have cleared the point at once;—" for what hindrance, hurt, or harm doth " the laudable deſire of knowledge bring to any " man, if even from a ſot, a pot, a fool, a ſtool, " a winter-mittain, a truckle for a pulley, the lid " of a goldſmith's crucible, an oil-bottle, an old " ſlipper, or a cane-chair?"—I am this moment ſitting upon one. Will you give me leave to illuſtrate this affair of wit and judgment, by the two knobs on the top of the back of it?—they are faſtened on, you ſee, with two pegs ſtuck ſlightly into two gimlet-holes, and will place what I have to ſay in ſo clear a light, as to let you ſee through the drift and meaning of my whole preface, as plainly as if every point and particle of it was made up of ſun-beams.

I enter now directly upon the point.

—Here ſtands *wit*,—and there ſtands *judgment*, cloſe beſide it, juſt like the two knobs I'm ſpeaking of, upon the back of this ſelf-ſame chair on which I am ſitting.

—You ſee, they are the higheſt and moſt ornamental parts of its *frame*,—as wit and judgment are of

of *ours*,—and, like them too, indubitably both made and fitted to go together, in order, as we ſay in all ſuch caſes of duplicated embelliſhments,—*to anſwer one another.*

Now, for the ſake of an experiment, and for the clearer illuſtrating this matter,—let us for a moment take off one of theſe two curious ornaments (I care not which) from the point or pinnacle of the chair it now ſtands on:—nay, don't laugh at it,—but did you ever ſee, in the whole courſe of your lives, ſuch a ridiculous buſineſs as this has made of it?—Why, 'tis as miſerable a ſight as a ſow with one ear; and there is juſt as much ſenſe and ſymmetry in the one as in the other.——Do,—pray, get off your ſeats, only to take a view of it.—Now, would any man who valued his character a ſtraw, have turned a piece of work out of his hand in ſuch a condition?—Nay, lay your hands upon your hearts, and anſwer this plain queſtion, Whether this one ſingle knob, which now ſtands here like a blockhead by itſelf, can ſerve any purpoſe upon earth, but to put one in mind of the want of the other?—and let me farther aſk, in caſe the chair was your own, if you would not in your conſciences think, rather than be as it is, that it would be ten times better without any knob at all?

Now theſe two knobs,—or top-ornaments of the mind of man, which crown the whole entablature,—being, as I ſaid, wit and judgment, which, of all others, as I have proved it, are the moſt needful,—the moſt priz'd,—the moſt calamitous to be without, and conſequently the hardeſt

to

to come at;—for all theſe reaſons put together, there is not a mortal among us ſo deſtitute of a love of good fame or feeding,—or ſo ignorant of what will do him good therein,—who does not wiſh and ſtedfaſtly reſolve in his own mind, to be, or to be thought at leaſt, maſter of the one or the other, and indeed of both of them, if the thing ſeems any way feaſible, or likely to be brought to paſs.

Now, your graver gentry having little or no kind of chance in aiming at the one,—unleſs they laid hold of the other,—pray what do you think would become of them?——Why, Sirs, in ſpite of all their *gravities*, they muſt e'en have been contented to have gone with their inſides naked:—this was not to be borne, but by an effort of philoſophy not to be ſuppoſed in the caſe we are upon;—ſo that no one could well have been angry with them, had they been ſatisfied with what little they could have ſnatched up and ſecreted under their cloaks and great perriwigs, had they not raiſed a *hue* and *cry* at the ſame time againſt the lawful owners.

I need not tell your Worſhips, that this was done with ſo much cunning and artifice,—that the great Locke, who was ſeldom outwitted by falſe ſounds,—was nevertheleſs bubbled here.——The cry, it ſeems, was ſo deep and ſolemn a one, and what with the help of great wigs, grave faces, and other implements of deceit, was rendered ſo general a one againſt the *poor wits* in this matter, that the philoſopher himſelf was deceived by it:—it was his glory to free the world from the lumber of a thouſand vulgar

vulgar errors;—but this was not of the number; ſo that, inſtead of ſitting down coolly, as ſuch a philoſopher ſhould have done, to have examined the matter of fact before he philoſophized upon it,—on the contrary, he took the fact for granted, and ſo joined in with the cry, and halloo'd it as boiſterouſly as the reſt.

This has been made the Magna Charta of ſtupidity ever ſince:—but your Reverences plainly ſee, it has been obtained in ſuch a manner, that the title to it is not worth a groat:——which, by the bye, is one of the many and vile impoſitions which gravity and grave folks have to anſwer for hereafter.

As for great wigs, upon which I may be thought to have ſpoken my mind ſo freely,—I beg leave to qualify whatever has been unguardedly ſaid to their diſpraiſe or prejudice, by one general declaration,—That I have no abhorrence whatever, nor do I deteſt and abjure either great wigs or long beards, any farther than when I ſee they are beſpoke and let grow on purpoſe to carry on this ſelf-ſame impoſture,—for any purpoſe.—Peace be with them!—☞Mark only,—I write not for them.

CHAP. XXI.

EVERY day for at leaſt ten years together, did my father reſolve to have it mended:—'tis not mended yet.—No family but ours would have borne with it an hour;—and, what is moſt aſtoniſhing,

ing, there was not a ſubject in the world upon which my father was ſo eloquent, as upon that of door-hinges:——and yet at the ſame time, he was certainly one of the greateſt bubbles to them, I think, that hiſtory can produce: his rhetoric and conduct were at perpetual handy-cuffs.——Never did the parlour-door open,—but his philoſophy or his principles fell a victim to it.—Three drops of oil with a feather, and a ſmart ſtroke of a hammer, had ſaved his honour for ever.

——Inconſiſtent ſoul that man is!—languiſhing under wounds, which he has the power to heal!—his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge!—his reaſon, that precious gift of God to him,—(inſtead of pouring in oil) ſerving but to ſharpen his ſenſibilities,—to multiply his pains, and render him melancholy and more uneaſy under them!—Poor unhappy creature, that he ſhould do ſo!—Are not the neceſſary cauſes of miſery in this life enough, but he muſt add voluntary ones to his ſtock of ſorrow!—ſtruggle againſt evils which cannot be avoided! and ſubmit to others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him would remove from his heart for ever!

By all that is good and virtuous, if there are three drops of oil to be got, and a hammer to be found within ten miles of Shandy-Hall, the parlour door-hinge ſhall be mended this reign.

CHAP. XXII.

WHEN Corporal Trim had brought his two mortars to bear, he was delighted with his handy-work above meaſure; and knowing what a pleaſure it would be to his maſter to ſee them, he was not able to reſiſt the deſire he had of carrying them directly into his parlour.

Now, next to the moral leſſon I had in view, in mentioning the affair of *hinges*, I had a ſpeculative conſideration ariſing out of it, and it is this:

Had the parlour-door opened and turn'd upon its hinges, as a door ſhould do,—

Or, for example, as cleverly as our government has been turning upon its hinges,—(that is, in caſe things have all along gone well with your Worſhip,—otherwiſe I give up my ſimile)—in this caſe, I ſay, there had been no danger, either to maſter or man, in Corporal Trim's peeping in: the moment he had beheld my father and my uncle Toby faſt aſleep,—the reſpectfulneſs of his carriage was ſuch, he would have retired as ſilent as death, and left them both in their arm-chairs, dreaming as happy as he had found them: but the thing was, morally ſpeaking, ſo very impracticable, that for the many years in which this hinge was ſuffered to be out of order, and amongſt the hourly grievances my father ſubmitted to upon its account,—this was one; that he never folded his arms to take his nap after dinner, but the thoughts

of

of being unavoidably awakened by the firſt perſon who ſhould open the door, was always uppermoſt in his imagination, and ſo inceſſantly ſtepp'd in betwixt him and the firſt balmy preſage of his repoſe, as to rob him, as he often declared, of the whole ſweets of it.

" When things move upon bad hinges, an' " pleaſe your Worſhips, how can it be other- " wiſe?"

Pray what's the matter? Who is there? cried my father, waking, the moment the door began to creak.——I wiſh the ſmith would give a peep at that confounded hinge.——'Tis nothing, an' pleaſe your Honour, ſaid Trim, but two mortars I am bringing in.——They ſhan't make a clatter with them here, cried my father haſtily.——If Dr. Slop has any drugs to pound, let him do it in the kitchen.——May it pleaſe your Honour, cried Trim, they are two mortar-pieces for a ſiege next ſummer, which I have been making out of a pair of jack-boots, which Obadiah told me your Honour had left off wearing.——By Heaven! cried my father, ſpringing out of his chair, as he ſwore,—I have not one appointment belonging to me which I ſet ſo much ſtore by, as I do by theſe jack-boots:—they were our great-grandfather's, brother Toby:—they were *hereditary*.——Then I fear, quoth my uncle Toby, Trim has cut off the entail.——I have only cut off the tops, an' pleaſe your Honour, cried Trim.——I hate *perpetuities* as much as any man alive, cried my father,—but heſe jack-boots, continued he (ſmiling, though

very angry at the ſame time) have been in the family, brother, ever ſince the civil wars;—Sir Roger Shandy wore them at the battle of Marſton-Moor.—I declare I would not have taken ten pounds for them.——I'll pay you the money, brother Shandy, quoth my uncle Toby, looking at the two mortars with infinite pleaſure, and putting his hand into his breeches-pocket as he viewed them—I'll pay you the ten pounds this moment, with all my heart and ſoul.——

"Brother Toby," replied my father, altering his tone, "you care not what money you diſſipate and throw away, provided," continued he, "'tis but upon a SIEGE.——Have I not one hundred and twenty pounds a year, beſides my half-pay?" cried my uncle Toby.——"What is that,"—replied my father haſtily,—"to ten pounds for a pair of jack-boots?—twelve guineas for your *pontoons?*—half as much for your Dutch draw-bridge?—to ſay nothing of the train of little braſs artillery you beſpoke laſt week, with twenty other preparations for the ſiege of Meſſina! believe me, dear brother Toby," continued my father, taking him kindly by the hand, "—theſe military operations of yours are above your ſtrength—you mean well, brother,—but they carry you into greater expences than you were at firſt aware of;—and take my word, dear Toby, they will in the end quite ruin your fortune, and make a beggar of you."——"What ſignifies it if they do," brother, replied my uncle Toby, "ſo long as we know 'tis for the good of the nation?——

My

My father could not help ſmiling for his ſoul:—his anger at the worſt was never more than a ſpark;—and the zeal and ſimplicity of Trim,—and the generous (though hobby-horſical) gallantry of my uncle Toby, brought him into perfect good humour with them in an inſtant.

"Generous ſouls!—God proſper you both, and your mortar-pieces too!" quoth my father to himſelf.

CHAP. XXIII.

"ALL is quiet and huſh," cried my father, "at leaſt above ſtairs:—I hear not one foot ſtirring.—Prithee, Trim, who's in the kitchen?——There is no one ſoul in the kitchen," anſwered Trim, making a low bow as he ſpoke, "except Dr. Slop."——"Confuſion!" cried my father (getting upon his legs a ſecond time)—"not one ſingle thing has gone right this day! Had I faith in aſtrology, brother (which, by the bye, my father had) I would have ſworn ſome retrograde planet was hanging over this unfortunate houſe of mine, and turning every individual thing in it out of its place.—Why, I thought Dr. Slop had been above ſtairs with my wife; and ſo ſaid you.—What can the fellow be puzzling about in the kitchen!——"He is buſy," an' pleaſe your Honour, replied Trim, "in making a bridge."——"Tis very obliging in him," quoth my uncle Toby:—pray, give my humble ſervice to Dr. Slop, Trim, and tell him I thank him heartily.

You muſt know, my uncle Toby miſtook the bridge,—as widely as my father miſtook the mortars:—but to underſtand how my uncle Toby could miſtake the bridge,—I fear I muſt give you an exact account of the road which led to it;—or, to drop my metaphor (for there is nothing more diſhoneſt in an hiſtorian than the uſe of one)—in order to conceive the probability of this error in my uncle Toby aright, I muſt give you ſome account of an adventure of Trim's, though much againſt my will; I ſay much againſt my will, only becauſe the ſtory, in one ſenſe, is certainly out of its place here; for by right, it ſhould come in, either amongſt the anecdotes of my uncle Toby's amours with Widow Wadman, in which Corporal Trim was no mean actor,—or elſe in the middle of his and my uncle Toby's campaigns on the bowling-green, for it will do very well in either place;—but then, if I reſerve it for either of thoſe parts of my ſtory,—I ruin the ſtory I'm upon;—and if I tell it here,—I anticipate matters, and ruin it there.

—What would your Worſhips have me to do in this caſe?

—Tell it, Mr. Shandy, by all means.——You are a fool, Triſtram, if you do.

O ye powers! (for powers ye are, and great ones too)—which enable mortal man to tell a ſtory worth the hearing,—that kindly ſhew him where he is to begin it,—and where he is to end it,—what he is to put into it,—and what he is to leave out,—how much of it he is to caſt into a ſhade,—and whereabouts he is to throw his light!—Ye, who preſide over

over this vaſt empire of biographical freebooters, and ſee how many ſcrapes and plunges your ſubjects hourly fall into,—will you do one thing?

I beg and beſeech you (in caſe you will do nothing better for us) that wherever in any part of your dominions it ſo falls out, that three ſeveral roads meet in one point, as they have done juſt here,—that at leaſt you ſet up a guide-poſt in the centre of them, in mere charity, to direct an uncertain devil which of the three he is to take.

CHAP. XXIV.

THO' the ſhock my uncle Toby received the year after the demolition of Dunkirk, in his affair with Widow Wadman, had fixed him in a reſolution never more to think of the ſex,—or of aught which belonged to it;—yet Corporal Trim had made no ſuch bargain with himſelf.—Indeed, in my uncle Toby's caſe there was a ſtrange and unaccountable concurrence of circumſtances, which inſenſibly drew him in, to lay ſiege to that fair and ſtrong citadel.—In Trim's caſe there was a concurrence of nothing in the world, but of him and Bridget in the kitchen;—though in truth, the love and veneration he bore his maſter was ſuch, and ſo fond was he of imitating him in all he did, that had my uncle Toby employed his time and genius in tagging of points,—I am perſuaded the honeſt Corporal would have laid down his arms, and followed his example with

pleaſure. When therefore my uncle Toby ſat down before the miſtreſs,—Corporal Trim incontinently took ground before the maid.

Now, my dear friend Garrick, whom I have ſo much cauſe to eſteem and honour—(why, or wherefore, 'tis no matter)—can it eſcape your penetration—I defy it,—that ſo many play-wrights, and opificers of chitchat have ever ſince been working upon Trim's and my uncle Toby's pattern?—I care not what Ariſtotle, or Pacuvius, or Boſſu, or Ricaboni ſay—(though I never read one of them)—there is not a greater difference between a ſingle horſe chair and Madam Pompadour's *vis-à-vis*, than betwixt a ſingle amour and an amour thus nobly doubled, and going upon all four, prancing throughout a grand drama.—Sir, a ſimple, ſingle, ſilly affair of that kind,—is quite loſt in five acts;—but that is neither here nor there.

After a ſeries of attacks and repulſes in a courſe of nine months on my uncle Toby's quarter, a moſt minute account of every particular of which ſhall be given in its proper place, my uncle Toby, honeſt man! found it neceſſary to draw off his forces and raiſe the ſiege ſomewhat indignantly.

Corporal Trim, as I ſaid, had made no ſuch bargain, either with himſelf,—or with any one elſe;—the fidelity however of his heart not ſuffering him to go into a houſe which his maſter had forſaken with diſguſt,—he contented himſelf with turning his part of the ſiege into a blockade;—that is, he kept others off;—for though he never after went to the houſe, yet he never met Bridget in the village but

but he would either nod, or wink, or ſmile, or look kindly at her,—or (as circumſtances directed) he would ſhake her by the hand,—or aſk her lovingly how ſhe did,—or would give her a ribbon,—and now and then, though never but when it could be done with decorum, would give Bridget a ——

Preciſely in this ſituation did theſe things ſtand for five years; that is, from the demolition of Dunkirk in the year thirteen, to the latter end of my uncle Toby's campaign in the year eighteen, which was about ſix or ſeven weeks before the time I'm ſpeaking of,——when Trim, as his cuſtom was, after he had put my uncle Toby to bed, going down one moon-ſhiny night to ſee that every thing was right at his fortifications,—in the lane ſeparated from the bowling-green with flowering ſhrubs and holly,—he eſpied his Bridget.

As the Corporal thought there was nothing in the world ſo well worth ſhewing as the glorious works which he and my uncle Toby had made, Trim courteouſly and gallantly took her by the hand, and led her in. This was not done ſo privately, but that the foul-mouth'd trumpet of Fame carried it from ear to ear, till at length it reach'd my father's, with this untoward circumſtance along with it, that my uncle Toby's curious draw-bridge, conſtructed and painted after the Dutch faſhion, and which went quite acroſs the ditch,—was broke down, and ſomehow or other cruſhed all to pieces that very night.

My father, as you have obſerved, had no great eſteem for my uncle Toby's HOBBY-HORSE; he

thought it the moſt ridiculous horſe that ever gentleman mounted; and indeed, unleſs my uncle Toby vexed him about it, could never think of it once, without ſmiling at it;—ſo that it could never get lame, or happen any miſchance, but it tickled my father's imagination beyond meaſure; but this being an accident much more to his humour than any one which had yet befallen it, it proved an inexhauſtible fund of entertainment to him.—"Well, —but, dear Toby!" my father would ſay, "do tell me ſeriouſly how this affair of the bridge happened."—"How can you teaſe me ſo much about it?" my uncle Toby would reply;—"I have told it you twenty times, word for word as Trim told it me."—"Prithee, how was it then, Corporal?" my father would cry, turning to Trim.—"It was a mere misfortune, an' pleaſe your Honour;—I was ſhewing Mrs. Bridget our fortifications; and in going too near the edge of the *foſſe*, I unfortunately ſlipp'd in"—"Very well, Trim!" my father would cry—(ſmiling myſteriouſly, and giving a nod,—but without interrupting him)—"and being link'd faſt, an' pleaſe your Honour, arm in arm with Mrs. Bridget, I dragg'd her after me; by means of which ſhe fell backwards ſoſs againſt the bridge;—and Trim's foot (my uncle Toby would cry, taking the ſtory out of his mouth) getting into the cuvette, he tumbled full againſt the bridge too."—"It was a thouſand to one," my uncle Toby would add, "that the poor fellow did not break his leg."—"Ay, truly," my father would ſay,—"a limb is ſoon broke, brother Toby, in ſuch encounters."—"And ſo, an' pleaſe your Honour, the bridge,

bridge, which your Honour knows was a very ſlight one, was broke down betwixt us, and ſplintered all to pieces."

At other times, but eſpecially when my uncle Toby was ſo unfortunate as to ſay a ſyllable about cannons, bombs, or petards,—my father would exhauſt all the ſtores of his eloquence (which indeed were very great) in a panegyric upon the battering-rams of the antients—the vinea which Alexander made uſe of at the ſiege of Troy.—He would tell my uncle Toby of the *catapultæ* of the Syrians, which threw ſuch monſtrous ſtones ſo many hundred feet, and ſhook the ſtrongeſt bulwarks from their very foundations:—he would go on and deſcribe the wonderful mechaniſm of the *balliſta*, which Marcellinus makes ſo much rout about!—the terrible effects of the *pyraboli* which caſt fire;—the danger of the *terebra* and *ſcorpio*, which caſt javelins.—"But what are theſe," would he ſay, "to the deſtructive machinery of Corporal Trim?—Believe me, brother Toby, no bridge, or baſtion, or ſallyport, that ever was conſtructed in this world, can hold out againſt ſuch artillery."

My uncle Toby would never attempt any defence againſt the force of this ridicule, but that of redoubling the vehemence of ſmoking his pipe: in doing which, he raiſed ſo denſe a vapour one night after ſupper, that it ſet my father, who was a little phthiſical, into a ſuffocating fit of violent coughing: my uncle Toby leap'd up, without feeling the pain upon his groin,—and, with infinite pity, ſtood beſide his brother's chair, tapping his back with one hand,

hand, and holding his head with the other, and from time to time wiping his eyes with a clean cambrick handkerchief, which he pulled out of his pocket.—The affectionate and endearing manner in which my uncle Toby did these little offices,—cut my father thro' his reins, for the pain he had just been giving him.—May my brains be knock'd out with a battering-ram or a catapulta, I care not which, quoth my father to himself,—if ever I insult this worthy soul more!

CHAP. XXV.

THE draw-bridge being held irreparable, Trim was ordered directly to set about another,——but not upon the same model: for Cardinal Alberoni's intrigues at that time being discovered, and my uncle Toby rightly forseeing that a flame would inevitably break out betwixt Spain and the Empire, and that the operations of the ensuing campaign must in all likelihood be either in Naples or Sicily,—he determined upon an Italian bridge—(my uncle Toby, by the bye, was not far out of his conjectures);—but my father, who was infinitely the better politician, and took the lead as far of my uncle Toby in the cabinet, as my uncle Toby took it of him in the field,—convinced him, that if the king of Spain and the Emperor went together by the ears,—England, France, and Holland, must, by force of their pre-engagements, all enter the lists too;—and if so, he would say, the combatants, brother

ther Toby, as ſure as we are alive, will fall to it again, pell-mell. upon the old prize-fighting ſtage of Flanders;—then what will you do with your Italian bridge?

—We will go on with it then upon the old model, cried my uncle Toby.

When Corporal Trim had about half-finiſhed it in that ſtyle,—my uncle Toby found out a capital defect in it, which he had never thoroughly conſidered before. It turned, it ſeems, upon hinges at both ends of it, opening in the middle, one half of which turning to one ſide of the foſſé, and the other to the other; the advantage of which was this, that by dividing the weight of the bridge into two equal portions, it impowered my uncle Toby to raiſe it up or let it down with the end of his crutch, and with one hand, which, as his garriſon was weak, was as much as he could well ſpare;—but the diſadvantages of ſuch a conſtruction were inſurmountable;—for by this means, he would ſay, I leave one half of my bridge in my enemy's poſſeſſion;—and pray, of what uſe is the other?

The natural remedy for this was, no doubt, to have his bridge faſt only at one end with hinges, ſo that the whole might be lifted up together, and ſtand bolt upright;—but that was rejected, for the reaſon given above.

For a whole week after, he was determined in his mind to have one of that particular conſtruction which is made to draw back horizontally, to hinder a paſſage; and to thruſt forwards again, to gain a paſſage,—of which ſorts your Worſhips might

might have ſeen three famous ones at Spires before its deſtruction—and one now at Briſac, if I miſtake not;—but my father adviſing my uncle Toby, with great earneſtneſs, to have nothing more to do with thruſting bridges;—and my uncle foreſeeing moreover that it would but perpetuate the memory of the Corporal's misfortune,—he changed his mind for that of the Marquis d'Hôpital's invention, which the younger Bernouilli has ſo well and learnedly deſcribed, as your Worſhips may ſee—*Act. Erud. Lips.* an. 1695:—to theſe a lead weight is an eternal balance, and keeps watch as well as a couple of ſentinels, inaſmuch as the conſtruction of them was a curve line approximating to a cycloid,——if not a cycloid itſelf.

My uncle Toby underſtood the nature of a parabola as well as any man in England;—but was not quite ſuch a maſter of the cycloid:—he talked however about it every day——the bridge went not forwards.——We'll aſk ſomebody about it, cried my uncle Toby to Trim.

CHAP. XXVI.

WHEN Trim came in and told my father, that Dr. Slop was in the kitchen, and buſy in making a bridge,—my uncle Toby,——the affair of the jack-boots having juſt then raiſed a train of military ideas in his brain,——took it inſtantly for granted that Dr. Slop was making a model of the Marquis d'Hôpital's bridge.——'Tis very obliging in him, quoth my

my uncle Toby;—pray give my humble ſervice to Dr. Slop, Trim, and tell him I thank him heartily.

Had my uncle Toby's head been a Savoyard's box, and my father peeping in all the time at one end of it,—it could not have given him a more diſtinct conception of the operations of my uncle Toby's imagination than what he had; ſo, notwithſtanding the catapulta and battering-ram, and his bitter imprecation about them, he was juſt beginning to triumph,—

When Trim's anſwer, in an inſtant, tore the laurel from his brows, and twiſted it to pieces.

CHAP. XXVII.

——"THIS unfortunate draw-bridge of yours, quoth my father,——"God bleſs your Honour, cried Trim, "'tis a bridge for maſter's noſe.—In bringing him into the world with his vile inſtruments, he has cruſhed his noſe, Suſannah ſays, as flat as a pan-cake to his face, and he is making a falſe bridge with a piece of cotton, and a thin piece of whalebone out of Suſannah's ſtays, to raiſe it up."

——'Lead me, brother Toby,' cried my father, to my room this inſtant.

CHAP. XXVIII.

FROM the firſt moment I ſat down to write my life for the amuſement of the world, and my opinion

nions for its inſtruction, has a cloud inſenſibly been gathering over my father.—A tide of little evils and diſtreſſes has been ſetting in againſt him.—Not one thing, as he obſerved himſelf, has gone right; and now is the ſtorm thicken'd and going to break, and pour down full upon his head.

I enter upon this part of my ſtory in the moſt penſive and melancholy frame of mind that ever ſympathetic breaſt was touched with.—My nerves relax as I tell it.—Every line I write, I feel an abatement of the quickneſs of my pulſe, and of that careleſs alacrity with it, which every day of my life prompts me to ſay and write a thouſand things I ſhould not:—and this moment, that I laſt dipp'd my pen into my ink, I could not help taking notice what a cautious air of ſad compoſure and ſolemnity there appear'd in my manner of doing it.—Lord! how different from the raſh jerks and hair-brain'd ſquirts thou art wont, Triſtram, to tranſact it with in other humours—dropping thy pen,—ſpurting thy ink about thy table and thy books,—as if thy pen and thy ink, thy books and thy furniture, coſt thee nothing!

CHAP. XXIX.

——I WON'T go about to argue the point with you:—'tis ſo;—and I am perſuaded of it, Madam, as much as can be, "That both man and woman "bear pain or ſorrow (and, for aught I know, plea-"ſure too) beſt in a horizontal poſition."

The moment my father got up into his chamber, he threw himſelf proſtrate acroſs his bed in the wildeſt diſorder imaginable, but at the ſame time in the moſt lamentable attitude of a man borne down with ſorrows, that ever the eye of pity dropp'd a tear for.—The palm of his right hand, as he fell upon the bed, receiving his forehead, and covering the greateſt part of both his eyes, gently ſunk down with his head (his elbow giving way backwards) till his noſe touch'd the quilt;—his left arm hung inſenſibly over the ſide of the bed, his knuckles reclining upon the handle of the chamber-pot, which peep'd out beyond the valance;—his right leg (his left being drawn up towards his body) hung half over the ſide of the bed, the edge of it preſſing upon his ſhin-bone.—He felt it not. A fix'd, inflexible ſorrow took poſſeſſion of every line of his face.—He ſigh'd once,—heav'd his breaſt often,—but uttered not a word.

An old ſet-ſtitch'd chair, valanced and fringed around with party-coloured worſted bobs, ſtood at the bed's head, oppoſite to the ſide where my father's head reclined.—My uncle Toby ſat him down in it.

Before an affliction is digeſted,—conſolation ever comes too ſoon;—and after it is digeſted,—it comes too late: ſo that you ſee, Madam, there is but a mark between theſe two, as fine almoſt as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at.—My uncle Toby was always either on this ſide or on that of it, and would often ſay, he believed in his heart he could as ſoon hit the longitude; for this reaſon, when he ſat

ſat down in his chair, he drew the curtain a little forwards, and having a tear at every one's ſervice,—he pull'd out a cambrick handkerchief,—gave a low ſigh,—but held his peace.

CHAP. XXX.

——"ALL is not gain that is got into the "purſe."—So that, notwithſtanding my father had the happineſs of reading the oddeſt books in the univerſe, and had moreover, in himſelf, the oddeſt way of thinking that ever man in it was bleſs'd with, yet it had this drawback upon him after all,——That it laid him open to ſome of the oddeſt and moſt whimſical diſtreſſes; of which this particular one, which he ſunk under at preſent, is as ſtrong an example as can be given.

No doubt, the breaking down of the bridge of a child's noſe, by the edge of a pair of forceps,—however ſcientifically applied,—would vex any man in the world who was at ſo much pains in begetting a child as my father was;—yet, it will not account for the extravagance of his affliction, nor will it juſtify the unchriſtian manner he abandoned and ſurrendered himſelf up to.

To explain this, I muſt leave him upon the bed for half an hour,—and my uncle Toby in his old fringed chair, ſitting beſide him.

CHAP. XXXI.

——I THINK it a very unreaſonable demand,"—cried my great-grandfather, twiſting up the paper, and throwing it upon the table.——"By this account, Madam, you have but two thouſand pounds fortune, and not a ſhilling more;—and you inſiſt upon having three-hundred pounds a year jointure for it."——

—" Becauſe," replied my great-grandmother, " you have little or no noſe, Sir."——

Now, before I venture to make uſe of the word *Noſe* a ſecond time,—to avoid all confuſion in what will be ſaid upon it, in this intereſting part of my ſtory, it may not be amiſs to explain my own meaning, and define, with all poſſible exactneſs and preciſion, what I would willingly be underſtood to mean by the term; being of opinion, that 'tis owing to the negligence and perverſeneſs of writers in deſpiſing this precaution, and to nothing elſe,—that all the polemical writings in divinity are not as clear and demonſtrative as thoſe upon *a Will o' the Wiſp*, or any other found part of philoſophy and natural purſuit; in order to which, what have you to do, before you ſet out, unleſs you intend to go puzzling on to the day of judgment,—but to give the world a good definition, and ſtand to it, of the main word you have moſt occaſion for,—changing it, Sir, as you would a guinea, into ſmall coin?—which done,—let the father of confuſion puzzle you, if he can; or put a different idea

either into your head, or your reader's head, if he knows how.

In books of ſtrict morality and cloſe reaſoning, ſuch as this I am engaged in,—the neglect is inexcuſable; and Heaven is witneſs how the world has revenged itſelf upon me for leaving ſo many openings to equivocal ſtrictures,—and for depending ſo much as I have done, all along, upon the cleanlineſs of my readers imaginations.

——"Here are two ſenſes," cried Eugenius, as we walk'd along, pointing with the fore-finger of his right hand to the word *crevice*, in the one hundred and ſixteenth page of this firſt volume of this book of books;——"here are two ſenſes,"—quoth he.——"And here are two roads," replied I, turning ſhort upon him,—"a dirty and a clean one,—which ſhall we take?"——"The clean, by all means," replied Eugenius.——"Eugenius," ſaid I, ſtepping before him, and laying my hand upon his breaſt,—"to define,—is to diſtruſt."—Thus I triumph'd over Eugenius;—but I triumph'd over him, as I always do, like a fool.—'Tis my comfort, however, I am not an obſtinate one: therefore,

I define a noſe as follows,—intreating only beforehand, and beſeeching my readers, both male and female, of what age, complexion, and condition ſoever, for the love of God and their own ſouls, to guard againſt the temptations and ſuggeſtions of the Devil, and ſuffer him by no art or wile to put any other ideas into their minds than what I put into my definition;—for by the word *Noſe*, throughout all this long chapter of noſes, and in every other part of my work where the word

Noſe occurs,—I declare, by that word I mean a noſe, and nothing more or leſs.

CHAP. XXXII.

——" BECAUSE," quoth my great-grandmother, repeating the words again,—" you have " little or no noſe, Sir."——

" S'death!" cried my great-grandfather, clapping his hand upon his noſe,—"'tis not ſo ſmall as that comes to;—'tis a full inch longer than my father's."

——Now, my great-grandfather's noſe was for all the world like unto the noſes of all the men, women, and children whom Pantagruel found dwelling upon the iſland of Ennafin.—By the way, if you would know the ſtrange way of getting akin amongſt ſo flat-noſed a people, you muſt read the book:—find it out yourſelf you never can.——

—'Twas ſhaped, Sir, like an ace of clubs.

——"'Tis a full inch," continued my grandfather, preſſing up the ridge of his noſe with his finger and thumb; and repeating his aſſertion,—"'tis a full inch longer, Madam, than my father's."——"You muſt mean your uncle's," replied my great-grandmother.

——My great-grandfather was convinced.—He untwiſted the paper, and ſigned the article.

CHAP. XXXIII.

——"WHAT an unconſcionable jointure, my dear, do we pay out of this ſmall eſtate of ours!" quoth my grandmother to my grandfather.——

"My father," replied my grandfather, "had no more noſe, my dear, ſaving the mark, than there is upon the back of my hand."——

Now, you muſt know, that my great-grandmother outlived my grandfather twelve years; ſo that my father had the jointure to pay, a hundred and fifty pounds half-yearly—(on Michaelmas and Lady-Day)—during all that time.

No man diſcharged pecuniary obligations with a better grace than my father;—and as far as a hundred pounds went, he would fling it upon the table, guinea by guinea, with that ſpirited jerk of an honeſt welcome, which generous ſouls, and generous ſouls only, are able to fling down money: but as ſoon as ever he enter'd upon the odd fifty,—he generally gave a loud *hem!* rubbed the ſide of his noſe leiſurely with the flat part of his fore-finger,—inſerted his hand cautiouſly betwixt his head and the cawl of his wig,—look'd at both ſides of every guinea as he parted with it,—and ſeldom could get to the end of the fifty pounds, without pulling out his handkerchief, and wiping his temples.

Defend me, gracious Heaven! from thoſe perſecuting ſpirits who made no allowances for theſe workings within us.—Never,—O never may I lay down in their tents, who cannot relax the engine, and

and feel pity for the force of education, and the prevalence of opinions long derived from anceſtors!

For three generations at leaſt, this *tenet* in favour of long noſes had gradually been taking root in our family.—TRADITION was all along on its ſide, and INTEREST was every half-year ſtepping in to ſtrengthen it; ſo that the whimſicality of my father's brain was far from having the whole honour of this, as it had of almoſt all his other ſtrange notions;—for, in a great meaſure, he might be ſaid to have ſuck'd this in with his mother's milk. He did his part, however.—If education planted the miſtake (in caſe it was one) my father watered it, and ripened it to perfection.

He would often declare, in ſpeaking his thoughts upon the ſubject, that he did not conceive how the greateſt family in England could ſtand it out againſt an uninterrupted ſucceſſion of ſix or ſeven ſhort noſes.—And, for the contrary reaſon, he would generally add, That it muſt be one of the greateſt problems in civil life, where the ſame number of long and jolly noſes, following one another in a direct line, did not raiſe and hoiſt it up into the beſt vacancies in the kingdom.—He would often boaſt that the Shandy Family rank'd very high in king Harry the VIIIth's time; but owed its riſe to no ſtate engine,—he would ſay,—but to that only;—but that, like other families, he would add,—it had felt the turn of the wheel, and had never recovered the blow of my great-grandfather's noſe.—It was an ace of clubs indeed, he would cry, ſhaking his head;—and as vile a one for an unfortunate family as ever turn'd up trumps.

——Fair and ſoftly, gentle reader!—where is thy fancy carrying thee!—If there is truth in man, by my great-grandfather's noſe, I mean the external organ of ſmelling, or that part of man which ſtands prominent in his face,—and which painters ſay, in good jolly noſes and well-proportioned faces, ſhould comprehend a full third;—that is, meaſured downwards from the ſetting on of the hair.——

——What a life of it has an author, at this paſs!

CHAP. XXXIV.

IT is a ſingular bleſſing, that nature has form'd the mind of man with the ſame happy backwardneſs and renitency againſt conviction, which is obſerved in old dogs,—"of not learning new "tricks."

What a ſhuttlecock of a fellow would the greateſt philoſopher that ever exiſted be whiſk'd into at once, did he read ſuch books, and obſerve ſuch facts, and think ſuch thoughts, as would eternally be making him change ſides!

Now, my father, as I told you laſt year, deteſted all this:—He pick'd up an opinion, Sir, as a man in a ſtate of nature picks up an apple:—it becomes his own;—and if he is a man of ſpirit, he would loſe his life rather than give it up.

I am aware that Didius, the great civilian, will conteſt this point, and cry out againſt me, Whence comes

comes this man's right to this apple? *ex confeſſo*, he will ſay,—things were in a ſtate of nature;—the apple is as much Frank's apple as John's.—Pray, Mr. Shandy, what patent has he to ſhew for it? and how did it begin to be his? was it when he ſet his heart upon it? or when he gathered it? or when he chewed it? or when he roaſted it? or when he peel'd it, or when he brought it home? or when he digeſted?—or when he ——? —For 'tis plain, Sir, if the firſt picking up of the apple, made it not his,—that no ſubſequent act could.

Brother Didius, Tribonius will anſwer—(now Tribonius the civilian and church lawyer's beard being three inches and a half, and three-eighths longer than Didius his beard,—I'm glad he takes up the cudgels for me; ſo I give myſelf no farther trouble about the anſwer.)—Brother Didius, Tribonius will ſay, it is a decreed caſe, as you may find it in the fragments of Gregorius and Hermogines's codes, and in all the codes from Juſtinian's down to the codes of Louis and Des Eaux,—That the ſweat of a man's brows, and the exſudations of a man's brains, are as much a man's own property as the breeches upon his backſide;—which ſaid exſudations, &c. being dropp'd upon the ſaid apple by the labour of finding it, and picking it up; and being moreover indiſſolubly waſted, and as indiſſolubly annex'd, by the picker up, to the thing pick'd up, carried home, roaſted, peel'd, eaten, digeſted, and ſo on,—'tis evident that the gatherer of the apple, in ſo doing, has mix'd up ſomething which was his own, with the apple which was not his own; by

which means he has accquired a property;--or, in other words, the apple is John's apple.

By the ſame learned chain of reaſoning my father ſtood up for all his opinions: he had ſpared no pains in picking them up; and the more they lay out of the common way, the better ſtill was his title.—No mortal claimed them; they had coſt him, moreover, as much labour in cooking and digeſting as in the caſe above; ſo that they might well and truly be ſaid to be of his own goods and chattels.—Accordingly he held faſt by 'em, both by teeth and claws,—would fly to whatever he could lay his hands on,—and, in a word, would intrench and fortify them round with as many circumvallations and breaſt-works as my uncle Toby would a citadel.

There is one plaguy rub in the way of this:—the ſcarcity of materials to make any thing of a defence with, in caſe of a ſmart attack; inaſmuch as few men of great genius had exerciſed their parts in writing books upon the ſubject of great noſes. By the trotting of my lean horſe, the thing is incredible! and I am quite loſt in my underſtanding, when I am conſidering what a treaſure of precious time and talents together has been waſted upon worſe ſubjects,—and how many millions of books, in all languages, and in all poſſible types and bindings, have been fabricated on points not half ſo much tending to the unity and peace-making of the world! What was to be had, however, he ſet the greater ſtore by; and though my father would oft times ſport with my uncle Toby's library,—which,

by the bye, was ridiculous enough,—yet at the very ſame time he did it, he collected every book and treatiſe which had been ſyſtematically wrote upon noſes, with as much care as my honeſt uncle Toby had done thoſe upon military architecture. —'Tis true, a much leſs table would have held them;—but that was not thy tranſgreſſion, my dear uncle.—

Here,—but why here,—rather than in any other part of my ſtory?——I am not able to tell:—— but here it is————my heart ſtops me to pay to thee, my dear uncle Toby, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodneſs.—Here let me thruſt my chair aſide, and kneel down upon the ground, whilſt I am pouring forth the warmeſt ſentiment of love for thee, and veneration for the excellency of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in a nephew's boſom.—Peace and comfort reſt for evermore upon thy head!—Thou enviedſt no man's comforts,—inſultedſt no man's opinions;—thou blackenedſt no man's character,—devouredſt no man's bread! Gently, with faithful Trim behind thee, didſt thou ramble round the little circle of thy pleaſures, joſtling no creature in thy way: for each one's ſorrows thou hadſt a tear;—for each man's need thou hadſt a ſhilling.

Whilſt I am worth one to pay a weeder,—thy path from thy door to thy bowling-green ſhall never be grown up.—Whilſt there is a rood and a half of land in the Shandy family, thy fortifications, my dear uncle Toby, ſhall never be demoliſh'd.

CHAP. XXXV.

MY father's collection was not great; but, to make amends, it was curious; and conſequently he was ſome time in making it: he had the great fortune, however, to ſet off well, in getting Bruſcambille's prologue upon long noſes, almoſt for nothing;—for he gave no more for Bruſcambille than three half-crowns; owing indeed to the ſtrong fancy which the ſtall-man ſaw my father had for the book, the moment he laid his hands upon it.—There are not three Bruſcambilles in Chriſtendom, ſaid the ſtall-man, "except what are chain'd up in the libraries of the curious." My father flung down the money as quick as lightning,—took Bruſcambille into his boſom,—hied home from Piccadilly to Coleman-Street with it, as he would have hied home with a treaſure, without taking his hand once off from Bruſcambille all the way.

To thoſe who do not yet know of which gender Bruſcambille is,—inaſmuch as a prologue upon long noſes might eaſily be done by either,—'twill be no objection againſt the ſimile—to ſay, That when my father got home, he ſolaced himſelf with Bruſcambille after the manner in which, 'tis ten to one, your Worſhip ſolaced yourſelf with your firſt miſtreſs;—that is, from morning even unto night: which, by the bye, how delightful ſoever it may prove to the enamorato,—is of little or no entertainment at all to by-ſtanders.—Take notice, I go no farther with the ſimile;—my father's eye was greater than

than his appetite,—his zeal greater than his knowledge;—he cool'd,—his affections became divided;——he got hold of Prignitz,—purchaſed Scroderus, Andrea Paræus, Bouchet's Evening Conferences, and, above all, the great and learned Hafen Slawkenbergius; of which, as I ſhall have much to ſay by and by,—I will ſay nothing now.

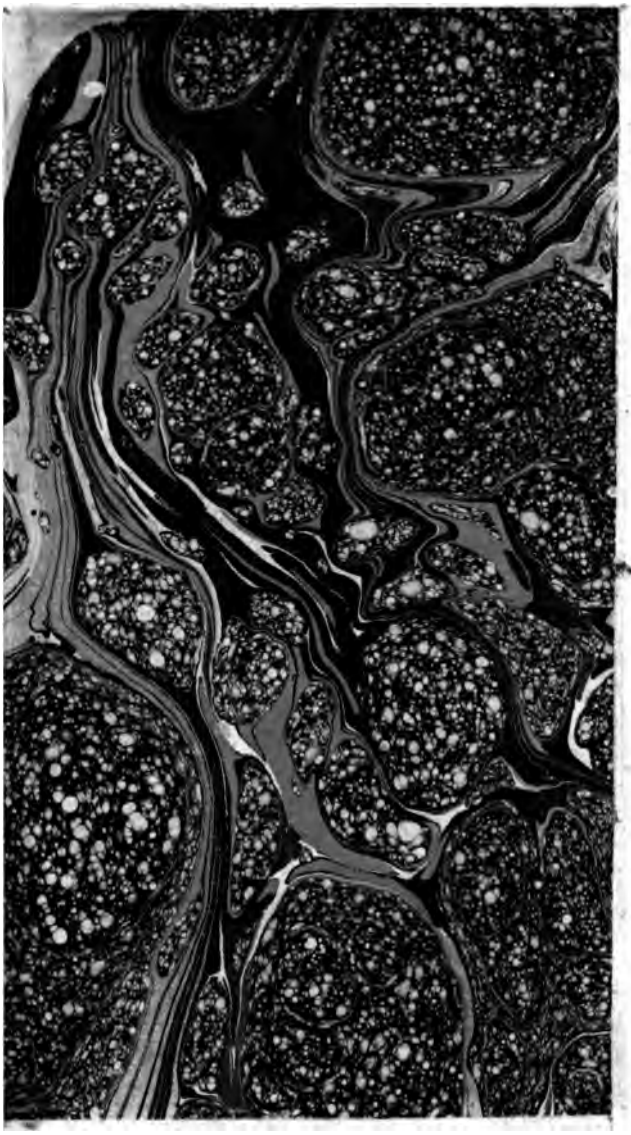
CHAP. XXXVI.

OF all the tracts my father was at the pains to procure and ſtudy, in ſupport of his hypotheſis, there was not any one wherein he felt a more cruel diſappointment at firſt, than in the celebrated Dialogue between Pamphagus and Cocles, written by the chaſte pen of the great and venerable Eraſmus, upon the various uſes and ſeaſonable applications of long noſes.——Now don't let Satan, my dear girl, in this chapter, take advantage of any one ſpot of riſing ground to get aſtride of your imagination, if you can any ways help it; or, if he is ſo nimble as to ſlip on,—let me beg of you, like an unback'd filly, to *friſk it, ſquirt it, to jump it, to rear it, to bound it—and to kick it, with long kicks and ſhort kicks*, till, like Tickletoby's mare, you break a ſtrap or a crupper, and throw his Worſhip into the dirt.——You need not kill him.—

—And pray, who was Tickletoby's mare?—

—'Tis juſt as diſcreditable and unſcholar-like a queſtion, Sir, as to have aſked what year *(ab urb. con.)* the ſecond Punic war broke out.—Who was Tickletoby's

Tickletoby's mare!——Read, read, read, read, my unlearned reader! read,—or, by the knowledge of the great Saint Paraleipomenon,—I tell you beforehand, you had better throw down the book at once; for without *much reading*, by which your Reverence knows I mean *much knowledge*, you will no more be able to penetrate the moral of the next marbled page (motley emblem of my work!) than the world with all its sagacity has been able to unravel the many opinions, tranſactions, and truths which ſtill lie myſtically hid under the dark veil of the black one.



CHAP. XXXVII.

" *NIHIL me pœnitet hujus naſi,*" quoth Pamphagus;—that is,—" My noſe has been the making of me."——" *Nec eſt cur pœniteat,*" replies Cocles; that is, " How the deuce ſhould ſuch a noſe fail?"

The doctrine, you ſee, was laid down by Eraſmus, as my father wiſhed it, with the utmoſt plainneſs; but my father's diſappointment was, in finding nothing more from ſo able a pen, but the bare fact itſelf; without any of that ſpeculative ſubtilty or ambidexterity of argumentation upon it, which Heaven had beſtowed upon man, on purpoſe to inveſtigate Truth, and fight for her on all ſides.—My father piſh'd and pugh'd at firſt moſt terribly.——'Tis worth ſomething to have a good name. As the dialogue was of Eraſmus, my father ſoon came to himſelf, and read it over and over again with great application, ſtudying every word and every ſyllable of it, thro' and thro', in its moſt ſtrict and literal interpretation.—He could ſtill make nothing of it, that way. Mayhap, there is more meant than is ſaid in it, quoth my father.—Learned men, brother Toby, don't write dialogues upon long noſes for nothing.—I'll ſtudy the myſtic and the allegoric ſenſe.—Here is ſome room to turn a man's ſelf in, brother.

My father read on.——

Now, I find it needful to inform your Reverences and Worſhips, that beſides the many nautical uſes of long noſes enumerated by Eraſmus, the

the dialogiſt affirmeth, That a long noſe is not without its domeſtic conveniences alſo; for that, in a caſe of diſtreſs,—and for want of a pair of bellows, it will do excellently well, *ad excitandum focum* (to ſtir up the fire.)

Nature had been prodigal in her gifts to my father beyond meaſure, and had ſown the ſeeds of verbal criticiſm as deep within him, as ſhe had done the ſeeds of all other knowledge;—ſo that he had got out his penknife, and was trying experiments upon the ſentence, to ſee if he could not ſcratch ſome better ſenſe into it.—I've got within a ſingle letter, brother Toby, cried my father, of Eraſmus his myſtic meaning.——You are near enough, brother, replied my uncle, in all conſcience.——Pſhaw! cried my father, ſcratching on,—I might as well be ſeven miles off.—I've done it,—ſaid my father, ſnapping his fingers. See, my dear brother Toby, how I have mended the ſenſe.——But you have marr'd a word, replied my uncle Toby.——My father put on his ſpectacles,—bit his lip,—and tore out the leaf in a paſſion.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

O SLAWKENBERGIUS! thou faithful analyzer of my Diſgrazias,—thou ſad foreteller of ſo many of the whips and ſhort turns which in one ſtage or other of my life have come ſlap upon me from the ſhortneſs of my noſe, and no other cauſe, that I am conſcious of,—tell me, Slawkenbergius! what ſecret

ſecret impulſe was it? what intonation of voice? whence came it? how did it ſound in thy ears?—art thou ſure thou heard'ſt it?—which firſt cried out to thee,—Go,—Slawkenbergius! dedicate the labours of thy life,—neglect thy paſtimes,—call forth all the powers and faculties of thy nature,—macerate thyſelf in the ſervice of mankind, and write a grand FOLIO for them, upon the ſubject of their noſes.

How the communication was conveyed into Slawkenbergius's ſenſorium,—ſo that Slawkenbergius ſhould know whoſe finger touch'd the key,—and whoſe hand it was that blew the bellows,—as Hafen Slawkenbergius has been dead and laid in his grave above fourſcore and ten years,—we can only raiſe conjectures.

Slawkenbergius was play'd upon, for aught I know, like one of Whitefield's diſciples:—that is, with ſuch a diſtinct intelligence, Sir, of which of the two maſters it was that had been practiſing upon his *inſtrument*,—as to make all reaſoning upon it needleſs.

——For in the account which Hafen Slawkenbergius gives the world of his motives and occaſions for writing, and ſpending ſo many years of his life upon this one work,—towards the end of his prolegomena; which, by the bye, ſhould have come firſt,—but the bookbinder has moſt injudiciouſly placed it betwixt the analytical contents of the book and the book itſelf,—he informs his reader, That ever ſince he had arrived at the age of diſcernment, and was able to ſit down

coolly, and conſider within himſelf the true ſtate and condition of man,—and diſtinguiſh the main end and deſign of his being;—or,—to ſhorten my tranſlation, for Slawkenbergius's book is in Latin, and not a little prolix in this paſſage;—ever ſince I underſtood, quoth Slawkenbergius, any thing,—or rather *what was what*,—and could perceive that the point of long noſes had been too looſely handled by all who had gone before,—have I Slawkenbergius, felt a ſtrong impulſe, with a mighty and unreſiſtible call within me, to gird up myſelf to this undertaking.

And to do juſtice to Slawkenbergius, he has entered the liſt with a ſtronger lance, and taken a much larger career in it, than any one man who had ever entered it before him;—and indeed, in many reſpects, deſerves to be *en-nich'd* as a prototype for all writers of voluminous works at leaſt, to model their books by;—for he has taken in, Sir, the whole ſubject,—examined every part of it *dialectically*,—then brought it into full day; dilucidating it with all the light which either the colliſion of his own natural parts could ſtrike,—or the profoundeſt knowledge of the ſciences had impowered him to caſt upon it; collating, collecting, and compiling;—begging, borrowing, and ſtealing, as he went along, all that had been wrote or wrangled thereupon in the ſchools and porticos of the learned; ſo that Slawkenbergius his book may properly be conſidered, not only as a model,—but as a thorough-ſtitched DIGEST and regular inſtitute of noſes, comprehending

hending in it all that is or can be needful to be known about them.

For this cauſe it is that I forbear to ſpeak of ſo many (otherwiſe) valuable books and treatiſes of my father's collecting, wrote either plump upon noſes,—or collaterally touching them;—ſuch for inſtance as Prignitz, now lying upon the table before me, who with infinite learning, and from the moſt candid and ſcholar-like examination of above four thouſand different ſkulls, in upwards of twenty charnel-houſes in Sileſia, which he had rummaged, —has informed us, that the menſuration and configuration of the oſſeous or bony parts of human noſes, in any given tract of country, except Crim Tartary, where they are all cruſh'd down by the thumb, ſo that no judgment can be formed upon them,—are much nearer alike than the world imagines;—the difference amongſt them being, he ſays, a mere trifle, not worth taking notice of;—but that the ſize and jollity of every individual noſe, and by which one noſe ranks above another, and bears a higher price, is owing to the cartilaginous and muſcular parts of it, into whoſe ducts and ſinuſes the blood and animal ſpirits being impell'd and driven by the warmth and force of the imagination, which is but a ſtep from it (bating the caſe of idiots, whom Prignitz, who had lived many years in Turkey, ſuppoſes under the more immediate tutelage of Heaven)—it ſo happens, and ever muſt, ſays Prignitz, that the excellency of the noſe is in a direct arithmetical proportion to the excellency of the wearer's fancy.

It is for the ſame reaſon; that is, becauſe 'tis all comprehended in Slawkenbergius, that I ſay nothing likewiſe of Scroderus (Andrea) who, all the world knows, ſet himſelf to oppugn Prignitz with great violence;—proving it in his own way, firſt logically, and then by a ſeries of ſtubborn facts, "That ſo far was Prignitz from the truth, in affirming that the fancy begat the noſe, that, on the contrary,—the noſe begat the fancy."

—The learned ſuſpected Scroderus of an indecent ſophiſm in this;—and Prignitz cried out aloud in the diſpute, that Scroderus had ſhifted the idea upon him;—but Scroderus went on maintaining his theſis.

My father was juſt balancing within himſelf, which of the two ſides he ſhould take in this affair; when Ambroſe Paræus decided it in a moment, and, by overthrowing the ſyſtems, both of Prignitz and Scroderus, drove my father out of both ſides of the controverſy at once.

Be witneſs,——

I don't acquaint the learned reader—in ſaying it, —I mention it only to ſhew the learned, I know the fact myſelf,——

That this Ambroſe Paræus was chief ſurgeon and noſe-mender to Francis the Ninth of France; and in high credit with him and the two preceding, or ſucceeding kings (I know not which) —and that, except in the ſlip he made in his ſtory of Taliacotius's noſes, and his manner of ſetting them on,—he was eſteemed by the whole college of phyſicians at that time, as more knowing in matters

matters of noſes, than any one who had ever taken them in hand.

Now, Ambroſe Paræus convinced my father, that the true and efficient cauſe of what had engaged ſo much the attention of the world, and upon which Prignitz and Scroderus had waſted ſo much learning and fine parts,—was neither this nor that; —but that the length and goodneſs of the noſe was owing ſimply to the ſoftneſs and flaccidity in the nurſe's breaſt,—as the flatneſs and ſhortneſs of *puiſne* noſes was to the firmneſs and elaſtic repulſion of the ſame organ of nutrition in the hale and lively; —which, tho' happy for the woman, was the undoing of the child, inaſmuch as his noſe was ſo ſnubb'd, ſo rebuff'd, ſo rebated, and ſo refrigerated thereby, as never to arrive *ad menſuram ſuam legitimam*;—but that in caſe of flaccidity and ſoftneſs of the nurſe or mother's breaſt—by ſinking into it, quoth Paræus, as into ſo much butter, the noſe was comforted, nouriſh'd, plump'd up, refreſh'd, refocillated, and ſet a growing for ever.

I have but two things to obſerve of Paræus; firſt, That he proves and explains all this with the utmoſt chaſtity and decorum of expreſſion:—for which, may his ſoul for ever reſt in peace!

And, ſecondly, That beſides the ſyſtems of Prignitz and Scroderus, which Ambroſe Paræus his hypotheſis effectually overthrew,—it overthrew at the ſame time the ſyſtem of peace and harmony of our family; and for three days together, not only embroiled matters between my father and my mother, but turn'd likewiſe the whole houſe and

every thing in it, except my uncle Toby, quite upſide down.

Such a ridiculous tale of a diſpute between a man and his wife, never ſurely in any age or country, got vent through the key-hole of a ſtreet-door.

My mother, you muſt know,——but I have fifty things more neceſſary to let you know firſt;—I have a hundred difficulties which I have promiſed to clear up, and a thouſand diſtreſſes and domeſtic miſadventures crowding in upon me thick and threefold, one upon the neck of another. A cow broke in (to-morrow morning) to my uncle Toby's fortifications, and eat up two rations and a half of dried graſs, tearing up the ſods with it which faced his horn-work and covered way.——Trim inſiſts upon being tried by a court-martial,—the cow to be ſhot,—Slop to be *crucifix'd*,—myſelf to be *triſtram'd*, and at my very baptiſm made a martyr of;—poor unhappy Devils that we all are!—I want ſwaddling;—but there is no time to be loſt in exclamations,—I have left my father lying acroſs his bed, and uncle Toby in his old fringed chair, ſitting beſide him, and promiſed I would go back to them in half an hour; and five-and-thirty minutes are laps'd already.——Of all the perplexities a mortal author was ever ſeen in,—this certainly is the greateſt; for I have Hafen Slawkenbergius's folio, Sir, to finiſh;—a dialogue between my father and my uncle Toby, upon the ſolution of Prignitz, Scroderus, Ambroſe Parœus, Panocrates, and Grangouſier to relate;—a tale out

of Slawkenbergius to tranſlate;—and all this in five minutes leſs than no time at all.—Such a head!—would to Heaven my enemies only ſaw the inſide of it.

CHAP. XXXIX.

THERE was not any one ſcene more entertaining in our family;—and to do it juſtice in this point,—I here put off my cap and lay it upon the table, cloſe beſide my ink-horn, on purpoſe to make my declaration to the world concerning this one article the more ſolemn,—That I believe, in my ſoul (unleſs my love and partiality to my underſtanding blinds me) the hand of the Supreme Maker and Firſt Deſigner of all things, never made or put a family together (in that period at leaſt of it which I have ſat down to write the ſtory of)—where the characters of it were caſt or contraſted with ſo dramatic a felicity as ours was, for this end; or in which the capacities of affording ſuch exquiſite ſcenes, and the powers of ſhifting them perpetually from morning to night, were lodged and entruſted with ſo unlimited a confidence, as in the Shandy Family.

Not any one of theſe was more diverting, I ſay, in this whimſical theatre of ours,—than what frequently aroſe out of this ſelf-ſame chapter of long noſes,—eſpecially when my father's imagination was heated with the enquiry, and nothing would ſerve him but to heat my uncle Toby's too.

My uncle Toby would give my father all poſſible fair play in this attempt; and with infinite patience would ſit ſmoking his pipe for whole hours together, whilſt my father was practiſing upon his head, and trying every acceſſible avenue to drive Prignitz and Scroderus's ſolutions into it.

Whether they were above my uncle Toby's reaſon,—or contrary to it,—or that his brain was like *damp* tinder, and no ſpark could poſſibly take hold; or that it was ſo full of ſaps, mines, blinds, curtains, and ſuch military diſqualifications to his ſeeing clearly into Prignitz and Scroderus's doctrines,—I ſay not;—let ſchoolmen,—ſcullions,—anatomiſts, and engineers, fight for it among themſelves.——

'Twas ſome misfortune, I make no doubt, in this affair, that my father had every word of it to tranſlate for the benefit of my uncle Toby, and render out of Slawkenbergius's Latin, of which, as he was no great maſter, his tranſlation was not always of the pureſt,—and generally leaſt ſo where 'twas moſt wanted.—This naturally open'd a door to a ſecond misfortune;—that in the warmer paroxyſms of his zeal to open my uncle Toby's eyes,—my father's ideas ran on as much faſter than the tranſlation, as the tranſlation outmoved my uncle Toby's:—neither the one or the other added much to the perſpicuity of my father's lecture.

CHAP. XL.

THE gift of ratiocination and making ſyllogiſms, —I mean in man,—for in ſuperior claſſes of being, ſuch as angels and ſpirits,—'tis all done, may it pleaſe your Worſhips, as they tell me, by INTUITION;—and beings inferior, as your Worſhips all know,—ſyllogize by their noſe: though there is an iſland ſwimming in the ſea (though not altogether at its eaſe) whoſe inhabitants, if my intelligence deceives me not, are ſo wonderfully gifted, as to ſyllogize after the ſame faſhion, and oft-times to make very well out too: ——but that's neither here nor there:—

The gift of doing it as it ſhould be, amongſt us, or, the great and principal act of ratiocination in man, as logicians tell us, is the finding out the agreement or diſagreement of two ideas one with another, by the intervention of a third (called the *medius terminus)*; juſt as a man, as Locke well obſerves, by a yard, finds two mens nine-pin-alleys to be of the ſame length, which could not be brought together, to meaſure their equality, by *juxtapoſition.*

Had the ſame great reaſoner looked on, as my father illuſtrated his ſyſtems of noſes, and obſerved my uncle Toby's deportment,—what great attention he gave to every word;—and as oft as he took his pipe from his mouth, with what wonderful ſerioufneſs he contemplated the length of it!—ſurveying it tranſverſely as he held it betwixt his finger and his

his thumb;—then foreright,—then this way, and then that, in all its poſſible directions and foreſhortenings,—he would have concluded my uncle Toby had got hold of the *medius terminus*, and was ſyllogizing and meaſuring with it the truth of each hypotheſis of long noſes, in order, as my father laid them before him. This, by the bye, was more than my father wanted:—his aim in all the pains he was at in theſe philoſophic lectures,—was to enable my uncle Toby not to *diſcuſs* but *comprehend*;—to hold the grains and ſcruples of learning, not to *weigh* them.—My uncle Toby, as you will read in the next chapter, did neither the one or the other.

CHAP. XLI.

'TIS a pity, cried my father, one winter's night, after a three hours painful tranſlation of Slawkenbergius,—'tis a pity, cried my father, putting my mother's thread-paper into the book for a mark as he ſpoke,—that Truth, brother Toby, ſhould ſhut herſelf up in ſuch impregnable faſtneſſes, and be ſo obſtinate as not to ſurrender herſelf up ſometimes upon the cloſeſt ſiege.—

Now it happened then, as indeed it had often done before, that my uncle Toby's fancy, during the time of my father's explanation of Prignitz to him,—having nothing to ſtay it there, had taken a ſhort flight to the bowling-green:—his body might as well have taken a turn there too;—ſo that with all

all the ſemblance of a deep ſchoolman intent upon the *medius terminus*,—my uncle Toby was in fact as ignorant of the whole lecture, and all its pro's and con's, as if my father had been tranſlating Hafen Slawkenbergius from the Latin tongue into the Cherokee. But the word *ſiege*, like a taliſmanic power, in my father's metaphor, wafting back my uncle Toby's fancy, quick as a note could follow the touch,—he open'd his ears;—and my father obſerving that he took his pipe out of his mouth, and ſhuffled his chair nearer the table, as with a deſire to profit,—my father with great pleaſure began his ſentence again,—changing only the plan, and dropping the metaphor of the ſiege in it, to keep clear of ſome dangers my father apprehended from it.

"'Tis a pity," ſaid my father, "that truth can only be on one ſide, brother Toby,—conſidering what ingenuity theſe learned men have all ſhewn in their ſolutions of noſes."——"Can noſes be diſſolved?" replied my uncle Toby.

—My father thruſt back his chair,—roſe up,—put on his hat,—took four long ſtrides to the door,—jerked it open,—thruſt his head half way out,—ſhut the door again,—took no notice of the bad hinge,—returned to the table,—pluck'd my mother's thread-paper out of Slawkenbergius's book,—went haſtily to his bureau,—walked ſlowly back,—twiſted my mother's thread-paper about his thumb,—unbutton'd his waiſtcoat,—threw my mother's thread-paper into the fire,—bit her ſatin pin-cuſhion in two,—fill'd his mouth with bran,—

confounded

confounded it:—but mark!—the oath of confuſion was levell'd at my uncle Toby's brain,—which was e'en confuſed enough already;—the curſe came charged only with the bran;—the bran, may it pleaſe your Honours, was no more than powder to the ball.

'Twas well my father's paſſions laſted not long; for ſo long as they did laſt, they led him a buſy life on't; and it is one of the moſt unaccountable problems that ever I met with in my obſervations of human nature, that nothing ſhould prove my father's mettle ſo much, or make his paſſions go off ſo like gun-powder, as the unexpected ſtrokes his ſcience met with from the quaint ſimplicity of my uncle Toby's queſtions.——Had ten dozen of hornets ſtung him behind in ſo many different places all at one time,—he could not have exerted more mechanical functions in fewer ſeconds,—or ſtarted half ſo much, as with one ſingle *quære* of three words unſeaſonably popping in full upon him in his hobby-horſical career.

'Twas all one to my uncle Toby;—he ſmoked his pipe on with unvaried compoſure;—his heart never intended offence to his brother;—and as his head could ſeldom find out where the ſting of it lay,—he always gave my father the credit of cooling by himſelf.——He was five minutes and thirty-five ſeconds about it in the preſent caſe.

By all that's good! ſaid my father, ſwearing, as he came to himſelf, and taking the oath out of Ermulphus's digeſt of curſes—(though, to do my father juſtice, it was a fault, as he told Dr. Slop in the

the affair of Ernulphus, which he as ſeldom committed as any man upon earth)——By all that's good and great! brother Toby, ſaid my father, if it was not for the aids of philoſophy, which befriend one ſo much as they do,—you would put a man beſide all temper.—Why, by the *ſolutions* of noſes, of which I was telling you, I meant, as you might have known, had you favoured me with one grain of attention, the various accounts, which learned men of different kinds of knowledge have given the world of the cauſes of ſhort and long noſes.—— There is no cauſe but one, replied my uncle Toby, —why one man's noſe is longer than another's, but becauſe that God pleaſes to have it ſo.——That is Grangouſier's ſolution, ſaid my father.——"Tis he," continued my uncle Toby, looking up, and not regarding my father's interruption, "who makes us all, and frames and puts us together in ſuch forms and proportions, and for ſuch ends, as is agreeable to his infinite wiſdom."——"Tis a pious account" cried my father, "but not philoſophical;"—there is more religion in it than found ſcience. 'Twas no inconſiſtent part of my uncle Toby's character—that he feared God, and reverenced religion.—So the moment my father finiſhed his remark,—my uncle fell a whiſtling *Lillabullero* with more zeal (though more out of tune) than uſual.—

What is become of my wife's thread-paper?

CHAP. XLII.

NO matter;—as an appendage to ſeamſtreſſy, the thread-paper might be of ſome conſequence to my mother;—of none to my father as a mark in Slawkenbergius.—Slawkenbergius, in every page of him, was a rich treaſure of inexhauſtible knowledge to my father;—he could not open him amiſs; and he would often ſay in cloſing the book, That if all the arts and ſciences in the world, with the books which treated of them, were loſt,—ſhould the wiſdom and policies of governments, he would ſay, through diſuſe, ever happen to be forgot; and all that ſtateſmen had wrote or cauſed to be written, upon the ſtrong or the weak ſides of courts and kingdoms, ſhould they be forgot alſo,—and Slawkenbergius only left,—there would be enough in him in all conſcience, he would ſay, to ſet the world a-going again. A treaſure, therefore, was he indeed! an inſtitute of all that was neceſſary to be known of noſes, and every thing elſe:—at matin, noon, and veſpers was Hafen Slawkenbergius his recreation and delight: 'twas for ever in his hands—you would have ſworn, Sir, it had been a canon's prayer-book;—ſo worn, ſo glazed, ſo contrited and attrited was it with fingers and with thumbs in all its parts, from one end even unto the other.

I am not ſuch a bigot to Slawkenbergius as my father:——there is a fund in him, no doubt: but, in my opinion, the beſt, I don't ſay the moſt profitable, but the moſt amuſing part of Hafen Slawkenbergius,

kenbergius, is his Tales;—and, conſidering he was a German, many of them told not without fancy.—Theſe take up his ſecond book, containing nearly one half of his folio, and are comprehended in ten decades; each decade containing ten tales.—Philoſophy is not built upon tales; and therefore 'twas certainly wrong in Slawkenbergius to ſend them into the world by that name!—there are a few of them in his eighth, ninth, and tenth decades, which, I own, ſeem rather playful and ſportive than ſpeculative;—but, in general, they are to be looked upon by the learned as a detail of ſo many independent facts, all of them turning round, ſomehow or other, upon the main hinges of his ſubject, and collected by him with great fidelity, and added to his work as ſo many illuſtrations upon the doctrines of noſes.

As we have leiſure enough upon our hands,—if you give me leave, Madam, I'll tell you the ninth tale of his tenth decade.

THE

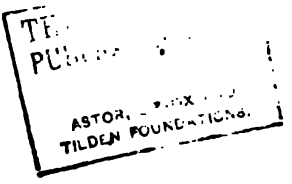
LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

Multitudinis imperitæ non formido judicia, meis tamen, rogo, parcant opusculis—in quibus fuit propositi semper, à jocis ad seria, in seriis vicissim ad jocos transire. JOAN. SARISBERIENSIS, *Episcopus Lugdun.*

VOL. IV. ORIG. EDIT.


ASTOR,
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

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JOAN. SARESBERIENSIS,
Epiſcopus Lugdun.

VOL. IV. ORIG. EDIT.

SLAWKENBERGII FABELLA*.

VESPERA quâdam frigidulâ, poſteriori in parte menſis Auguſti, peregrinus, mulo fuſco colore incidens, manticâ a tergo, paucis induſiis, binis calceis, bracciſque ſericis coccineis repleta, Argentoratum ingreſſus eſt.

Militi eum percontanti, quum portus intrare dixit, ſe apud Naſorum promontorium fuiſſe Francofurtum proficiſci, et Argentoratum, tranſitu ad fines Sarmatiæ menſis intervallo, reverſurum.

Miles peregrini in faciem ſuſpexit:——Dî boni, nova forma naſi!

At

* As Haſen Slawkenbergius de Naſis is extremely ſcarce, it may not be unacceptable to the learned reader to ſee the ſpecimen of a few pages of his original: I will make

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

SLAWKENBERGIUS'S TALE.

IT was one cool refreſhing evening, at the cloſe of a very ſultry day, in the latter end of the month of Auguſt, when a ſtranger, mounted upon a dark mule, with a ſmall cloak-bag behind him, containing a few ſhirts, a pair of ſhoes, and a crimſon-ſatin pair of breeches, entered the town of Straſburg.

He told the ſentinel, who queſtioned him as he entered the gates, that he had been at the Promontory of Noſes—was going on to Frankfort——and ſhould be back again at Straſburg that day month, in his way to the borders of Crim Tartary.

The ſentinel looked up into the ſtranger's face: ——he never ſaw ſuch a Noſe in his life!

—I have

no reflection upon it, but that his ſtory-telling Latin is much more conciſe than his philoſophic—and, I think, has more of Latinity in it.

At multum mihi profuit, inquit peregrinus, carpum amento extrahens, è quo pependit acinaces: Loculo manum inſeruit; et magnâ cum urbanitate, pilei parte anteriore tactâ manu ſiniſtrâ, ut extendit dextram, militi florinum dedit et proceſſit.

Dolet mihi, ait miles, tympaniſtam nanum et valgum alloquens, virum adeo urbanum vaginam perdidiſſe: itinerari haud poterit nudâ acinaci; neque vaginam toto Argentorato, habilem inveniet.——Nullam unquam habui, reſpondit peregrinus reſpiciens——ſeque comiter inclinans—hoc more geſto, nudam acinacem elevans, mulo lentè progrediente, ut naſum tueri poſſim

Non immerito, benigne peregrine, reſpondit miles.

Nihili æſtimo, ait ille tympaniſta, è pergamenâ factitius eſt.

Prout chriſtianus ſum, inquit miles, naſus ille, ni ſexties major ſit, meo eſſet conformis.

Crepitare audivi ait tympaniſta.

Mehercule! ſanguinem emiſit, reſpondit miles.

Miſeret me, inquit tympaniſta, qui non ambo tetigimus!

Eodem temporis puncto, quo hæc res argumentata

—I have made a very good venture of it, quoth the ſtranger;—ſo ſlipping his wriſt out of the loop of a black ribbon, to which a ſhort ſcymetar was hung, he put his hand into his pocket, and with great courteſy touching the fore-part of his cap with his left hand, as he extended his right—he put a florin into the ſentinel's hand, and paſſed on.

"It grieves me," ſaid the ſentinel, ſpeaking to a little dwarfiſh bandy-legg'd drummer, "that ſo courteous a ſoul ſhould have loſt his ſcabbard—he cannot travel without one to his ſcymetar; and will not be able to get a ſcabbard to fit it in all Straſburg."——"I never had one," replied the ſtranger, looking back to the ſentinel, and putting his hand up to his cap as he ſpoke.—"I carry it," continued he, "thus:—holding up his naked ſcymetar, his mule moving on ſlowly all the time,—"on purpoſe to defend my noſe."

"It is well worth it," gentle ſtranger, replied the ſentinel.

——"'Tis not worth a ſingle ſtiver," ſaid the bandy-legg'd drummer:——"'tis a noſe of parchment."

"As I am a true Catholic,—except that it is ſix times as big,—'tis a noſe," ſaid the ſentinel, "like my own."

"—I heard it crackle," ſaid the drummer.

"By Dunder," ſaid the ſentinel, "I ſaw it bleed."

"What a pity," cried the bandy-legg'd drummer, "we did not both touch it!"

At the very time that this diſpute was main-

mentata fuit inter militem et tympaniſtam, diſceptabatur ibidem tubicine et uxore ſuâ qui tunc acceſſerunt, et peregrino prætereunte, reſtiterunt.

Quantus naſus! æque longus eſt, ait tubicina, ac tuba.

Et ex eodem metallo, ait tubicen, velut ſternutamento audias.

Tantum abeſt, reſpondit illa, quod fiſtulam dulcedine vincit.

Æneus eſt, ait tubicen.

Nequaquam, reſpondit uxor.

Rurſum affirmo, ait tubicen, quod æneus eſt.

Rem penitus explorabo; prius, enim digito tangam, ait uxor, quam dormivero.

Mulus peregrini gradu lento progreſſus eſt, ut unumquodque verbum controverſiæ, non tantum inter militem et tympaniſtam, verum etiam inter tubicinem et uxorem ejus, audiret.

Nequaquam, ait ille, in muli collum fræna demittens, et manibus ambabus in pectus poſitis (mulo lentè progrediente) nequaquam ait ille reſpiciens, non neceſſe eſt ut res iſthæc dilucidata foret. Minime gentium! meus naſus nunquam tangetur, dum ſpiritus hos reget artus—Ad quid agendum? ait uxor burgomagiſtri.

Peregrinus illi non reſpondit. Votum faciebat tunc

taining by the ſentinel and the drummer,—was the ſame point debating betwixt a trumpeter and a trumpeter's wife, who were juſt then coming up, and had ſtopped to ſee the ſtranger paſs by.

"*Benedicity!*——What a noſe! 'tis as long," ſaid the trumpeter's wife, "as a trumpet."

"And of the ſame metal," ſaid the trumpeter, "as you hear by its ſneezing."

"'Tis as ſoft as a flute," ſaid ſhe.

—"'Tis braſs," ſaid the trumpeter.

—"'Tis a pudding's end," ſaid his wife.

"I tell thee again," ſaid the trumpeter, "'tis a brazen noſe."

"I'll know the bottom of it," ſaid the trumpeter's wife, "for I will touch it with my finger before I ſleep."

The ſtranger's mule moved on at ſo ſlow a rate that he heard every word of the diſpute, not only betwixt the ſentinel and the drummer, but betwixt the trumpeter and the trumpeter's wife.

"No!" ſaid he, dropping his reins upon his mule's neck, and laying both his hands upon his breaſt, the one over the other in a ſaint-like poſition (his mule going on eaſily all the time) "No!" ſaid he, looking up,—"I am not ſuch a debtor to the world, —ſlandered and diſappointed as I have been,— as to give it that conviction:——no!" ſaid he, "my noſe ſhall never be touched whilſt Heaven gives me ſtrength"——"To do what?" ſaid a burgomaſter's wife.

The ſtranger took no notice of the burgomaſter's

tunc temporis Sancto Nicolao; quo facto, in ſinum dextrum inſerens, e quâ negligenter pependit acinaces, lento gradu proceſſit per plateam Argentorati latam quæ ad diverſorium templo ex adverſum ducit.

Peregrinus mulo deſcendens ſtabulo includi, et manticam inferri juſſit: quâ apertâ et coccineis ſericis femoralibus extractis cum argento laciniato Περιζωματι, his ſeſe induit, ſtatimque, acinaci in manu, ad forum deambulavit.

Quod ubi peregrinus eſſet ingreſſus, uxorem tubicinis obviam euntem aſpicit; illico curſum flectit, metuens ne naſus ſuus exploraretur, atque ad diverſorium regreſſus eſt—exuit ſe veſtibus; braccas coccineas ſericas manticæ impoſuit mulumque educi juſſit.

Francofurtum proficiſcor, ait ille, et Argentoratum quatuor abhinc hebdomadis revertar.

Bene curaſti hoc jumentum? (ait) muli faciem manu demulcens—me, manticamque meam, plus ſexcentis mille paſſibus portavit.

Longa

wife;—he was making a vow to Saint Nicholas; which done, having uncroſſed his arms with the ſame ſolemnity with which he croſſed them, he took up the reins of his bridle with his left hand, and putting his right hand into his boſom, with the ſcymetar hanging looſely to the wriſt of it, he rode on, as ſlowly as one foot of the mule could follow another, through the principal ſtreets of Straſburg, till chance brought him to the great inn in the market-place, over-againſt the church.

The moment the ſtranger alighted, he ordered his mule to be led into the ſtable, and his cloak-bag to be brought in; then opening, and taking out of it his crimſon-ſatin breeches, with a ſilver-fringed—(appendage to them, which I dare not tranſlate)—he put his breeches, with his fringed cod-piece on, and forthwith, with his ſhort ſcymetar in his hand, walked out to the grand parade.

The ſtranger had juſt taken three turns upon the parade, when he perceived the trumpeter's wife at the oppoſite ſide of it;—ſo turning ſhort, in pain leſt his noſe ſhould be attempted, he inſtantly went back to his inn,—undreſſed himſelf, packed up his crimſon-ſatin breeches, &c. in his cloak-bag, and called for his mule.

"I am going forwards," ſaid the ſtranger, "for Frankfort—and ſhall be back at Straſburg this day month."

"I hope," continued the ſtranger, ſtroking down the face of his mule with his left hand as he was going to mount it, "that you have been kind to this faithful

Longa via eſt! reſpondit hoſpes, niſi plurimum eſſet negotii.—Enimvero, ait peregrinus, a Naſorum promontorio redivi, et naſum ſpecioſiſſimum, egregioſiſſimumque quem unquam quiſquam ſortitus eſt, acquiſivi.

Dum peregrinus hanc miram rationem de ſe-ipſo reddit, hoſpes et uxor ejus, oculis intentis, peregrini naſum contemplantur——Per ſanctos ſanctaſque omnes, ait hoſpitis uxor, naſis duodecim maximis in toto Argentorato major eſt!—eſt ne, ait illa mariti in aurem inſuſurrans, nonne eſt naſus prægrandis?

Dolus ineſt, anime mî, ait hoſpes—naſus eſt falſus.

Verus eſt, reſpondit uxor.

Ex abiete factus eſt, ait ille, terebinthinum olet.—

Carbunculus ineſt, ait uxor.

Mortuus eſt naſus, reſpondit hoſpes.

Vivus eſt ait illa,—et ſi ipſa vivam, tangam.

Votum feci Sancto Nicholao, ait peregrinus, naſum meum intactum fore uſque ad—Quodnam tempus? illico reſpondit illa.

Minimè tangetur, inquit ille (manibus in pectus compoſitis) uſque ad illam horam.——Quam horam?

ful ſlave of mine:—it has carried me and my cloak-bag," continued he, "tapping the mule's back, "above ſix hundred leagues."

——"'Tis a long journey, Sir," replied the maſter of the inn,—"unleſs a man has great buſineſs."—— "Tut! tut!" ſaid the ſtranger, "I have been at the Promontory of Noſes; and have got me one of the goodlieſt and jollieſt, thank Heaven, that ever fell to a ſingle man's lot."

Whilſt the ſtranger was giving this odd account of himſelf, the maſter of the inn and his wife kept both their eyes fixed full upon the ſtranger's noſe. ——"By Saint Radagunda," ſaid the inn-keeper's wife to herſelf, "there is more of it than in any dozen of the largeſt noſes put together in all Straſburg! Is it not," ſaid ſhe, whiſpering her huſband in his ear, "is it not a noble noſe?"

"'Tis an impoſture, my dear," ſaid the maſter of the inn;—"'tis a falſe noſe."

"'Tis a true noſe," ſaid his wife.

"'Tis made of fir-tree," ſaid he; "I ſmell the turpentine."——

"There's a pimple on it," ſaid ſhe.

"'Tis a dead noſe," replied the inn-keeper.

"'Tis a live noſe; and if I am alive myſelf," ſaid the inn-keeper's wife, "I will touch it."

"I have made a vow to St. Nicholas this day," ſaid the ſtranger, that my noſe ſhall not be touched till"—— Here the ſtranger, ſuſpending his voice, looked up.——"Till when?" ſaid ſhe haſtily.

"It never ſhall be touched," ſaid he, claſping his hands and bringing them cloſe to his breaſt, "till that

horam? ait illa——Nullam, reſpondit peregrinus, donec pervenio ad—Quem locum,—obſecro? ait illa——Peregrinus nil reſpondens mulo conſcenſo diſceſſit.

that hour"——"What hour?" cried the inn-keeper's wife.——"Never!—never!" ſaid the ſtranger, "never till I am got"——"For Heaven's ſake, into what place?" ſaid ſhe——The ſtranger rode away without ſaying a word.

The ſtranger had not got half a league on his way towards Frankfort, before all the city of Straſburg was in an uproar about his noſe. The Compline bells were juſt ringing, to call the Straſburgers to their devotions, and ſhut up the duties of the day in prayer:—no ſoul in all Straſburg heard 'em,—the city was like a ſwarm of bees,—men, women, and children, (the Compline bells tinkling all the time) flying here and there,—in at one door and out at another,—this way and that way,—long ways and croſs ways,—up one ſtreet, down another ſtreet,—in at this alley, out at that;—did you ſee it? did you ſee it? did you ſee it? O! did you ſee it?——who ſaw it? who did ſee it? for mercy's ſake, who ſaw it?

'Alack-a-day! I was at veſpers!—I was waſhing, I was ſtarching, I was ſcouring, I was quilting.——God help me! I never ſaw it—I never touch'd it!—would I had been a ſentinel, a bandy legg'd drummer, a trumpeter, a trumpeter's wife, was the general cry and lamentation in every ſtreet and corner of Straſburg.

Whilſt all this confuſion and diſorder triumphed throughout the great city of Straſburg, was the courteous ſtranger going on as gently upon his mule, in his way to Frankfort, as if he had no concern at all in the affair,——talking all the way he rode

rode in broken ſentences, ſometimes to his mule, —ſometimes to himſelf,—ſometimes to his Julia.

"O Julia, my lovely Julia;—nay, I cannot ſtop to let thee bite that thiſtle:—that ever the ſuſpected tongue of a rival ſhould have robbed me of enjoyment when I was upon the point of taſting it!——

——"Pugh!—'tis nothing but a thiſtle—never mind it;—thou ſhalt have a better ſupper at night.

——"Baniſh'd from my country,—my friends,—from thee.——

"Poor devil, thou'rt ſadly tir'd with the journey!——Come,—get on a little faſter,—there's nothing in my cloak-bag but two ſhirts,—a crimſon-ſatin pair of breeches,—and a fringed——; Dear Julia!

——"But why to Frankfort?—is it that there is a hand unfelt, which ſecretly is conducting me through theſe meanders and unſuſpected tracts?

——"Stumbling! by Saint Nicholas, every ſtep! —Why, at this rate, we ſhall be all night in getting in———

——"To happineſs;—or am I to be the ſport of fortune and ſlander?—deſtined to be driven forth unconvicted, ——unheard, —— untouch'd; —if ſo, why did I not ſtay at Straſburg, where juſtice—but I had ſworn! Come, thou ſhalt drink —to St. Nicholas — O Julia! —— What doſt thou prick up thy ears at?—'tis nothing but a man, &c.

The

The ſtranger rode on communing in this manner with his mule and Julia,—till he arrived at his inn, where, as ſoon as he arrived, he alighted;—ſaw his mule, as he had promiſed it, taken good care of,—took off his cloak-bag, with his crimſon-ſatin breeches, &c. in it,—called for an omelet for his ſupper, went to his bed about twelve o'clock, and in five minutes fell faſt aſleep.

It was about the ſame hour when the tumult in Straſburg being abated for that night,—the Straſburgers had all got quietly into their beds,—but not like the ſtranger, for the reſt either of their minds or bodies; Queen Mab, like an elf as ſhe was, had taken the ſtranger's noſe, and, without reduction of its bulk, had that night been at the pains of ſlitting and dividing it into as many noſes of different cuts and faſhions, as there were heads in Straſburg to hold them. The abbeſs of Quedlingberg, who, with the four great dignitaries of her chapter, the prioreſs, the deaneſs, the ſubchantreſs, and ſenior canoneſs, had that week come to Straſburg, to conſult the univerſity upon a caſe of conſcience relating to their placket-holes,—was ill all the night.

The courteous ſtranger's noſe had got perched upon the top of the pineal gland of her brain, and made ſuch rouſing work in the fancies of the four great dignitaries of her chapter, they could not get a wink of ſleep the whole night through for it;—there was no keeping a limb ſtill amongſt them:—in ſhort, they got up like ſo many ghoſts.

The penitentiaries of the third order of Saint Francis,—

Francis,—the nuns of Mount Calvary,—the Præmonſtratenſes, — the Clunienſes *,—the Carthuſians,—and all the ſeverer orders of nuns, who lay that night in blankets or hair-cloth, were ſtill in a worſe condition than the abbeſs of Quedlingberg, —by tumbling and toſſing and toſſing and tumbling from one ſide of their beds to the other the whole night long;—the ſeveral ſiſterhoods had ſcratch'd and maul'd themſelves all to death;——they got out of their beds almoſt flay'd alive; every body thought Saint Anthony had viſited them for probation with his fire;—they had never once, in ſhort, ſhut their eyes the whole night long from veſpers to matins.

The nuns of Saint Urſula acted the wiſeſt;—they had never attempted to go to bed at all.

The dean of Straſburg, the prebendaries, the capitulars and domiciliars (capitularly aſſembled in the morning to conſider the caſe of butter'd buns) all wiſhed they had followed the nuns of Saint Urſula's example.

In the hurry and confuſion every thing had been in the night before, the bakers had all forgot to lay their leaven,—there were no butter'd buns to be had for breakfaſt in all Straſburg:—the whole cloſe of the cathedral was in one eternal commotion;—— ſuch a cauſe of reſtleſſneſs and diſquietude, and ſuch a zealous inquiry into the cauſe of that reſtleſſneſs, had never happened in Straſburg, ſince Martin Luther, with his doctrines, had turned the city upſide down.

* Hafen Slawkenbergius means the Benedictine nuns of Cluny, founded in the year 940, by Odo, abbe de Cluny.

If the ſtranger's noſe took this liberty of thruſting himſelf thus into the diſhes* of religious orders, &c. what a carnival did his noſe make of it in thoſe of the laity!—'tis more than my pen, worn to the ſtump as it is, has power to deſcribe; though, I acknowledge, (*cries* Slawkenbergius, *with more gaiety of thought than I could have expected from him*) that there is many a good ſmile now ſubſiſting in the world which might give my countrymen ſome idea of it; but at the cloſe of ſuch a folio as this, wrote for their ſakes, and in which I have ſpent the greateſt part of my life,—tho' I own to them the ſmile is in being, yet would it not be unreaſonable in them to expect I ſhould have either time or inclination to ſearch for it? Let it ſuffice to ſay, that the riot and diſorder it occaſioned in the Straſburgers fantaſies was ſo general,—ſuch an overpowering maſterſhip had it got of all the faculties of the Straſburgers minds,—ſo many ſtrange things, with equal confidence on all ſides, and with equal eloquence in all places, were ſpoken and ſworn to concerning it, that turned the whole ſtream of all diſcourſe and wonder towards it; every ſoul, good and bad,—rich and poor,—learned and unlearned,—doctor and ſtudent,—miſtreſs and maid,—gentle and ſimple,—nun's fleſh and woman's fleſh, in Straſburg, ſpent their time in hearing tidings about it;—every eye in

* Mr. Shandy's compliments to orators,—is very ſenſible that Slawkenbergius has here changed his metaphor,—which he is very guilty of:—that, as a tranſlator, Mr. Shandy has all along done what he could to make him ſtick to it,—but that here 'twas impoſſible.

Straſburg languiſhed to ſee it;—every finger—every thumb in Straſburg,—burned to touch it.

Now what might add, if any thing may be thought neceſſary to add, to ſo vehement a deſire, was this,—that the ſentinel, the bandy-legged drummer, the trumpeter, the trumpeter's wife, the burgomaſter's widow, the maſter of the inn, and the maſter of the inn's wife, how widely ſoever they all differed every one from another in their teſtimonies and deſcriptions of the ſtranger's noſe,—they all agreed together in two points,—namely, that he was gone to Frankfort, and would not return to Straſburg till that day month; and, ſecondly, whether his noſe was true or falſe, that the ſtranger himſelf was one of the moſt perfect paragons of beauty,—the fineſt-made man,—the moſt genteel!—the moſt generous of his purſe,—the moſt courteous in his carriage, that had ever entered the gates of Straſburg;—that as he rode, with his ſcymetar ſlung looſely to his wriſt, through the ſtreets,—and walked with his crimſon-ſatin breeches acroſs the parade,—'twas with ſo ſweet an air of careleſs modeſty, and ſo manly withal,—as would have put the heart in jeopardy (had his noſe not ſtood in his way) of every virgin who had caſt her eyes upon him.

I call not upon that heart which is a ſtranger to the throbs and yearnings of curioſity, ſo excited, to juſtify the abbeſs of Quedlingberg, the prioreſs, the deaneſs, the ſub-chantreſs, for ſending at noon-day for the trumpeter's wife: ſhe went through the ſtreets of Straſburg with her huſband's trumpet in her hand,—the beſt apparatus the ſtraitneſs of the time

time would allow her, for the illuſtration of her theory,—ſhe ſtaid no longer than three days.

The ſentinel and the bandy-legg'd drummer!—nothing on this ſide of old Athens could equal them! they read their lectures under the city-gates to comers and goers, with all the pomp of a Chryſippus and a Crantor in their porticos.

The maſter of the inn, with his hoſtler on his left hand, read his alſo in the ſame ſtyle,—under the portico or gateway of his ſtable-yard;—his wife, hers more privately in a back-room. All flocked to their lectures; not promiſcuouſly,—but to this or that, as is ever the way, as faith and credulity marſhall'd them. In a word, each Straſburger came crowding for intelligence;—and every Straſburger had the intelligence he wanted.

'Tis worth remarking, for the benefit of all demonſtrators in natural philoſophy, &c. that as ſoon as the trumpeter's wife had finiſhed the abbeſs of Quedlingberg's private lecture, and had begun to read in public, which ſhe did upon a ſtool in the middle of the great parade,—ſhe incommoded the other demonſtrators mainly, by gaining incontinently the moſt faſhionable part of the city of Straſburg for her auditory.——But when a demonſtrator in philoſophy (cries Slawkenbergius) has a trumpet for an apparatus, pray what rival in ſcience can pretend to be heard beſides him?

Whilſt the unlearned, through theſe conduits of intelligence, were all buſied in getting down to the bottom of the well, where TRUTH keeps her little court,——were the learned in their way as buſy in

pumping her up thro' the conduits of dialect induction;—they concerned themſelves not with facts,—they reaſoned.——

Not one profeſſion had thrown more light upon this ſubject than the Faculty,—had not all their diſputes about it run into the affair of *wens* and œdematous ſwellings, they could not keep clear of them for their bloods and ſouls.—The ſtranger's noſe had nothing to do either with wens or œdematous ſwellings.

It was demonſtrated, however, very ſatisfactorily, that ſuch a ponderous maſs of heterogeneous matter could not be congeſted and conglomerated to the noſe, whilſt the infant was *in utero*, without deſtroying the ſtatical balance of the fœtus, and throwing it plump upon its head nine months before the time.—

——The opponents granted the theory;—they denied the conſequences.

And if a ſuitable proviſion of veins, arteries, &c. ſaid they, was not laid in, for the due nouriſhment of ſuch a noſe, in the very firſt *ſtamina* and rudiments of its formation, before it came into the world (bating the caſe of wens) it could not regularly grow and be ſuſtained afterwards.

This was all anſwered by a diſſertation upon nutriment, and the effect which nutriment had in extending the veſſels; and in the increaſe and prolongation of the muſcular parts to the greateſt growth and expanſion imaginable.—In the triumph of which theory, they went ſo far as to affirm, That there was no cauſe in nature why

a noſe might not grow to the ſize of the man himſelf.

The reſpondents ſatisfied the world this event could never happen to them ſo long as a man had but one ſtomach and one pair of lungs:—for the ſtomach, ſaid they, being the only organ deſtined for the reception of food, and turning it into chyle, and the lungs the only engine of ſanguification,—it could poſſibly work off no more than what the appetite brought it: or, admitting the poſſibility of a man's overloading his ſtomach, nature had ſet bounds however to his lungs,—the engine was of a determined ſize and ſtrength, and could elaborate but a certain quantity in a given time;—that is, it could produce juſt as much blood as was ſufficient for one ſingle man, and no more; ſo that, if there was as much noſe as man,—they proved a mortification muſt neceſſarily enſue; and foraſmuch as there could not be a ſupport for both, that the noſe muſt either fall off from the man, or the man inevitably fall off from his noſe.

"Nature accommodates herſelf to theſe emergencies," cried the opponents,—"elſe what do you ſay to the caſe of a whole ſtomach,—a whole pair of lungs, and but *half* a man, when both his legs have been unfortunately ſhot off?"

"He dies of a plethora," ſaid they,—"or muſt ſpit blood, and in a fortnight or three weeks go off in a conſumption."——

——"It happens otherwiſe,"—replied the oppopents.——

"It ought not," ſaid they.

The more curious and intimate inquirers after Nature and her doings, though they went hand in hand a good way together, yet they all divided about the noſe at laſt, almoſt as much as the Faculty itſelf.

They amicably laid it down, that there was a juſt and geometrical arrangement and proportion of the ſeveral parts of the human frame to its ſeveral deſtinations, offices, and functions, which could not be tranſgreſſed but within certain limits; —that Nature, though ſhe ſported,—ſhe ſported within a certain circle;—and they could not agree about the diameter of it.

The logician ſtuck much cloſer to the point before them than any of the claſſes of the *literati*; —they began and ended with the word *Noſe*; and had it not been for a *petitio principii*, which one of the ableſt of them ran his head againſt in the beginning of the combat, the whole controverſy had been ſettled at once.

A noſe, argued the logician, cannot bleed without blood,—and not only blood,—but blood circulating in it to ſupply the phænomenon with a ſucceſſion of drops—(a ſtream being but a quicker ſucceſſion of drops, that is included, ſaid he.)——"Now death," continued the logician, "being nothing but the ſtagnation of the blood,"—

"I deny the definition:—death is the ſeparation of the ſoul from the body," ſaid his antagoniſt.—— "Then we don't agree about our weapons," ſaid the logician.——"Then there is an end of the diſpute," replied the antagoniſt.——

The

The civilians were ſtill more conciſe: what they offered being more in the nature of a decree—than a diſpute.——

Such a monſtrous noſe, ſaid they, had it been a true noſe, could not poſſibly have been ſuffered in civil ſociety;—and if falſe, to impoſe upon ſociety with ſuch falſe ſigns and tokens, was a ſtill greater violation of its rights, and muſt have had ſtill leſs mercy ſhewn it.

The only objection to this was, that if it proved any thing, it proved the ſtranger's noſe was neither true nor falſe.

This left room for the controverſy to go on. It was maintained by the advocates of the eccleſiaſtic court, that there was nothing to inhibit a decree ſince the ſtranger *ex mero motu* had confeſſed he had been at the Promontory of Noſes, and had got one of the goodlieſt, &c. &c.——To this it was anſwered, it was impoſſible there ſhould be ſuch a place as the Promontory of Noſes, and the learned be ignorant where it lay. The commiſſary of the Biſhop of Straſburg undertook the advocates part, explained this matter in a treatiſe upon proverbial phraſes, ſhewing them, that the Promontory of Noſes was a mere allegoric expreſſion, importing no more than that nature had given him a long noſe: in proof of which, with great learning, he cited the underwritten authorities *, which had decided the

* Nonnulli ex noſtratibus eadem loquendi formu'a utun. Quinimo & Logiſtæ & Canoniſtæ.——Vid. Parce B.rne Jas in d. L. Provincial. Conſtitut. de conjec. vid. Vol. Lib. 4. Titul.

the point incontestably, had it not appeared that a dispute about some franchises of dean and chapter-lands, had been determined by it nineteen years before.

It happened.—I must not say unluckily for Truth, because they were giving her a lift another way in so doing, that the two universities of Strasburg,—the Lutheran, founded in the year 1538 by Jacobus Sturmius, counsellor of the senate,—and the Popish, founded by Leopold, archduke of Austria, were, during all this time, employing the whole depth of their knowledge (except just what the affair of the abbess of Quedlingberg's placket-holes required)—in determining the point of Martin Luther's damnation.

The Popish doctors had undertaken to demonstrate, *à priori*, that from the necessary influence of the planets on the twenty-second day of October 1483,—when the moon was in the twelfth house, Jupiter, Mars, and Venus in the third; the Sun, Saturn, and Mercury, all got together in the fourth;—that he must in course, and unavoidably, be a damn'd man; and that his doctrines, by a direct corollary, must be damn'd doctrines too.

By

Titul. 1. n. 7. qua etiam in re consp[ir]. Om. de Promontorio Nas. Tichmak. ff. d. tit. 3. fol. 189. passim. Vid. Glos. de contrahend empt. &c. necnon J. Scrudr. in cap. § refut. per totum. Cum his cons. Rever. J. Tubal, Sentent. & Prov. cap. 9. ff. 11, 12. obiter. V. & Librum, cui Tit. de Terris & Phras Belg. ad finem, cum comment. N. Bardy Belg. Vid. Scrip. Argentoratens. de Antiq. Ecc. in Epis[c] Archiv. fid. coll. per Von Jacobum Koinshoven Folio Argent. 1583. præcip. ad finem. Quibus add. Rebuff in L. obvenire de Signif. Nom. ff. fol. & de jure Gent. & Civil. de protib. alienа feud. per federa, test. Joha. Luxius in prolegom. quem *velim* videas, de Analy. Cap. 1, 2, 3. Vid. Idea.

By inſpection into his horoſcope, where five planets were in coition all at once with Scorpio * (in reading this, my father would always ſhake his head) in the ninth houſe, which the Arabians allotted to religion,—it appeared that Martin Luther did not care one ſtiver about the matter;—and that, from the horoſcope directed to the conjunction of Mars,—they made it plain likewiſe he muſt die curſing and blaſpheming;—with the blaſt of which his ſoul (being ſteep'd in guilt) failed before the wind in the lake of Hell-fire.

The little objection of the Lutheran doctors to this, was, that it muſt certainly be the ſoul of another man, born October 22, 83, which was forced to ſail down before the wind in that manner,—inaſmuch as it appeared from the regiſter of Illaben, in the county of Mansfelt, that Luther was not born in the year 1483, but in 84; and not on the 22d day of October, but on the 10th of November, the eve of Martinmas-day, from whence he had the name of Martin.

[——I muſt break off my tranſlation for a moment; for, if I did not, I know I ſhould no more be able to ſhut my eyes in bed, than the abbeſs of

* Hæc mira, fatiſque horrenda. Planetarum coitio ſub Scorpio Aſteriſmo in nona cœli ſtatione, quam Arabes religioni deputabant efficit *Martinum Lutherum* ſacrilegium hereticum, Chriſtianæ religionis hoſtem acerrimum atque prophanum, ex horoſcopi directione ad Martis cœitum, religioſiſſimus obiit, ejus Anima ſceleriſſima ad infernos navigavit,—ab Alecto, Tiſiphone & Megara flagellis igneis cruciata perenniter.

——Lucas Gaurieus in Tractatu aſtrologico de præteritis multorum hominum accidentibus per genituras examinatis.

Quod-

Quedlingberg.—It is to tell the reader, that my father never read this paſſage of Slawkenbergius to my uncle Toby, but with triumph,—not over my uncle Toby, for he never oppoſed him in it,—but over the whole world.

—"Now you ſee, brother Toby," he would ſay, looking up, "that chriſtian names are not ſuch "indifferent things:"—had Luther here been called by any other name but Martin, he would have been damn'd to all eternity;—not that I look upon Martin, he would add, as a good name,—far from it,—'tis ſomething better than a neutral, and but a little;—yet, little as it is, you ſee it was of ſome ſervice to him.

My father knew the weakneſs of this prop to his hypotheſis, as well as the beſt logician could ſhew him,—yet ſo ſtrange is the weakneſs of man at the ſame time, as it fell in his way, he could not for his life but make uſe of it; and it was certainly for this reaſon, that though there are many ſtories in Hafen Slawkenbergius's Decades full as entertaining as this I am tranſlating, yet there is not one amongſt them which my father read over with half the delight;—it flattered two of his ſtrangeſt hypotheſes together,—his *Names* and his *Noſes*.—I will be bold to ſay, he might have read all the books in the Alexandrian Library, had not fate taken other care of them, and not have met with a book or paſſage in one, which hit two ſuch nails as theſe upon the head at one ſtroke.]

The two univerſities of Straſburg were hard tugging at this affair of Luther's navigation. The Proteſtant

Proteſtant doctors had demonſtrated, that he had not ſailed right before the wind, as the Popiſh doctors had pretended; and as every one knew there was no ſailing full in the teeth of it,—they were going to ſettle, in caſe he had ſailed, how many points he was off; whether Martin had doubled the Cape, or had fallen upon a lee-ſhore; and no doubt, as it was an enquiry of much edification, at leaſt to thoſe who underſtood this ſort of *navigation*, they had gone on with it in ſpite of the ſize of the ſtranger's noſe, had not the ſize of the ſtranger's noſe drawn off the attention of the world from what they were about:—it was their buſineſs to follow.

The abbeſs of Quedlingberg and her four dignitaries were no ſtop; for the enormity of the ſtranger's noſe running full as much in their fancies as their caſe of conſcience,—the affair of their placket-holes kept cold:—in a word, the printers were ordered to diſtribute their types:—all controverſies dropp'd.

'Twas a ſquare cap with a ſilver taſſel upon the crown of it—to a nutſhell,—to have gueſſed on which ſide of the noſe the two univerſities would ſplit.

"'Tis above reaſon," cried the doctors on one ſide.

"'Tis below reaſon," cried the others.

"'Tis faith," cried one.

"'Tis a fiddleſtick," ſaid the other.

"'Tis poſſible," cried the one.

"'Tis impoſſible," ſaid the other.

God's

"God's power is infinite," cried the Nosarians; "he can do any thing."

"He can do nothing," replied the Antinosarians, which implies contradictions.

"He can make matter think," said the Nosarians.

"As certainly as you can make a velvet cap out of a sow's ear," replied the Antinosarians.

"He cannot make two and two five," replied the Popish doctors.——"'Tis false," said their other opponents.

"Infinite power is infinite power," said the doctors who maintained the reality of the nose.—"It extends only to all possible things," replied the Lutherans.

By God in Heaven," cried the Popish doctors, "he can make a nose, if he thinks fit, as big as the steeple of Strasburg."

Now the steeple of Strasburg being the biggest and the tallest church-steeple to be seen in the whole world, the Antinosarians denied that a nose of 575 geometrical feet in length could be worn, at least by a middle-siz'd man.—The Popish doctors swore it could:—the Lutheran doctors said No;—it could not.

This at once started a new dispute, which they pursued a great way, upon the extent and limitation of the moral and natural attributes of God.—That controversy led them naturally into Thomas Aquinas; and Thomas Aquinas to the Devil.

The stranger's nose was no more heard of in the dispute;—it just served as a frigate, to launch them

them into the gulf of ſchool-divinity,—and then they all ſailed before the wind.

Heat is in proportion to the want of true knowledge.

The controverſy about the attributes, &c. inſtead of cooling, on the contrary, had inflamed the Straſburgers imaginations to a moſt inordinate degree.—The leſs they underſtood of the matter, the greater was their wonder about it;—they were left in all the diſtreſſes of deſire unſatisfied,—ſaw their doctors, the *Parchmentarians*, the *Braſſarians*, the *Turpentarians*, on one ſide,—the Popiſh doctors on the other, like Pantagruel and his companions in queſt of the oracle of the bottle, all embarked out of ſight.

——The poor Straſburgers left upon the beach!

——What was to be done?—No delay;—the uproar increaſed,—every one in diſorder,—the city-gates ſet open.

Unfortunate Straſburgers!—was there in the ſtorehouſe of nature,—was there in the lumber-rooms of learning,—was there in the great arſenal of chance, one ſingle engine left undrawn forth to torture your curioſities, and ſtretch your deſires, which was not pointed by the hand of Fate to play upon your hearts?—I dip not my pen into my ink to excuſe the ſurrender of yourſelves,—'tis to write your panegyric. Show me a city ſo macerated with expectation,—who neither eat, or drank, or ſlept, or prayed, or hearkened to the calls either of religion or nature, for ſeven-

ſeven-and-twenty days together, who could have held out one day longer!

On the twenty-eighth the courteous ſtranger had promiſed to return to Straſburg.

Seven thouſand coaches (Slawkenbergius muſt certainly have made ſome miſtake in his numerical characters) 7000 coaches,—15000 ſingle-horſe chairs,—20000 waggons, crowded as full as they could all hold with ſenators, counſellors, ſyndics,—beguines, widows, wives, virgins, canons, concubines, all in their coaches:—The abbeſs of Quedlingberg, with the prioreſs, the deaneſs and ſubchantreſs, leading the proceſſion in one coach, and the dean of Straſburg, with the four dignitaries of his chapter, on her left hand,—the reſt following higglety-pigglety as they could; ſome on horſeback,—ſome on foot,—ſome led,—ſome driven,—ſome down the Rhine,—ſome this way,—ſome that,—all ſet out at ſun-riſe to meet the courteous ſtranger on the road.

Haſte we now towards the cataſtrophe of my tale,—I ſay cataſtrophe (cries Slawkenbergius) inaſmuch as a tale, with parts rightly diſpoſed, not only rejoiceth *(gaudet)* in the *Cataſtrophe* and *Peripeitia* of a DRAMA, but rejoiceth moreover in all the eſſential and integrant parts of it;—it has its *Protaſis, Epitaſis, Cataſtaſis*, its *Cataſtrophe* or *Peripeitia*, growing one out of the other in it, in the order Ariſtotle firſt planted them,—without which a tale had better never be told at all, ſays Slawkenbergius, but be kept to a man's ſelf.

In all my ten tales, in all my ten decades, have I, Slawken-

I, Slawkenbergius, tied down every tale of them as tightly to this rule, as I have done this of the ſtranger and his noſe.

—From his firſt parley with the ſentinel, to his leaving the city of Straſburg, after pulling off his crimſon-ſatin pair of breeches, is the *Protaſis*, or firſt entrance,—where the characters of the *Perſonæ Dramatis* are juſt touched in, and the ſubject ſlightly begun.

The *Epitaſis*, wherein the action is more fully entered upon and heightened, till it arrives at its ſtate or height, called the *Cataſtaſis*, and which uſually takes up the 2d and 3d act, is included within that buſy period of my tale, betwixt the firſt night's uproar about the noſe, to the concluſion of the trumpeter's wife's lectures upon it in the middle of the grand parade: and from the firſt embarking of the learned in the diſpute—to the doctor's finally ſailing away, and leaving the Straſburgers upon the beach in diſtreſs, is the *Cataſtaſis* or the ripening of the incidents and paſſions for their burſting forth in the fifth act.

This commences with the ſetting out of the Straſburgers on the Frankfort road, and terminates in unwinding the labyrinth and bringing the hero out of a ſtate of agitation (as Ariſtotle calls it) to a ſtate of reſt and quietneſs.

This, ſays Hafen Slawkenbergius, conſtitutes the *Cataſtrophe* or *Peripeitia* of my tale;—and that is the part of it I am going to relate.

We left the ſtranger behind the curtain aſleep: —he enters now upon the ſtage.

What

"—What doſt thou prick up thy ears at?—'tis nothing but a man upon a horſe,—was the laſt word the ſtranger uttered to his mule. It was not proper then to tell the reader, that the mule took his maſter's word for it; and without any more *ifs* or *ands*, let the traveller and his horſe paſs by.

The traveller was haſtening with all diligence to get to Straſburg that night. "What a fool am I," ſaid the traveller to himſelf, when he had rode about a league farther, "to think of getting into Straſburg this night!—Straſburg!—the great Straſburg!—Straſburg, the capital of all Alſatia! Straſburg, an imperial city! Straſburg, a ſovereign ſtate! Straſburg, garriſoned with five thouſand of the beſt troops in all the world!—Alas! if I was at the gates of Straſburg this moment, I could not gain admittance into it for a ducat,—nay, a ducat and a half:—'tis too much,—better go back to the laſt inn I have paſſed,—than lie I know not where, —or give I know not what." The traveller, as he made theſe reflections in his mind, turned his horſe's head about, and, three minutes after the ſtranger had been conducted into his chamber, he arrived at the ſame inn.

——"We have bacon in the houſe," ſaid the hoſt, and bread; and till eleven o'clock this night had three eggs in it;—but a ſtranger, who arrived an hour ago, has had them dreſſed into an omelet, and we have nothing."

"Alas! ſaid the traveller, "haraſſed as I am, I want nothing but a bed."——"I have one as ſoft as is in Alſatia, ſaid the hoſt.

—The

—The ſtranger, continued he, ſhould have ſlept in it, for 'tis my beſt bed, but upon the ſcore of his noſe.——"He has got a defluxion?" ſaid the traveller. ——"Not that I know," cried the hoſt.—"But 'tis a camp-bed, and Jacinta," ſaid he, looking towards the maid, "imagined there was not room in it to turn his noſe in.——"Why ſo?" cried the traveller, ſtarting back.——"It is ſo long a noſe," replied the hoſt.——The traveller fixed his eyes upon Jacinta, then upon the ground,—kneeled upon his right knee, had juſt got his hand laid upon his breaſt,—"Trifle not with my anxiety," ſaid he, riſing up again. ——"Tis no trifle, ſaid Jacinta, "tis the moſt glorious noſe!"——The traveller fell upon his knee again,—laid his hand upon his breaſt,—then, ſaid he, looking up to Heaven, "thou haſt conducted me to the end of my pilgrimage,—'Tis Diego.'

The traveller was the brother of Julia, ſo often invoked that night by the ſtranger as he rode from Straſburg upon his mule; and was come, on her part, in queſt of him. He had accompanied his ſiſter from Valadolid acroſs the Pyrenean Mountains through France, and had many an entangled ſkein to wind off in purſuit of him, through the many meanders and abrupt turnings of a lover's thorny tracks.

——Julia had ſunk under it,—and had not been able to get a ſtep farther than to Lyons, where, with the many diſquietudes of a tender heart, which all talk of,—but few feel,—ſhe ſicken'd, but had juſt ſtrength to write a letter to Diego; and

having conjured her brother never to ſee her face till he had found him out, and put the letter into his hands, Julia took to her bed.

Fernandez (for that was her brother's name)—tho' the camp-bed was as ſoft as any one in Alſace, yet he could not ſhut his eyes in it.—As ſoon as it was day he roſe; and hearing Diego was riſen too, he entered his chamber, and diſcharged his ſiſter's commiſſion.

The letter was as follows:

"Seig. DIEGO,

"Whether my ſuſpicions of your noſe were "juſtly excited or not,—'tis not now to enquire;— "it is enough I have not had firmneſs to put them "to farther trial.

"How could I know ſo little of myſelf, when I "ſent my duenna to forbid your coming more under "my lattice? or how could I know ſo little of you, "Diego, as to imagine you would have ſtaid one "day in Valadolid to have given eaſe to my "doubts?—Was I to be abandoned, Diego, be-"cauſe I was deceived! or was it kind to take me "at my word, whether my ſuſpicions were juſt or "no, and leave me, as you did, a prey to much "uncertainty and ſorrow?

"In what manner Julia has reſented this,—my "brother, when he puts this letter into your hands, "will tell you; he will tell you in how few mo-"ments ſhe repented of the raſh meſſage ſhe had "ſent you,—in what frantic haſte ſhe flew to her "lattice, and how many days and nights together

" ſhe leaned immovably upon her elbow, looking " through it towards the way which Diego was " wont to come.

" He will tell you, when ſhe heard of your de- " parture,—how her ſpirits deſerted her, how her " heart ſicken'd,—how piteouſly ſhe mourned,— " how long ſhe hung her head. O Diego! how " many weary ſteps has my brother's pity led me " by the hand languiſhing to trace out yours! how " far has deſire carried me beyond ſtrength!—and " how oft have I fainted by the way, and ſunk into " his arms, with only power to cry out,—O my " Diego!

" If the gentleneſs of your carriage has not be- " lied your heart, you will fly to me almoſt as faſt " as you fled from me:—haſte as you will,—you " will arrive but to ſee me expire.——'Tis a bitter " draught, Diego; but oh! 'tis embittered ſtill " more by dying *un*——!"

She could proceed no farther.

Slawkenbergius ſuppoſes the word intended was *unconvinced*; but her ſtrength would not enable her to finiſh her letter.

The heart of the courteous Diego overflowed as he read the letter;—he ordered his mule forthwith and Fernandez's horſe to be ſaddled; and as no vent in proſe is equal to that of poetry in ſuch conflicts,—chance, which as often directs us to remedies as to *diſeaſes*, having thrown a piece of charcoal into the window,—Diego availed himſelf of it; and, whilſt the oſtler was getting ready his

mule, he eaſed his mind againſt the wall as follows:

ODE.

Harſh and untuneful are the notes of love,
Unleſs my Julia ſtrikes the key,
Her hand alone can touch the part,
Whoſe dulcet move-
ment charms the heart,
And governs all the man with ſympathetic ſway.

2d.

O Julia!

The lines were very natural,—for they were nothing at all to the purpoſe, ſays Slawkenbergius, and 'tis a pity there were no more of them; but whether it was that Seig. Diego was ſlow in compoſing verſes,—or the oſtler quick in ſaddling mules,—is not averred; certain it was, that Diego's mule and Fernandez's horſe were ready at the door of the inn before Diego was ready for his ſecond ſtanza; ſo, without ſtaying to finiſh his ode, they both mounted, ſallied forth, paſſed the Rhine, traverſed Alſace, ſhaped their courſe towards Lyons; and, before the Straſburgers and the abbeſs of Quedlingberg had ſet out on their cavalcade, had Fernandez, Diego, and his Julia, croſſed the Pyrenean Mountains, and got ſafe to Valadolid.

'Tis needleſs to inform the geographical reader, that, when Diego was in Spain, it was not poſſible to meet the courteous ſtranger in the Frankfort road; it is enough to ſay, that, of all reſtleſs deſires,

curioſity

curiosity being the strongest,—the Strasburgers felt the full force of it; and that for three days and nights they were tossed to and fro in the Frankfort road, with the tempestuous fury of this passion, before they could submit to return home;—when, alas! an event was prepared for them, of all others, the most grievous that could befal a free people.

As this revolution of the Strasburgers affairs is often spoken of, and little understood, I will, in ten words, says Slawkenbergius, give the world an explanation of it, and with it put an end to my tale.

Every body knows of the grand system of Universal Monarchy, wrote by order of Monsieur Colbert, and put in manuscript into the hands of Lewis the Fourteenth, in the year 1664.

'Tis as well known, that one branch out of many of that system, was the getting possession of Strasburg, to favour an entrance at all times into Suabia, in order to disturb the quiet of Germany;—and that in consequence of this plan, Strasburg unhappily fell at length into their hands.

It is the lot of a few to trace out the true springs of this and such like revolutions;—the vulgar look too high for them,—Statesmen look too low;—Truth (for once) lies in the middle.

What a fatal thing is the popular pride of a free city! cries one historian.—The Strasburgers deemed it a diminution of their freedom to receive an imperial garrison,—so fell a prey to a French one.

The fate, ſays another, of the Straſburgers, may be a warning to all free people to ſave their money.—They anticipated their revenues,—brought themſelves under taxes, exhauſted their ſtrength, and, in the end, became ſo weak a people, they had not ſtrength to keep their gates ſhut; and ſo the French puſhed them open!

Alas! alas! cries Slawkenbergius, 'twas not the French,—'twas *curioſity* puſhed them open.—The French, indeed, who are ever upon the catch, when they ſaw the Straſburgers, men, women, and children, all marched out to follow the ſtranger's noſe,—each man followed his own, and marched in.

Trade and manufactures have decayed and gradually grown down ever ſince,—but not from any cauſe which commercial heads have aſſigned; for it is owing to this only, that Noſes have ever ſo run in their heads, that the Straſburgers could not follow their buſineſs.

Alas! alas! cries Slawkenbergius, making an exclamation,—it is not the firſt,—and I fear will not be the laſt fortreſs that has been either won—or loſt by *Noſes*.

THE END OF SLAWKENBERGIUS'S TALE.

CHAP. I.

WITH all this learning upon Noſes running perpetually in my father's fancy,—with ſo many family prejudices,—and ten decades of ſuch tales running on for ever along with them,—how was it poſſible with ſuch exquiſite,—was it a true noſe?—that a man with ſuch exquiſite feelings as my father had, could bear the ſhock at all below ſtairs,—or indeed above ſtairs, in any other poſture but the very poſture I have deſcribed?

——Throw yourſelf down upon the bed a dozen times,—taking care only to place a looking-glaſs firſt in a chair on one ſide of it before you do it.—But was the ſtranger's noſe a true noſe, or was it a falſe one?

To tell that beforehand, Madam, would be to do injury to one of the beſt tales in the Chriſtian world; and that is the tenth of the tenth decade, which immediately follows this.

This tale, cried Slawkenbergius, ſomewhat exultingly, has been reſerved by me for the concluding tale of my whole work; knowing right well, that when I ſhall have told it, and my reader ſhall have read it thro',—'twould be even high time for both of us to ſhut up the book; inaſmuch, continues Slawkenbergius, as I know of no tale which could poſſibly ever go down after it.

—'Tis a tale indeed!

This ſets out with the firſt interview in the inn at Lyons, when Fernandez left the courteous ſtranger

and his ſiſter Julia alone in her chamber, and is overwritten

THE INTRICACIES

OF

DIEGO AND JULIA.

Heavens! thou art a ſtrange creature, Slawkenbergius! what a whimſical view of the involutions of the heart of woman haſt thou opened! how this can ever be tranſlated, and yet if this ſpecimen of Slawkenbergius's tales, and the exquiſiteneſs of his moral, ſhould pleaſe the world,—tranſlated ſhall a couple of volumes be.—Elſe, how this can ever be tranſlated into good Engliſh, I have no ſort of conception.—There ſeems, in ſome paſſages, to want a ſixth ſenſe to do it rightly.—What can he mean by the lambent pupilability of ſlow, low, dry chat, five notes below the natural tone,—which you know, Madam, is little more than a whiſper? The moment I pronounced the words, I could perceive an attempt towards a vibration in the ſtrings about the region of the heart.—The brain made no acknowledgment.—There's often no good underſtanding betwixt 'em:—I felt as if I underſtood it.—I had no ideas.—The movement could not be without cauſe.—I'm loſt. I can make nothing of it,—unleſs, may it pleaſe your Worſhips, the voice, in that caſe being little more than a whiſper, unavoidably forces the eyes to approach not only within ſix inches of each other,—but to look into the pupils.—Is not that dangerous?—But it can't be

avoided;

avoided;—for to look up to the ceiling, in that caſe the two chins unavoidably meet;—and, to look down into each other's lap, the foreheads come into immediate contact, which at once puts an end to the conference,—I mean to the ſentimental part of it.—What is left, Madam, is not worth ſtooping for.

CHAP. II.

MY father lay ſtretched acroſs the bed as ſtill as if the hand of death had puſhed him down, for a full hour and a half before he began to play upon the floor with the toe of that foot which hung over the bedſide. My uncle Toby's heart was a pound lighter for it.—In a few moments, his left hand, the knuckles of which had all the time reclined upon the handle of the chamber-pot, came to its feeling;—he thruſt it a little more within the valance,—drew up his hand, when he had done, into his boſom,—gave a hem! My good uncle Toby, with infinite pleaſure, anſwered it; and full gladly would have ingraſted a ſentence of conſolation upon the opening it afforded: but having no talents, as I ſaid, that way, and fearing, moreover, that he might ſet out with ſomething which might make a bad matter worſe, he contented himſelf with reſting his chin placidly upon the croſs of his crutch.

Now, whether the compreſſion ſhortened my uncle Toby's face into a more pleaſurable oval,—or that the philanthropy of his heart, in ſeeing his

his brother beginning to emerge out of the ſea of his afflictions, had braced up his muſcles,—ſo that the compreſſion upon his chin only doubled the benignity which was there before, is not hard to decide.—My father, in turning his eyes, was ſtruck with ſuch a gleam of ſunſhine in his face, as melted down the ſullenneſs of his grief in a moment.

He broke ſilence as follows:

CHAP. III.

"DID ever man, brother Toby," cried my father, raiſing himſelf upon his elbow, and turning himſelf round to the oppoſite ſide of the bed, where my uncle Toby was ſitting in his old fringed chair, with his chin reſting upon his crutch,—"did ever a poor unfortunate man, brother Toby," cried my father, "receive ſo many laſhes?"——"The moſt I ever ſaw given," quoth my uncle Toby (ringing the bell at the bed's head for Trim) "was to a grenadier, I think, in Mackay's regiment."

——Had my uncle Toby ſhot a bullet through my father's heart, he could not have fallen down with his noſe upon the quilt more ſuddenly.

Bleſs me! "ſaid my uncle Toby.

CHAP. IV.

WAS it Mackay's regiment, "quoth my uncle Toby," where the poor grenadier was ſo unmerci-

fully

fully whipp'd at Bruges, about the ducats?"——"O Chriſt! he was innocent!" cried Trim, with a deep ſigh.—"And he was whipp'd, may it pleaſe your Honour, almoſt to Death's door.—They had better have ſhot him outright, as he begg'd, and he had gone directly to Heaven; for he was as innocent as your Honour!"——"I thank thee, Trim," quoth my uncle Toby.——"I never think of this," continued Trim, "and my poor brother Tom's misfortunes, for we were all three ſchool-fellows, but I cry like a coward!"——"Tears are no proof of cowardice, Trim. —I drop them oft-times myſelf," cried my uncle Toby.——"I know your Honour does," replied Trim, "and ſo am not aſhamed of it myſelf.—But to think, may it pleaſe your Honour," continued Trim, a tear ſtealing into the corner of his eye as he ſpoke,—"to think of two virtuous lads with hearts as warm in their bodies, and as honeſt as God could make them,—the children of honeſt people, going forth with gallant ſpirits to ſeek their fortunes in the world,—and fall into ſuch evils!—poor Tom! to be tortured upon a rack for nothing—but marrying a Jew's widow who ſold ſauſages!—honeſt Dick Johnſon's ſoul to be ſcourged out of his body, for the ducats another man put into his knapſack!—O!—theſe are misfortunes," cried Trim,—pulling out his handkerchief,—"theſe are misfortunes, may it pleaſe your Honour, worth lying down and crying over."

—My father could not help bluſhing.

"'Twould be a pity, Trim," quoth my uncle Toby, "thou ſhouldſt ever feel ſorrow of thy own;—thou feeleſt

feelest it so tenderly for others.—"Alack-a-day," replied the corporal, brightening up his face,—"your Honour knows I have neither wife or child;—I can have no sorrows in this world."——My father could not help smiling.——"As few as any man, Trim," replied my uncle Toby; "nor can I see how a fellow of thy light heart can suffer, but from the distress of poverty in thy old age, when thou art past all services, Trim,—and hast outlived thy friends."—— "An' please your Honour, never fear," replied Trim, cheerly.——"But I would have thee never fear, Trim," replied my uncle Toby; "and therefore," continued my uncle Toby, throwing down his crutch, and getting up upon his legs as he uttered the word *therefore*,—"in recompence, Trim, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodness of thy heart I have had such proofs of,—whilst thy master is worth a shilling, —thou shalt never ask elsewhere, Trim, for a penny."——Trim attempted to thank my uncle Toby,—but had not power;—tears trickled down his cheeks faster than he could wipe them off.—He laid his hands upon his breast,—made a bow to the ground, and shut the door.

——"I have left Trim my bowling-green," cried my uncle Toby.—My father smiled.——"I have left him, moreover, a pension," continued my uncle Toby. ——My father looked grave.

CHAP. V.

IS this a fit time, said my father to himself, to talk of *pensions and grenadiers?*

CHAP. VI.

WHEN my uncle Toby firſt mentioned the grenadier, my father, I ſaid, fell down with his noſe flat to the quilt, and as ſuddenly as if my uncle Toby had ſhot him; but it was not added that every other limb and member of my father inſtantly relapſed, with his noſe, into the ſame preciſe attitude in which he lay firſt deſcribed; ſo that when Corporal Trim left the room, and my father found himſelf diſpoſed to riſe off the bed,—he had all the little preparatory movements to run over again before he could do it. Attitudes are nothing, Madam,—'tis the tranſition from one attitude to another,—like the preparation and reſolution of the diſcord into harmony, which is all in all.

For which reaſon, my father played the ſame jig over again with his toe upon the floor,—puſhed the chamber-pot ſtill a little farther within the valance,—gave a hem,—raiſed himſelf upon his elbow,—and was juſt beginning to addreſs himſelf to my uncle Toby,—when recollecting the unſucceſsfulneſs of his firſt effort in that attitude,—he got upon his legs, and in making the third turn acroſs the room, he ſtopped ſhort before my uncle Toby; and laying the three firſt fingers of his right hand in the palm of his left, and ſtooping a little, he addreſſed himſelf to my uncle Toby as follows:—

CHAP. VII.

WHEN I reflect, brother Toby, upon MAN; and take a view of that dark ſide of him which repreſents his life as open to ſo many cauſes of trouble;—when I conſider, brother Toby, how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance,——I was born to nothing, quoth my uncle Toby, interrupting my father,—but my commiſſion.——Zooks! ſaid my father, did not my uncle leave you a hundred and twenty pounds a year?——What could I have done without it? replied my uncle Toby.——That's another concern, ſaid my father, teſtily;—but I ſay, Toby, when one runs over the catalogue of all the croſs-reckonings and ſorrowful *items* with which the heart of man is overcharged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden reſources the mind is enabled to ſtand it out, and bear itſelf up, as it does, againſt the impoſitions laid upon our nature.——'Tis by the aſſiſtance of Almighty God, cried my uncle Toby, looking up, and preſſing the palms of his hands cloſe together,—'tis not from our own ſtrength, brother Shandy;—a ſentinel in a wooden ſentry-box might as well pretend to ſtand it out againſt a detachment of fifty men.—We are upheld by the grace and the aſſiſtance of the beſt of Beings.

——That is cutting the knot, ſaid my father, inſtead of untying it.—But give me leave to lead you, brother Toby, a little deeper into the myſtery.

With

With all my heart, replied my uncle Toby.

My father inſtantly exchanged the attitude he was in, for that in which Socrates is ſo finely painted by Raphael, in his ſchool of Athens; which your connoiſſeurſhip knows is ſo exquiſitely imagined, that even the particular manner of the reaſoning of Socrates is expreſſed by it,—for he holds the fore-finger of his left hand between the fore-finger and the thumb of his right; and ſeems as if he was ſaying to the libertine he is reclaiming,—"*You grant me* this,—and this: and this, "and this, I don't aſk of you;—they follow of "themſelves in courſe."

So ſtood my father, holding faſt his fore-finger betwixt his finger and his thumb, and reaſoning with my uncle Toby as he ſat in his old fringed chair, valanced around with party-coloured worſted bobs.——O Garrick!—what a rich ſcene of this would thy exquiſite powers make! and how gladly would I write ſuch another to avail myſelf of thy immortality, and ſecure my own behind it!

CHAP. VIII.

THOUGH man is of all others the moſt curious vehicle, ſaid my father; yet, at the ſame time, 'tis of ſo ſlight a frame, and ſo totteringly put together, that the ſudden jerks and hard joſtlings it unavoidably meets with in this rugged journey, would overſet and tear it to pieces a dozen times a day,—

a day,—was it not, brother Toby, that there is a ſecret ſpring within us.——Which ſpring, ſaid my uncle Toby, I take to be Religion.——Will that ſet my child's noſe on? cried my father, letting go his finger, and ſtriking one hand againſt the other. ——It makes every thing ſtraight for us, anſwered my uncle Toby.——Figuratively ſpeaking, dear Toby, it may; for aught I know, ſaid my father; but the ſpring I am ſpeaking of, is that great and elaſtic power within us of counterbalancing evil; which, like a ſecret ſpring in a well-ordered machine, though it can't prevent the ſhock,—at leaſt, it impoſes upon our ſenſe of it.

Now, my dear brother, ſaid my father, replacing his fore-finger, as he was coming cloſer to the point,—had my child arrived ſafe into the world, unmartyr'd in that precious part of him,—fanciful and extravagant as I may appear to the world in my opinion of chriſtian names, and of that magic bias which good or bad names irreſiſtibly impreſs upon our characters and conducts, —Heaven is witneſs, that in the warmeſt tranſports of my wiſhes for the proſperity of my child, I never once wiſhed to crown his head with more glory and honour than what George or Edward would have ſpread around it.

But, alas! continued my father, as the greateſt evil has befallen him,—I muſt counteract and undo it with the greateſt good.

He ſhall be chriſtened Triſmegiſtus, brother.

I wiſh it may anſwer,—replied my uncle Toby, riſing up.

CHAP. IX.

WHAT a chapter of chances, ſaid my father, turning himſelf about upon the firſt landing, as he and my uncle Toby were going down ſtairs! —what a long chapter of chances do the events of this world lay open to us! Take pen and ink in hand, brother Toby, and calculate it fairly. ——I know no more of calculation than this baluſtrade, ſaid my uncle Toby (ſtriking ſhort of it with his crutch, and hitting my father a deſperate blow ſouſe upon his ſhin-bone).—'Twas a hundred to one,—cried my uncle Toby——I thought, quoth my father (rubbing his ſhin) you had known nothing of calculations, brother Toby. ——'Twas a mere chance, ſaid my uncle Toby. ——Then it adds one to the chapter,—replied my father.

The double ſucceſs of my father's repartees tickled off the pain of his ſhin at once:—it was well it ſo fell out—(chance! again)—or the world to this day had never known the ſubject of my father's calculation;—to gueſs it,—there was no chance.—What a lucky chapter of chances has this turned out! for it has ſaved me the trouble of writing one expreſs; and in truth I have enough already upon my hands without it.—Have not I promiſed the world a chapter of knots? two chapters upon the right and wrong end of a woman? a chapter upon whiſkers? a chapter upon wiſhes?—a chapter of noſes?—No; I have done

that,—a chapter upon my uncle Toby's modeſty? to ſay nothing of a chapter upon chapters, which I will finiſh before I ſleep.—By my great grandfather's whiſkers, I ſhall never get half of 'em through this year.

Take pen and ink in hand, and calculate it fairly, brother Toby, ſaid my father; and it will turn out a million to one, that of all the parts of the body, the edge of the forceps ſhould have the ill luck juſt to fall upon and break down that one part, which ſhould break down the fortunes of our houſe with it.

It might have been worſe, replied my uncle Toby.——I don't comprehend, ſaid my father. ——Suppoſe the hip had preſented, replied my uncle Toby, as Dr. Slop foreboded?

My father reflected half a minute,—looked down,—touched the middle of his forehead ſlightly with his finger——

—True, ſaid he.

CHAP. X.

IS it not a ſhame to make two chapters of what paſſed in going down one pair of ſtairs? for we are got no farther yet than the firſt landing, and there are fifteen more ſteps down to the bottom; and, for aught I know, as my father and my uncle Toby are in a talking humour, there may be as many chapters as ſteps. Let that be as it will, Sir, I can no more help it than my deſtiny.—

A ſudden impulſe comes acroſs me:—drop the curtain, Shandy:—I drop it.—Strike a line here acroſs the paper, Triſtram:—I ſtrike it,—and hey for a new chapter.

The deuce of any other rule have I to govern myſelf in this affair;—and if I had one,—as I do all things out of all rule,—I would twiſt it and tear it to pieces, and throw it into the fire when I had done.—Am I warm? I am, and the cauſe demands it:—a pretty ſtory! is a man to follow rules,—or rules to follow him?

Now this, you muſt know, being my chapter upon chapters, which I promiſed to write before I went to ſleep, I thought it meet to eaſe my conſcience entirely before I laid down, by telling the world all I knew about the matter at once. Is not this ten times better than to ſet out dogmatically with a ſententious parade of wiſdom, and telling the world a ſtory of a roaſted horſe?—that chapters relieve the mind,—that they aſſiſt,—or impoſe upon the imagination,—and that in a work of this dramatic caſt they are as neceſſary as the ſhifting of ſcenes,—with fifty other cold conceits, enough to extinguiſh the fire which roaſted him! O! but to underſtand this, which is a puff at the fire of Diana's temple,—you muſt read Longinus:—read away:—if you are not a jot the wiſer by reading him the firſt time over,—never fear,—read him again.—Avicenna and Licetus read Ariſtotle's Metaphyſics forty times through apiece, and never underſtood a ſingle word!—But mark the conſequence,—Avicenna turned out a

deſperate writer at all kinds of writing;—for he wrote books *de omni ſcribili*; and for Licetus (Fortunio)——though all the world knows he was born a *fœtus**, of no more than five inches and a half in length, yet he grew to that aſtoniſhing height in literature, as to write a book with a title as long as himſelf. The learned know I mean his *Gonopſychanthropologia*, upon the Origin of the Human Soul.

* Ce fœtus n'étoit pas plus grand que la paume de la main; mais ſon pere l'ayant éxaminé en qualité de Médecin, & ayant trouvé que c'etoit quelque choſe de plus qu'un Embroyon, le fit tranſporter tout vivant à Rapallo, ou il le fit voir à Jerôme Bardi & à d'autres Médecins du lieu. On trouva qu'il ne lui manquoit rien d'eſſentiel à la vie; & ſon pere pour faire voir un eſſai de ſon experience, entreprit d'achever l'ouvrage de la Nature, & de travailler à la formation de l'Enfant avec le même artifice que celui dont on ſe ſert pour faire écclore les Poulets en Egypte. Il inſtruiſit une Nouriſſe de tout ce qu'elle avoit à faire, & ayant fait mettre ſon fils dans un pour proprement accommodé, il recuſſit à l'élever & à lui faire prendre ſes accroiſſemens neceſſaires, par l'uniformité d'une, chaleur étrangere meſurée éxactement ſur les dégrés d'un Thermomêtre, ou d'un autre inſtrument equivalent. (Vide Mich. Giuſtinian, ne gli Scritt. Liguri à Cart. 223. 418.)

On auroit toujours été très ſatisfait de l'induſtrie d'un pere ſi experimenté dans l'Art de la Generation quand il n'auroit pû prolonger la vie à ſon fils que pour quelques mois, ou pour peu d'années.

Mais quand on ſe repreſente que l'Enfant a vecu près de quatre-vingts ans, & qu'il a compoſé quatre-vingts Ouvrages differents tous fruits d'une longue lecture—il faut convenir que tout ce qui eſt incroyable n'eſt pas toujours faux, & que la " Vraiſemblance n'eſt pas toujours du côté de la Verité."

Il n'avoit que dix neuf ans lorſqu'il compoſa Gonopſychanthropologia de Origine Animæ humanæ.

(Les Enfans celebres, revûs & corrigés par M. de la Monnoye de l'Academie Françoiſe.)

So

So much for my chapter upon chapters, which I hold to be the beſt chapter in my whole work; and, take my word, whoever reads it, is full as well employed as in picking ſtraws.

CHAP. XI.

WE ſhall bring all things to rights, ſaid my father, ſetting his foot upon the firſt ſtep from the landing.—This Triſmegiſtus, continued my father, drawing his leg back, and turning to my uncle Toby,—was the greateſt (Toby) of all earthly beings;—he was the greateſt king,—the greateſt lawgiver,—the greateſt philoſopher,—and the greateſt prieſt;——and engineer,—ſaid my uncle Toby. ——In courſe, ſaid my father.

CHAP. XII.

—AND how does your Miſtreſs? cried my father, taking the ſame ſtep over again from the landing, and calling to Suſannah, whom he ſaw paſſing by the foot of the ſtairs with a huge pin-cuſhion in her hand,—How does your Miſtreſs?——As well, ſaid Suſannah, tripping by, but without looking up, as can be expected.——What a fool am I! ſaid my father, drawing his leg back again,—let things be as they will, brother Toby, 'tis ever the preciſe anſwer.—And how is the child, pray?——No anſwer.—And where is Dr. Slop? added my father,

raiſing his voice aloud, and looking over the baluſtrades.—Suſannah was out of hearing.

Of all the riddles of a married life, ſaid my father, croſſing the landing, in order to ſet his back againſt the wall whilſt he propounded it to my uncle Toby,—of all the puzzling riddles, ſaid he, in the marriage-ſtate,—of which you may truſt me, brother Toby, there are more aſſes loads than all Job's ſtock of aſſes could have carried,—there is not one that has more intricacies in it than this:—that from the very moment the miſtreſs of the houſe is brought to bed, every female in it, from my lady's gentlewoman down to the cinder-wench, becomes an inch taller for it; and give themſelves more airs upon that ſingle inch, than all their other inches put together.

I think rather, replied my uncle Toby, that 'tis we who ſink an inch lower.—If I meet but a woman with child,—I do it.—'Tis a heavy tax upon that half of our fellow-creatures, brother Shandy, ſaid my uncle Toby.—'Tis a piteous burden upon 'em, continued he, ſhaking his head.——Yes, yes, 'tis a painful thing,—ſaid my father, ſhaking his head too:—but certainly ſince ſhaking of heads came into faſhion, never did two heads ſhake together, in concert, from two ſuch different ſprings.

God bleſs } 'em all,—ſaid my uncle Toby and
Deuce take }
my father; each to himſelf.

CHAP. XIII.

HOLLA!—you, chairman!—here's ſixpence:—do ſtep into that bookſeller's ſhop, and call me a *day-tall* critic. I am very willing to give any one of 'em a crown to help me with his tackling, to get my father and my uncle Toby off the ſtairs, and to put them to bed.

—'Tis even high time; for, except a ſhort nap, which they both got whilſt Trim was boring the jack-boots,—and which, by the bye, did my father no ſort of good, upon the ſcore of the bad hinge,—they have not elſe ſhut their eyes ſince nine hours before the time that Doctor Slop was led into the back parlour in that dirty pickle by Obadiah.

Was every day of my life to be as buſy a day as this,—and to take up——Truce:

I will not finiſh that ſentence till I have made an obſervation upon the ſtrange ſtate of affairs between the reader and myſelf, juſt as things ſtand at preſent:—an obſervation never applicable before to any one biographical writer ſince the creation of the world, but to myſelf;—and, I believe, will never hold good to any other, until its final deſtruction;—and, therefore, for the very novelty of it alone, it muſt be worth your Worſhips attending to.

I am this month one whole year older than I was this time twelvemonth; and having got, as you perceive, almoſt into the middle of my fourth volume*,

* According to the original editions.

—and no farther than to my firſt day's life,—'tis demonſtrative that I have 364 days more life to write juſt now, than when I firſt ſet out; ſo that, inſtead of advancing, as a common writer, in my work with what I have been doing at it;—on the contrary, I am juſt thrown ſo many volumes back.—Was every day of my life to be as buſy a day as this,—And why not?—and the tranſactions and opinions of it to take up as much deſcription,—And for what reaſon ſhould they be cut ſhort? as at this rate I ſhould juſt live 364 times faſter than I ſhould write,—it muſt follow, an' pleaſe your Worſhips, that the more I write, the more I ſhall have to write,—and, conſequently, the more your Worſhips read, the more your Worſhips will have to read.

Will this be good for your Worſhips eyes?

It will do well for mine; and, was it not that my *Opinions* will be the death of me, I perceive I ſhall lead a fine life of it out of this ſelf-ſame *Life* of mine; or, in other words, ſhall lead a couple of fine lives together.

As for the propoſal of twelve volumes a year, or a volume a month, it no way alters my proſpect:—write as I will, and ruſh as I may into the middle of things, as Horace adviſes,—I ſhall never overtake myſelf, whipp'd and driven to the laſt pinch. At the worſt, I ſhall have one day the ſtart of my pen,—and one day is enough for two volumes;—and two volumes will be enough for one year.—

Heaven proſper the manufacturers of paper under

under this propitious reign, which is now opened to us!—as I truſt its providence will proſper every thing elſe in it that is taken in hand.

As for the propagation of geeſe,—I give myſelf no concern,—Nature is all-bountiful;—I ſhall never want tools to work with.

—So then, friend, you have got my father and my uncle Toby off the ſtairs, and ſeen them to bed?—And how did you manage it?—You dropp'd a curtain at the ſtair-foot.—I thought you had no other way for it.—Here's a crown for your trouble.

CHAP. XIV.

—THEN reach my breeches off the chair, ſaid my father to Suſannah.——There is not a moment's time to dreſs you, Sir, cried Suſannah,—the child is as black in the face as my —— As your what? ſaid my father; for, like all orators, he was a dear ſearcher into compariſons.——Bleſs me, Sir, ſaid Suſannah, the child's in a fit.——And where's Mr. Yorick?——Never where he ſhould be, ſaid Suſannah; but his curate's in the dreſſing-room, with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name; —and my Miſtreſs bid me run as faſt as I could to know, as Captain Shandy is the godfather, whether it ſhould not be called after him?

Were one ſure, ſaid my father to himſelf, ſcratching his eyebrow, that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother Toby as not, —and

—and it would be a pity, in ſuch a caſe, to throw away ſo great a name as Triſmegiſtus upon him:—but he may recover.

No, no,—ſaid my father to Suſannah, I'll get up.——There is no time, cried Suſannah, the child's as black as my ſhoe.——Triſmegiſtus, ſaid my father.—But ſtay,—thou art a leaky veſſel, Suſannah, added my father; canſt thou carry Triſmegiſtus in thy head the length of the gallery without ſcattering?——Can I? cried Suſannah, ſhutting the door in a huff.——If ſhe can, I'll be ſhot, ſaid my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark, and groping for his breeches.

Suſannah ran with all ſpeed along the gallery.

My father made all poſſible ſpeed to find his breeches.

Suſannah got the ſtart and kept it.—'Tis Triſ—ſomething, cried Suſannah.——There is no chriſtian name in the world, ſaid the curate, beginning with Triſ—, but Triſtram.——Then 'tis Triſtram-giſtus, quoth Suſannah.

——There is no giſtus to it, noodle!—'tis my own name, replied the curate, dipping his hand, as he ſpoke, into the baſon; Triſtram! ſaid he, &c. &c. &c. &c.:—ſo Triſtram was I called, and Triſtram ſhall I be to the day of my death.

My father followed Suſannah, with his night-gown acroſs his arm, with nothing more than his breeches on; faſtened, through haſte, with but a ſingle button; and that button, through haſte, thruſt only half into the button-hole.

——She has not forgot the name? cried my father,

father, half-opening the door.——No, no, ſaid the curate, with a tone of intelligence.——And the child is better, cried Suſannah.——And how does your Miſtreſs?——As well, ſaid Suſannah, as can be expected.——Piſh! ſaid my father, the button of his breeches ſlipping out of the button-hole;—ſo that whether the interjection was levelled at Suſannah, or the button-hole;—whether Piſh was an interjection of contempt, or an interjection of modeſty, is a doubt; and muſt be a doubt till I ſhall have time to write the three following favourite chapters; that is, My chapter of chamber-maids, my chapter of piſhes, and my chapter of button-holes.

All the light I am able to give the reader at preſent is this, That the moment my father cried Piſh! he whiſk'd himſelf about,—and with his breeches held up by one hand, and his night-gown thrown acroſs the arm of the other, he returned along the gallery to bed, ſomething ſlower than he came.

CHAP. XV.

I WISH I could write a chapter upon ſleep.

A fitter occaſion could never have preſented itſelf, than what this moment offers, when all the curtains of the family are drawn,—the candles put out,—and no creature's eyes are open but a ſingle one; for the other has been ſhut theſe twenty years, of my mother's nurſe.

It is a fine ſubject.

And

And yet, as fine as it is, I would undertake to write a dozen chapters upon button-holes, both quicker and with more fame, than a ſingle chapter upon this.

Button-holes! there is ſomething lively in the very idea of 'em;—and truſt me, when I get amongſt 'em,—you gentry with great beards,—look as grave as you will,—I'll make merry work with my button-holes,—I ſhall have 'em all to myſelf,—'tis a maiden ſubject,—I ſhall run foul of no man's wiſdom or fine ſayings in it.

But for ſleep,—I know I ſhall make nothing of it before I begin:—I am no dab at your fine ſayings in the firſt place;—and in the next, I cannot for my ſoul ſet a grave face upon a bad matter,—and tell the world, 'tis the refuge of the unfortunate,—the enfranchiſement of the priſoner,—the downy lap of the hopeleſs, the weary, and the broken-hearted; nor could I ſet out with a lie in my mouth, by affirming, that of all the ſoft and delicious functions of our nature, by which the great Author of it, in his bounty, has been pleaſed to recompenſe the ſufferings wherewith his juſtice and his good pleaſure has wearied us,—that this is the chiefeſt (I know pleaſures worth ten of it);—or what a happineſs it is to man, when the anxieties and paſſions of the day are over, and he lies down upon his back, that his ſoul ſhall be ſo ſeated within him, that whichever way ſhe turns her eyes, the heavens ſhall look calm and ſweet above her,—no deſire,—or fear,—or doubt that troubles the air; nor any difficulty paſt, preſent, or to come, that the imagination

imagination may not paſs over without offence, in that ſweet ſeceſſion.

" God's bleſſing," ſaid Sancho Pança, " be " upon the man who firſt invented this ſelf- " ſame thing called Sleep:—it covers a man all " over like a cloke."—Now there is more to me in this, and it ſpeaks warmer to my heart and affections, than all the diſſertations ſqueez'd out of the heads of the learned together upon the ſubject.

—Not that I altogether diſapprove of what Montaigne advances upon it;—'tis admirable in its way:—(I quote by memory.)

The world enjoys other pleaſures, ſays he, as they do that of ſleep, without taſting or feeling it as it ſlips and paſſes by.—We ſhould ſtudy and ruminate upon it, in order to render proper thanks to him who grants it to us.——For this end I cauſe myſelf to be diſturbed in my ſleep, that I may the better and more ſenſibly reliſh it:—— and yet I ſee few, ſays he again, who live with leſs ſleep, when need requires: my body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent and ſudden agitation,— I evade of late all violent exerciſes—,I am never weary with walking;—but from my youth, I never liked to ride upon pavements. I love to lie hard and alone, and even without my wife. ——This laſt word may ſtagger the faith of the world;—but remember, " La Vraiſemblance (as " Bayle ſays in the affair of Liceti) " n'eſt pas " toujours du Côté de la Verité."——And ſo much for ſleep.

CHAP. XVI.

IF my wife will but venture him,—brother Toby, Triſmegiſtus ſhall be dreſs'd and brought down to us, whilſt you and I are getting our breakfaſts together.

Go, tell Suſannah, Obadiah, to ſtep here.

She is run up ſtairs, anſwered Obadiah, this very inſtant, ſobbing and crying, and wringing her hands as if her heart would break.——

We ſhall have a rare month of it, ſaid my father, turning his head from Obadiah, and looking wiſtfully in my uncle Toby's face for ſome time,—we ſhall have a deviliſh month of it, brother Toby, ſaid my father, ſetting his arms akimbo, and ſhaking his head: fire, water, women, wind, brother Toby!——'Tis ſome misfortune, quoth my uncle Toby.——That it is, cried my father, to have ſo many jarring elements breaking looſe, and riding triumph in every corner of a gentleman's houſe.—Little boots it to the peace of a family, brother Toby, that you and I poſſeſs ourſelves, and ſit here ſilent and unmov'd,—whilſt ſuch a ſtorm is whiſtling over our heads.—

And what's the matter, Suſannah?——They have called the child Triſtram;—and my miſtreſs is juſt got out of an hyſteric fit about it.——No!—'tis not my fault, ſaid Suſannah,—I told him it was Triſtram-giſtus.

——Make tea for yourſelf, brother Toby, ſaid

ſaid my father, taking down his hat;—but how different from the ſallies and agitations of voice and members which a common reader would imagine!

—For he ſpake in the ſweeteſt modulation,—and took down his hat with the genteeleſt movement of limbs that ever affliction harmonized and attuned together.

——Go to the bowling-green for Corporal Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſpeaking to Obadiah, as ſoon as my father left the room.

CHAP. XVII.

WHEN the misfortune of my NOSE fell ſo heavily upon my father's head,—the reader remembers that he walked inſtantly up ſtairs, and caſt himſelf down upon his bed; and from hence, unleſs he has a great inſight into human nature, he will be apt to expect a rotation of the ſame aſcending and deſcending movements from him, upon this misfortune of my NAME.—No.

The different weight, dear Sir,—nay, even the different package of two vexations of the ſame weight,—makes a very wide difference in our manners of bearing and getting through with them.—It is not half an hour ago, when (in the great hurry and precipitation of a poor Devil's writing for daily bread) I threw a fair ſheet, which I had juſt finiſhed, and carefully wrote out, ſlap into the fire, inſtead of the foul one.

Inſtantly

Inſtantly I ſnatched off my wig, and threw it perpendicularly, with all imaginable violence, up to the top of the room:—indeed I caught it as it fell;—but there was an end of the matter; nor do I think any thing elſe in Nature would have given ſuch immediate eaſe. She, dear goddeſs, by an inſtantaneous impulſe, in all *provoking caſes*, determines us to a ſally of this or that member,—or elſe ſhe thruſts us into this or that place, or poſture of body, we know not why:—but mark, Madam, we live amongſt riddles and myſteries:—the moſt obvious things which come in our way have dark ſides, which the quickeſt ſight cannot penetrate into; and even the cleareſt and moſt exalted underſtandings amongſt us find ourſelves puzzled and at a loſs in almoſt every cranny of Nature's works: ſo that this, like a thouſand other things, falls out for us in a way, which, tho' we cannot reaſon upon it, yet we find the good of it, may it pleaſe your Reverences and your Worſhips,—and that's enough for us.

Now, my father could not lie down with this affliction for his life,—nor could he carry it up ſtairs like the other;—he walked compoſedly out with it to the fiſh-pond.

Had my father leaned his head upon his hand, and reaſoned an hour which way to have gone,—Reaſon, with all her force, could not have directed him to any thing like it: there is ſomething, Sir, in fiſh-ponds;—but what it is, I leave to ſyſtem-builders and fiſh-pond-diggers betwixt 'em to find out;—but there is ſomething, under the firſt diſ-

orderly

orderly tranſport of the humours, ſo unaccountably becalming in an orderly and a ſober walk towards one of them, that I have often wondered that neither Pythagoras, nor Plato, nor Solon, nor Lycurgus, nor Mahomet, nor any one of your noted law-givers, ever gave order about them.

CHAP. XVIII.

YOUR Honour, ſaid Trim, ſhutting the parlour-door before he began to ſpeak, has heard, I imagine, of this unlucky accident.——O yes, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, and it gives me great concern. ——I am heartily concerned too; but, I hope, your Honour, replied Trim, will do me the juſtice to believe, that it was not in the leaſt owing to me. ——To thee,—Trim?—cried my uncle Toby, looking kindly in his face,—'twas Suſannah's and the curate's folly betwixt them.——What buſineſs could they have together, an' pleaſe your Honour, in the garden?——In the gallery thou meaneſt, replied my uncle Toby.

Trim found he was upon a wrong ſcent, and ſtopped ſhort with a low bow.——Two misfortunes, quoth the Corporal to himſelf, are twice as many at leaſt as are needful to be talked over at one time; —the miſchief the cow has done in breaking into the fortifications, may be told his Honour hereafter.——Trim's caſuiſtry and addreſs, under the cover of his low bow, prevented all ſuſpicion in my

uncle Toby; ſo he went on with what he had to ſay to Trim as follows:

——For my own part, Trim, though I can ſee little or no difference betwixt my nephew's being called Triſtram or Triſmegiſtus;—yet as the thing ſits ſo near my brother's heart, Trim,—I would freely have given a hundred pounds rather than it ſhould have happened.——A hundred pounds, an' pleaſe your Honour! replied Trim,—I would not give a cherry-ſtone to boot.——Nor would I, Trim, upon my own account, quoth my uncle Toby;—but my brother, whom there is no arguing with in this caſe,—maintains that a great deal more depends, Trim, upon chriſtian-names than what ignorant people imagine;—for he ſays there never was a great or heroic action performed ſince the world began, by one called Triſtram.—Nay, he will have it, Trim, that a man can neither be learned, or wiſe, or brave.——'Tis all fancy, an' pleaſe your Honour:—I fought juſt as well, replied the Corporal, when the regiment called me Trim, as when they called me James Butler.——And for my own part, ſaid my uncle Toby, tho' I ſhould bluſh to boaſt of myſelf, Trim;—yet, had my name been Alexander, I could have done no more at Namur than my duty.——Bleſs your Honour! cried Trim, advancing three ſteps as he ſpoke, does a man think of his chriſtian-name when he goes upon the attack?——Or when he ſtands in the trench, Trim? cried my uncle Toby, looking firm.——Or when he enters a breach? ſaid Trim, puſhing in between two chairs.——Or forces the lines? cried my uncle,

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T. Stothard del.t I. G. Walker sculp.t

Tristram Shandy, Ch. 18.

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uncle, riſing up, and puſhing his crutch like a pike.——Or facing a platoon? cried Trim, preſenting his ſtick like a firelock.——Or when he marches up the glacis? cried my uncle Toby, looking warm, and ſetting his foot upon his ſtool.——

CHAP. XIX.

MY father was returned from his walk to the fiſh-pond,—and opened the parlour-door in the very height of the attack, juſt as my uncle Toby was marching up the glacis.—Trim recovered his arms.—Never was my uncle Toby caught riding at ſuch a deſperate rate in his life! Alas! my uncle Toby! had not a weightier matter called forth all the ready eloquence of my father,—how hadſt thou then, and thy poor *hobby-horſe* too, been inſulted!

My father hung up his hat with the ſame air he took it down; and, after giving a ſlight look at the diſorder of the room, he took hold of one of the chairs which had formed the corporal's breach, and placing it over againſt my uncle Toby, he ſat down in it, and as ſoon as the tea-things were taken away, and the door ſhut, he broke out in a lamentation as follows:

MY FATHER'S LAMENTATION.

IT is in vain longer, ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf as much to Ernulphus's curſe, which was

laid upon the corner of the chimney-piece,—as to my uncle Toby, who ſat under it;—it is in vain longer, ſaid my father, in the moſt querulous monotony imaginable, to ſtruggle as I have done againſt this moſt uncomfortable of human perſuaſions.—I ſee it plainly, that either for my own ſins, brother Toby, or the ſins and follies of the Shandy family, Heaven has thought fit to draw forth the heavieſt of its artillery againſt me; and that the proſperity of my child is the point upon which the whole force of it is directed to play.—Such a thing would batter the whole univerſe about our ears, brother Shandy, ſaid my uncle Toby, if it was ſo. ——Unhappy Triſtram! child of wrath! child of decrepitude! interrruption! miſtake! and diſcontent! What one misfortune or diſaſter in the book of embryotic evils, that could unmechanize thy frame or entangle thy filaments, which has not fallen upon thy head, ere ever thou cameſt into the world!—what evils in thy paſſage into it!—what evils ſince!—produced into being, in the decline of thy father's days,—when the powers of his imagination and of his body were waxing feeble,—when radical heat and radical moiſture, the elements which ſhould have temper'd thine, were drying up; and nothing left to found thy ſtamina in, but negations!—'Tis pitiful,—brother Toby, at the beſt, and called out for all the little helps that care and attention on both ſides could give it. But how were we defeated! You know the event, brother Toby!—'tis too melancholy a one to be repeated now,—when the few animal ſpirits I was worth in the world,

world, and with which memory, fancy, and quick parts ſhould have been convey'd,—were all diſperſed, confuſed, confounded, ſcattered, and ſent to the devil!—

Here then was the time to have put a ſtop to this perſecution againſt him,—and tried an experiment at leaſt,—whether calmneſs and ſerenity of mind in your ſiſter, with a due attention, brother Toby, to her evacuations and repletions,—and the reſt of her non-naturals, might not, in the courſe of nine months geſtation, have ſet all things to rights. —My child was bereft of theſe!—What a teaſing life did ſhe lead herſelf, and, conſequently, her fœtus too, with that nonſenſical anxiety of hers about lying-in in town!——I thought my ſiſter ſubmitted with the greateſt patience, replied my uncle Toby;—I never heard her utter one fretful word about it.——She fumed inwardly, cried my father; and that, let me tell you, brother, was ten times worſe for the child,—and then, what battles did ſhe fight with me! and what perpetual ſtorms about the midwife!——There ſhe gave vent, ſaid my uncle Toby.——Vent! cried my father, looking up.

But what was all this, my dear Toby, to the injuries done us by my child's coming head foremoſt into the world, when all I wiſhed, in this general wreck of his frame, was to have ſaved this little caſket unbroke, unrifled!—

With all my precautions, how was my ſyſtem turned topſy-turvy in the womb with my child! his head expoſed to the hand of violence, and a preſſure of

470 pounds avoirdupois weight acting ſo perpendicularly upon its apex,—that, at this hour, 'tis ninety *per cent.* inſurance, that the fine net-work of the intellectual web be not rent and torn to a thouſand tatters.

——Still we could have done!—Fool, Coxcomb, Puppy,—give him but a *Noſe*;—Cripple, Dwarf, Driveller, Gooſecap,—(ſhape him as you will) the door of fortune ſtands open,—O Licetus! Licetus! had I been bleſt with a fœtus five inches long and a half, like thee,—Fate might have done her worſt.

Still, brother Toby, there was one caſt of the dye left for our child, after all;—O Triſtram! Triſtram! Triſtram!

We will ſend for Mr. Yorick, ſaid my uncle Toby.

——You may ſend for whom you will, replied my father.

CHAP. XX.

WHAT a rate have I gone on at, curvetting and friſking it away, two up and two down, for three volumes* together, without looking once behind, or even on one ſide of me, to ſee whom I trod upon!—I'll tread upon no one,——quoth I to myſelf, when I mounted;—I'll take a good rattling gallop; but I'll not hurt the pooreſt jack-aſs upon the road.—So off I ſet,—up one lane,—

* According to the original editions.

down

down another, through this turnpike,—over that, as if the arch-jockey of jockeys had got behind me.

Now, ride at this rate with what good intention and reſolution you may,—'tis a million to one you'll do ſome one a miſchief, if not yourſelf.—He's flung, he's off,—he's loſt his ſeat,—he's down,—he'll break his neck!—ſee! if he has not gallopped full among the ſcaffolding of the undertaking critics!—he'll knock his brains out againſt ſome of their poſts!—he's bounced out!—look,—he's now riding like a mad-cap full tilt through a whole crowd of painters, fiddlers, poets, biographers, phyſicians, lawyers, logicians, players, ſchoolmen, churchmen, ſtateſmen, ſoldiers, caſuiſts, connoiſſeurs, prelates, popes, and engineers.—Don't fear, ſaid I,—I'll not hurt the pooreſt jack-aſs upon the king's highway.——But your horſe throws dirt: ſee, you've ſplaſh'd a biſhop!—I hope in God, 'twas only Ernulphus, ſaid I.—But you have ſquirted full in the faces of Meſſ. Le Moyne, De Romigny, and De Marcilly, doctors of the Sorbonne.—That was laſt year, replied I.—But you have trod this moment upon a king.—Kings have bad times on't, ſaid I, to be trod upon by ſuch people as me.

You have done it, replied my accuſer.

I deny it, quoth I, and ſo have got off, and here am I ſtanding with my bridle in one hand, and with my cap in the other, to tell my ſtory.——And what is it?——You ſhall hear in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXI.

AS Francis the Firſt, of France, was one winterly night warming himſelf over the embers of a wood-fire, and talking with his firſt miniſter of ſundry things for the good of the ſtate *,—it would not be amiſs, ſaid the king, ſtirring up the embers with his cane, if this good underſtanding betwixt ourſelves and Switzerland was a little ſtrengthened.——There is no end, Sire, replied the miniſter, in giving money to theſe people,—they would ſwallow up the treaſury of France.——Poo! poo! anſwered the king,—there are more ways, Monſ. le Premier, of bribing ſtates, beſides that of giving money;—I'll pay Switzerland the honour of ſtanding godfather for my next child.——Your majeſty, ſaid the miniſter, in ſo doing, would have all the grammarians in Europe upon your back;—Switzerland, as a republic, being a female, can in no conſtruction be godfather.——She may be godmother, replied Francis, haſtily;—ſo, announce my intentions by a courier to-morrow morning.

I am aſtoniſhed, ſaid Francis the Firſt (that day fortnight) ſpeaking to his miniſter as he entered the cloſet, that we have had no anſwer from Switzerland.——Sire, I wait upon you this moment, ſaid Monſ. le Premier, to lay before you my diſpatches upon that buſineſs.——They take it kindly, ſaid the king.——They do, Sire, replied the mi-

* Vide Menagiana, Vol. I.

niſter,

niſter, and have the higheſt ſenſe of the honour your majeſty has done them;—but the republic, as godmother, claims her right, in this caſe, of naming the child.

In all reaſon, quoth the king;—ſhe will chriſten him Francis, or Henry, or Lewis, or ſome other name that ſhe knows will be agreeable to us.—— Your majeſty is deceived, replied the miniſter.— I have this hour received a diſpatch from our reſident, with the determination of the republic on that point alſo.——And what name has the republic fixed upon for the Dauphin?——Shadrach, Meſhech, Abed-nego, replied the miniſter.—— By Saint Peter's girdle, I will have nothing to do with the Swiſs, cried Francis the Firſt, pulling up his breeches, and walking haſtily acroſs the floor.

Your majeſty, replied the miniſter calmly, cannot bring yourſelf off.

We'll pay them in money,—ſaid the king.

Sire, there are not ſixty thouſand crowns in the treaſury, anſwered the miniſter.——I'll pawn the beſt jewel in my crown, quoth Francis the Firſt.

Your honour ſtands pawn'd already in this matter, anſwered Monſieur le Premier.

Then, Monſ. le Premier, ſaid the king, by —— we'll go to war with 'em.

CHAP. XXII.

ALBEIT, gentle reader, I have luſted earneſtly, and endeavoured carefully (according to the meaſure of ſuch a ſlender ſkill as God has vouchſafed me, and as convenient leiſure from other occaſions of needful profit and healthful paſtime have permitted) that theſe little books which I here put into thy hands, might ſtand inſtead of many bigger books,—yet have I carried myſelf towards thee in ſuch fanciful guiſe of careleſs diſport, that right ſore am I aſhamed now to intreat thy lenity ſeriouſly,—in beſeeching thee to believe it of me, that, in the ſtory of my father and his chriſtian names,—I have no thoughts of treading upon Francis the Firſt,—nor, in the affair of the noſe,—upon Francis the Ninth,—nor, in the character of my uncle Toby,—of characterizing the militiating ſpirits of my country;—the wound upon his groin is a wound to every compariſon of that kind;—nor by Trim,—that I meant the Duke of Ormond,—or that my book is wrote againſt predeſtination, or freewill, or taxes;—if 'tis wrote againſt any thing,—'tis wrote, an' pleaſe your Worſhips, againſt the ſpleen! in order, by a more frequent and a more convulſive elevation and depreſſion of the diaphragm, and the ſuccuſſations of the intercoſtal and abdominal muſcles in laughter, to drive the *gall* and other *bitter juices* from the gall-bladder, liver, and ſweet-bread of his majeſty's ſubjects, with all the inimicitious paſſions which belong to them, down into their duoedenums.

CHAP. XXIII.

—BUT can the thing be undone, Yorick? ſaid my father;—for in my opinion, continued he, it cannot. I am a vile canoniſt, replied Yorick;—but of all evils, holding ſuſpenſe to be the moſt tormenting, we ſhall at leaſt know the worſt of this matter. I hate theſe great dinners, ſaid my father.——The ſize of the dinner is not the point, anſwered Yorick,—we want, Mr. Shandy, to dive into the bottom of this doubt, whether the name can be changed or not;—and as the beards of ſo many commiſſaries, officials, advocates, proctors, regiſters, and of the moſt eminent of our ſchool-divines, and others, are all to meet in the middle of one table, and Didius has ſo preſſingly invited you,—who, in your diſtreſs, would miſs ſuch an occaſion? All that is requiſite, continued Yorick, is to apprize Didius, and let him manage a converſation after dinner ſo as to introduce the ſubject.—Then my brother Toby, cried my father, clapping his two hands together, ſhall go with us.

——Let my old tye-wig, quoth my uncle Toby, and my laced regimentals, be hung to the fire all night, Trim.

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CHAP. XXV.

——NO doubt, Sir,—there is a whole chapter wanting here,—and a chaſm of ten pages made in the book by it;—but the bookbinder is neither a fool, nor a knave, nor a puppy,—nor is the book a jot more imperfect (at leaſt upon that ſcore);—but on the contrary, the book is more perfect and complete by wanting the chapter, than having it, as I ſhall demonſtrate to your Reverences in this manner.—I queſtion firſt, by the bye, whether the ſame experiment might not be made as ſucceſsfully upon ſundry other chapters;—but there is no end, an' pleaſe your Reverences, in trying experiments upon chapters,—we have had enough of it;—ſo there's an end of that matter.

But before I begin my demonſtration, let me only tell you, that the chapter which I have torn out, and which otherwiſe you would all have been reading juſt now inſtead of this,—was the deſcription of my father's, my uncle Toby's, Trim's, and Obadiah's ſetting out and journeying to the viſitation at ****.

We'll go in the coach, ſaid my father.—Prithee, have the arms been altered, Obadiah?—It would have made my ſtory much better to have begun with telling you, that at the time my mother's arms were added to the Shandy's, when the coach was repainted upon my father's marriage, it had ſo fallen out, that the coach-painter, whether by performing

forming all his works with the left-hand, like Turpilius the Roman, or Hans Holbein of Baſil,—or whether it was more from the blunder of his head than hand,—or whether, laſtly, it was from the ſiniſter turn which every thing relating to our family was apt to take,—it ſo fell out, however, to our reproach, that inſtead of the *bend-dexter*, which, ſince Henry the Eighth's reign, was honeſtly our due,—a *bend-ſiniſter*, by ſome of theſe fatalities, had been drawn quite acroſs the field of the Shandy arms. 'Tis ſcarce credible that the mind of ſo wiſe a man as my father was, could be ſo much incommoded with ſo ſmall a matter. The word Coach,—let it be whoſe it would,—or coach-man, or coach-horſe, or coach-hire, could never be named in the family, but he conſtantly complained of carrying this vile mark of illegitimacy upon the door of his own: he never once was able to ſtep into the coach, or out of it, without turning round to take a view of the arms, and making a vow at the ſame time, that it was the laſt time he would ever ſet his foot in it again, till the *bend-ſiniſter* was taken out;—but, like the affair of the hinge, it was one of the many things which the Deſtinies had ſet down in their books ever to be grumbled at (and in wiſer families than ours)—but never to be mended.

—Has the *bend-ſiniſter* been bruſh'd out, I ſay? ſaid my father.——There has been nothing bruſh'd out, Sir, anſwered Obadiah, but the lining.——We'll go o'horſeback, ſaid my father, turning to Yorick.——Of all things in the world, except politics, the clergy know the leaſt of heraldry, ſaid Yorick.

Yorick.——No matter for that, cried my father; I ſhould be ſorry to appear with a blot in my eſcutcheon before them.——Never mind the *bend-ſiniſter*, ſaid my uncle Toby, putting on his tye-wig. ——No, indeed, ſaid my father: you may go with my aunt Dinah to a viſitation with a *bend-ſiniſter*, if you think fit.——My poor uncle Toby bluſh'd. My father was vexed at himſelf.——No,—my dear brother Toby, ſaid my father, changing his tone; but the damp of the coach-lining about my loins, may give me the ſciatica again, as it did December, January, and February, laſt winter; ſo, if you pleaſe, you ſhall ride my wife's pad:—and, as you are to preach, Yorick, you had better make the beſt of your way before, and leave me to take care of my brother Toby, and to follow at our own rates.

Now, the chapter I was obliged to tear out, was the deſcription of this cavalcade, in which Corporal Trim and Obadiah, upon two coach-horſes abreaſt, led the way as ſlow as a patrol,—whilſt my uncle Toby, in his laced regimentals and tye-wig, kept his rank with my father, in deep roads and diſſertations alternately, upon the advantage of learning and arms, as each could get the ſtart.

——But the painting of this journey, upon reviewing it, appears to be ſo much above the ſtyle and manner of any thing elſe I could have been able to paint in this book, that it could not have remained in it, without depreciating every other ſcene, and deſtroying, at the ſame time, that neceſſary

equipoiſe and balance (whether of good or bad) betwixt chapter and chapter, from whence the juſt proportions and harmony of the whole work reſults. For my own part, I am but juſt ſet up in the buſineſs, ſo know little about it;—but, in my opinion, to write a book, is for all the world like humming a ſong;—be but in tune with yourſelf, Madam, 'tis no matter how high or how low you take it.

—This is the reaſon, may it pleaſe your Reverences, that ſome of the loweſt and flatteſt compoſitions paſs off very well—(as Yorick told my uncle Toby one night) by ſiege.——My uncle Toby looked briſk at the ſound of the word *ſiege*; but could make neither head nor tail of it.

I'm to preach at court next Sunday, ſaid Homenas;—run over my notes:——ſo I humm'd over Doctor Homenas's notes;—the modulation's very well;—'twill do, Homenas, if it holds on at this rate;—ſo on I humm'd,—and a tolerable tune I thought it was; and to this hour, may it pleaſe your Reverences, had never found out how low, how flat, how ſpiritleſs and jejune it was, but that, all of a ſudden, up ſtarted an air in the middle of it, ſo fine, ſo rich, ſo heavenly,—it carried my ſoul up with it into the other world: now had I (as Montaigne complained in a parallel accident)—had I found the declivity eaſy, or the aſcent acceſſible,—certes I had been outwitted.—Your notes, Homenas, I ſhould have ſaid, are good notes;—but it was ſo perpendicular a precipice,—ſo wholly cut off from the reſt of the work, that, by the firſt note I humm'd,

I humm'd, I found myſelf flying into the other world, and from thence diſcovered the vale from whence I came, ſo deep, ſo low, and diſmal, that I ſhall never have the heart to deſcend into it again.

☞ A dwarf who brings a ſtandard along with him to meaſure his own ſize,—take my word, is a dwarf in more articles than one.—And ſo much for tearing out of chapters.

CHAP. XXVI.

—SEE, if he is not cutting it all into ſlips, and giving them about him to light their pipes!——'Tis abominable, anſwered Didius.——It ſhould not go unnoticed, ſaid Doctor Kyſarcius:——☞ he was of the Kyſarcii of the Low Countries.

Methinks, ſaid Didius, half riſing from his chair, in order to remove a bottle and a tall decanter, which ſtood in a direct line betwixt him and Yorick, —you might have ſpared this ſarcaſtic ſtroke, and have hit upon a more proper place, Mr. Yorick;—or at leaſt upon a more proper occaſion to have ſhewn your contempt of what we have been about. If the ſermon is of no better worth than to light pipes with, —'twas certainly, Sir, not good enough to be preached before ſo learned a body; and, if 'twas good enough to be preached before ſo learned a body,—'twas certainly, Sir, too good to light their pipes with afterwards.

——I have got him faſt hung up, quoth Didius to

to himſelf, upon one of the two horns of my dilemma;—let him get off as he can.

I have undergone ſuch unſpeakable torments, in bringing forth this ſermon, quoth Yorick, upon this occaſion,—that I declare, Didius, I would ſuffer martyrdom,—and, if it was poſſible, my horſe with me, a thouſand times over, before I would ſit down and make ſuch another: I was delivered of it at the wrong end of me;—it came from my head inſtead of my heart;—and it is for the pain it gave me, both in the writing and preaching of it, that I revenge myſelf of it in this manner.—To preach, to ſhew the extent of our reading, or the ſubtleties of our wit,—to parade it in the eyes of the vulgar with the beggarly accounts of a little learning, tinſell'd over with a few words which glitter, but convey little light and leſs warmth,—is a diſhoneſt uſe of the poor ſingle half hour in a week which is put into our hands:—'tis not preaching the goſpel,—but ourſelves.—For my own part, continued Yorick, I had rather direct five words point-blank to the heart.

As Yorick pronounced the word *point-blank*, my uncle Toby roſe up to ſay ſomething upon projectiles,—when a ſingle word, and no more, uttered from the oppoſite ſide of the table, drew every one's ears towards it:—a word of all others in the dictionary the laſt in that place to be expected:—a word I am aſhamed to write,—yet muſt be written,—muſt be read;—illegal,—uncanonical,—gueſs ten thouſand gueſſes, multiplied into themſelves,—rack—torture your invention for ever,

you're where you was.—In ſhort, I'll tell it in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXVII.

ZOUNDS!———————————————

———————————Z——ds! cried Phutatorius, partly to himſelf,—and yet high enough to be heard;—and what ſeemed odd, 'twas uttered in a conſtruction of look, and in a tone of voice, ſomewhat between that of a man in amazement, and one in bodily pain.

One or two who had very nice ears, and could diſtinguiſh the expreſſion and mixture of the two tones as plainly as a *third* or a *fifth*, or any other chord in muſic,—were the moſt puzzled and perplexed with it.—The concord was good itſelf;—but then 'twas quite out of the key, and no way applicable to the ſubject ſtarted;—ſo that, with all their knowledge, they could not tell what in the world to make of it.

Others, who knew nothing of muſical expreſſion, and merely lent their ears to the plain import of the word, imagined that Phutatorius, who was ſomewhat of a choleric ſpirit, was juſt going to ſnatch the cudgels out of Didius's hands, in order to bemaul Yorick to ſome purpoſe:—and that the deſperate monoſyllable, Z——ds, was the exordium to an oration, which, as they judged from the ſample, preſaged but a rough kind of handling

handling of him; ſo that my uncle Toby's good-nature felt a pang for what Yorick was about to undergo. But ſeeing Phutatorius ſtop ſhort, without any attempt or deſire to go on,—a third party began to ſuppoſe, that it was no more than an involuntary reſpiration, caſually forming itſelf into the ſhape of a twelve-penny oath,—without the ſin or ſubſtance of one.

Others, and eſpecially one or two who ſat next him, looked upon it, on the contrary, as a real and ſubſtantial oath, propenſely formed againſt Yorick, to whom he was known to bear no good liking;—which ſaid oath, as my father philoſophized upon it, actually lay fretting and fuming at that very time in the upper regions of Phutatorius's purtenance; and ſo was naturally, and according to the due courſe of things, firſt ſqueezed out by the ſudden influx of blood which was driven into the right ventricle of Phutatorius's heart, by the ſtroke of ſurprize which ſo ſtrange a theory of preaching had excited.

How finely we argue upon miſtaken facts!

There was not a ſoul buſied in all theſe various reaſonings upon the monoſyllable which Phutatorius uttered,—who did not take this for granted, proceeding upon it as from an axiom, namely, that Phutatorius's mind was intent upon the ſubject of debate which was ariſing between Didius and Yorick; and indeed, as he looked firſt towards the one and then towards the other, with the air of a man liſtening to what was going forwards,—who would not have thought the ſame? But the

truth was, that Phutatorius knew not one word or one ſyllable of what was paſſing;—but his whole thoughts and attention were taken up with a tranſaction which was going forwards at that very inſtant within the precincts of his own Galligaſkins, and in a part of them, where of all others he ſtood moſt intereſted to watch accidents: ſo that, notwithſtanding he looked with all the attention in the world, and had gradually ſkrewed up every nerve and muſcle in his face to the utmoſt pitch the inſtrument would bear, in order, as it was thought, to give a ſharp reply to Yorick, who ſat over-againſt him,—yet, I ſay, was Yorick never once in any one domicile of Phutatorius's brain; but the true cauſe of his exclamation lay at leaſt a yard below.

This I will endeavour to explain to you with all imaginable decency.

You muſt be informed then, that Gaſtripheres, who had taken a turn into the kitchen a little before dinner, to ſee how things went on,—obſerving a wicker-baſket of fine chefnuts ſtanding upon the dreſſer, had ordered that a hundred or two of them might be roaſted and ſent in as ſoon as dinner was over;—Gaſtripheres enforcing his orders about them, that Didius, but Phutatorius eſpecially, were particularly fond of 'em.

About two minutes before the time that my uncle Toby interrupted Yorick's harangue,—Gaſtripheres's chefnuts were brought in;—and as Phutatorius's fondneſs for 'em was uppermoſt in the waiter's head, he laid them directly before Phutatorius,

Phutatorius, wrapt up hot in a clean damaſk napkin.

Now, whether it was phyſically impoſſible, with half a dozen hands all thruſt into the napkin at one time,—but that ſome one cheſnut, of more life and rotundity than the reſt, muſt be put in motion,—it ſo fell out, however, that one was actually ſent rolling off the table; and as Phutatorius ſat ſtraddling under,—it fell perpendicularly into that particular aperture of Phutatorius's breeches, for which, to the ſhame and indelicacy of our language be it ſpoke, there is no chaſte word throughout all Johnſon's Dictionary:—let it ſuffice to ſay,—it was that particular aperture which, in all good ſocieties, the laws of decorum do ſtrictly require, like the temple of Janus (in peace at leaſt) to be univerſally ſhut up.

The neglect of this punctilio in Phutatorius (which by the bye ſhould be a warning to all mankind) had opened a door to this accident.—

Accident I call it, in compliance to a received mode of ſpeaking;—but in no oppoſition to the opinion either of Acrites or Mythogeras in this matter; I know they were both prepoſſeſſed and fully perſuaded of it,—and are ſo to this hour, That there was nothing of accident in the whole event,—but that the cheſnut's taking that particular courſe, and in a manner of its own accord,—and then falling with all its heat directly into that one particular place, and no other,—was a real judgment upon Phutatorius for that filthy and obſcene treatiſe *de Concubinis retinendis*, which Phutatorius

had publiſhed about twenty years ago,—and was that identical week going to give the world a ſecond edition of.

It is not my buſineſs to dip my pen in this controverſy:—much, undoubtedly, may be wrote on both ſides of the queſtion:—all that concerns me as an hiſtorian, is to repreſent the matter of fact, and render it credible to the reader, that the hiatus in Phutatorius's breeches was ſufficiently wide to receive the cheſnut:—and that the cheſnut, ſomehow or other, did fall perpendicularly, and piping hot into it, without Phutatorius's perceiving it, or any one elſe at that time.

The genial warmth which the cheſnut imparted, was not undelectable for the firſt twenty or five-and-twenty ſeconds;—and did no more than gently ſolicit Phutatorius's attention towards the part:—but the heat gradually increaſing, and in a few ſeconds more, getting beyond the point of all ſober pleaſure, and then advancing with all ſpeed into the regions of pain, the ſoul of Phutatorius, together with all his ideas, his thoughts, his attention, his imagination, judgment, reſolution, deliberation, ratiocination, memory, fancy, with ten battalions of animal ſpirits, all tumultuouſly crowded down, through different defiles and circuits, to the place in danger, leaving all his upper regions, as you may imagine, as empty as my purſe.

With the beſt intelligence which all theſe meſſengers could bring him back, Phutatorius was

not able to dive into the ſecret of what was going forward below; nor could he make any kind of conjecture what the devil was the matter with it. However, as he knew not what the true cauſe might turn out, he deemed it moſt prudent, in the ſituation he was in at preſent,—to bear it, if poſſible, like a Stoic; which, with the help of ſome wry faces and compurſions of the mouth, he had certainly accompliſhed, had his imagination continued neuter:—but the ſallies of the imagination are ungovernable in all things of this kind;—a thought inſtantly darted into his mind, that tho' the anguiſh had the ſenſation of glowing heat,—it might, notwithſtanding that, be a bite as well as a burn;—and if ſo, that poſſibly a Newt or an Aſker, or ſome ſuch deteſted reptile, had crept up, and was faſtening his teeth;—the horrid idea of which, with a freſh glow of pain, ariſing that inſtant from the cheſnut, ſeized Phutatorius with a ſudden panic,—and in the firſt terrifying diſorder of the paſſion, it threw him, as it has done the beſt generals upon earth, quite off his guard:—the effect of which was this, that he leap'd incontinently up, uttering as he roſe that interjection of ſurprize ſo much deſcanted upon, with the appoſiopeſtic break after it, marked thus, Z——ds!—which, though not ſtrictly canonical, was ſtill as little as any man could have ſaid upon the occaſion;—and which, by the bye, whether canonical or not, Phutatorius could no more help than he could the cauſe of it.

Though this has taken up ſome time in the

narrative, it took up little more time in the tranſaction than juſt to allow time for Phutatorius to draw forth the cheſnut, and throw it down with violence upon the floor,—and for Yorick to riſe from his chair, and pick the cheſnut up.

It is curious to obſerve the triumph of ſlight incidents over the mind.—What incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things!—that trifles, light as air, ſhall waft a belief into the ſoul, and plant it ſo immovably within it,—that Euclid's demonſtrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, ſhould not all have power to overthrow it!

Yorick, I ſaid, picked up the cheſnut which Phutatorius's wrath had flung down;—the action was trifling;—I am aſhamed to account for it:—he did it,—for no reaſon, but that he thought the cheſnut not a jot worſe for the adventure;—and that he held a good cheſnut worth ſtooping for.—But this incident, trifling as it was, wrought differently in Phutatorius's head: He conſidered this act of Yorick's, in getting off his chair and picking up the cheſnut, as a plain acknowledgement in him, that the cheſnut was originally his;—and, in courſe, that it muſt have been the owner of the cheſnut, and no one elſe, who could have played him ſuch a prank with it. What greatly confirmed him in this opinion, was this. That the table being parallelogramical, and very narrow, it afforded a fair opportunity for Yorick, who ſat directly over againſt Phutatorius, of ſlipping the cheſnut in;—and conſequently that he did it. The look of ſomething more

more than ſuſpicion, which Phutatorius caſt full upon Yorick as theſe thoughts aroſe, too evidently ſpoke his opinion;—and as Phutatorius was naturally ſuppoſed to know more of the matter than any perſon beſides, his opinion at once became the general one; and for a reaſon very different from any which have been yet given, in a little time it was put out of all manner of diſpute.

When great or unexpected events fall out upon the ſtage of this ſublunary world,—the mind of man, which is an inquiſitive kind of a ſubſtance, naturally takes a flight behind the ſcenes, to ſee what is the cauſe and firſt ſpring of them.—The ſearch was not long in this inſtance.

It was well known that Yorick had never a good opinion of the Treatiſe which Phutatorius had wrote, *de Concubinis retinendis*, as a thing which he feared had done hurt in the world:—and 'twas eaſily found out, that there was a myſtical meaning in Yorick's prank,—and that his chucking the cheſnut hot into Phutatorius's ***—*****, was a ſarcaſtical fling at his book;—the doctrines of which, they ſaid, had enflamed many an honeſt man in the ſame place.

This conceit awaken'd Somnolentius;—made Agelaſtes ſmile;—and, if you can recollect the preciſe look and air of a man's face intent in finding out a riddle,—it threw Gaſtripheres's into that form;—and, in ſhort, was thought by many to be a maſter-ſtroke of arch wit.

This, as the reader has ſeen from one end to the other, was as groundleſs as the dreams of philoſophy.

phy. Yorick, no doubt, as Shakeſpeare ſaid of his anceſtor,—" was a man of jeſt," but it was temper'd with ſomething which withheld him from that, and many other ungracious pranks, of which he as undeſervedly bore the blame;—but it was his misfortune, all his life long, to bear the imputation of ſaying and doing a thouſand things, of which (unleſs my eſteem blinds me) his nature was incapable. All I blame him for,—or rather, all I blame and alternately like him for, was that ſingularity of his temper, which would never ſuffer him to take pains to ſet a ſtory right with the world, however in his power. In every ill-uſage of that ſort, he acted preciſely as in the affair of his lean horſe.—He could have explained it to his honour, but his ſpirit was above it; and beſides, he ever looked upon the inventor, the propagator, and believer of an illiberal report, alike ſo injurious to him,—he could not ſtoop to tell his ſtory to them;—and ſo truſted to time and truth to do it for him.

This heroic caſt produced him inconveniences in many reſpects;—in the preſent, it was followed by the fixed reſentment of Phutatorius, who, as Yorick had juſt made an end of his chefnut, roſe up from his chair a ſecond time, to let him know it;—which indeed he did with a ſmile; ſaying only, —That he would endeavour not to forget the obligation.

But you muſt mark and carefully ſeparate and diſtinguiſh theſe two things in your mind:—

—The ſmile was for the company;

—The threat was for Yorick.

CHAP. XXVIII.

—CAN you tell me, quoth Phutatorius, ſpeaking to Gaſtripheres, who ſat next to him,—for one would not apply to a ſurgeon in ſo fooliſh an affair, —Can you tell me, Gaſtripheres, what is beſt to take out the fire?——Aſk Eugenius, ſaid Gaſtripheres.——That greatly depends, ſaid Eugenius, pretending ignorance of the adventure, upon the nature of the part.—If it is a tender part, and a part which can conveniently be wrapt up,——It is both the one and the other, replied Phutatorius, laying his hand as he ſpoke, with an emphatical nod of his head, upon the part in queſtion, and lifting up his right leg at the ſame time, to eaſe and ventilate it. ——If that is the caſe, ſaid Eugenius, I would adviſe you, Phutatorius, not to tamper with it by any means; but if you will ſend to the next printer, and truſt your cure to ſuch a ſimple thing as a ſoft ſheet of paper juſt come off the preſs,—you need do nothing more than twiſt it round.——The damp paper, quoth Yorick (who ſat next to his friend Eugenius) though I know it has a refreſhing coolneſs in it,—yet, I preſume, is no more than the vehicle;—and that the oil and lamp-black, with which the paper is ſo ſtrongly impregnated, does the buſineſs.——Right, ſaid Eugenius; and is, of any outward application I would venture to recommend, the moſt anodyne and ſafe.

Was it my caſe, ſaid Gaſtripheres, as the main thing is the oil and lamp-black, I ſhould ſpread them

them thick upon a rag, and clap it on directly.——That would make a very devil of it, replied Yorick.——And beſides, added Eugenius, it would not anſwer the intention, which is the extreme neatneſs and elegance of the preſcription; which the faculty hold to be half in half:—for conſider, if the type is a very ſmall one (which it ſhould be) the ſanative particles, which come into contact in this form, have the advantage of being ſpread ſo infinitely thin, and with ſuch a mathematical equality (freſh paragraphs and large capitals excepted) as no art or management of the ſpatula can come up to.——It falls out very luckily, replied Phutatorius, that the ſecond edition of my Treatiſe, *de Concubinis retinendis* is at this inſtant in the preſs.——You may take any leaf of it, ſaid Eugenius;—no matter which.——Provided, quoth Yorick, there is no bawdy in it.——

They are juſt now, replied Phutatorius, printing off the ninth chapter;—which is the laſt chapter but one in the book.——Pray, what is the title of that chapter? ſaid Yorick; making a reſpectful bow to Phutatorius as he ſpoke.——I think, anſwered Phutatorius, 'tis that *de Re Concubinariâ.*

For Heaven's ſake keep out of that chapter, quoth Yorick.

——By all means,—added Eugenius.

CHAP. XXIX.

—Now, quoth Didius, riſing up, and laying his right hand, with his fingers ſpread, upon his breaſt,

—had

—had ſuch a blunder about a chriſtian-name happened before the Reformation, ——[It happened the day before yeſterday, quoth my uncle Toby to himſelf]—and when baptiſm was adminiſter'd in Latin,—['Twas all in Engliſh, ſaid my uncle]—many things might have coincided with it; and upon the authority of ſundry decreed caſes, to have pronounced the baptiſm null, with a power of giving the child a new name.—Had a prieſt, for inſtance, which was no uncommon thing, through ignorance of the Latin tongue, baptized a child of Tom-o'Stiles, *in nomine patriæ & filia & ſpiritum ſanctos*, —the baptiſm was held null.——I beg your pardon, replied Kyſarcius;—in that caſe, as the miſtake was only the terminations, the baptiſm was valid;—and to have rendered it null, the blunder of the prieſt ſhould have fallen upon the firſt ſyllable of each noun;—and not, as in your caſe, upon the laſt.

My father delighted in ſubtleties of this kind, and liſten'd with infinite attention.

Gaſtripheres, for example, continued Kyſarcius, baptizes a child of John Stradling's *in gomine Gatris, &c. &c.* inſtead of *in nomine Patris, &c.*——Is this a baptiſm?—No,—ſay the ableſt canoniſts; inaſmuch as the radix of each word is hereby torn up, and the ſenſe and meaning of them removed and changed quite to another object; for *Gomine* does not ſignify a name, nor *gatris* a father.——What do they ſignify? ſaid my uncle Toby.——Nothing at all,—quoth Yorick.——Ergo, ſuch a baptiſm is null, ſaid Kyſarcius.——

In

In courſe, anſwered Yorick,——in a tone two parts jeſt and one part earneſt.

But in the caſe cited, continued Kyſarcius, where *patriæ* is put for *patris*, *filia* for *filii*, and ſo on;—as it is a fault only in the declenſion, and the roots of the word continue untouch'd, the inflections of their branches, either this way or that, does not in any ſort hinder the baptiſm, inaſmuch as the ſame ſenſe continues in the words as before.—— But then, ſaid Didius, the intention of the prieſt's pronouncing them grammatically, muſt have been proved to have gone along with it.——Right, anſwered Kyſarcius; and of this, brother Didius, we have an inſtance in a decree of the decretals of Pope Leo the Third.—— But my brother's child, cried my uncle Toby, has nothing to do with the Pope;—'tis the plain child of a Proteſtant gentleman chriſten'd Triſtram againſt the wills and wiſhes both of his father and mother, and all who are akin to it.——

If the wills and wiſhes, ſaid Kyſarcius, interrupting my uncle Toby, of thoſe only who ſtand related to Mr. Shandy's child, were to have weight in this matter, Mrs. Shandy, of all people, has the leaſt to do in it.——My uncle Toby laid down his pipe, and my father drew his chair ſtill cloſer to the table, to hear the concluſion of ſo ſtrange an introduction.

——It has not only been a queſtion, Captain Shandy, amongſt the * beſt lawyers and civilians in this land, continued Kyſarcius, " Whether the

* Vide Swinburne on Teſtaments, Part 7. § 8.

mother

mother be of kin to her child;"—but, after much diſpaſſionate enquiry and jactitation of the arguments on all ſides,—it has been adjudged for the negative;—namely, "That the mother is not of "kin to her child*." My father inſtantly clapp'd his hand upon my uncle Toby's mouth, under colour of whiſpering in his ear;—the truth was, he was alarmed for *Lillabullero*,—and having a great deſire to hear more of ſo curious an argument,—he begg'd my uncle Toby, for Heaven's ſake, not to diſappoint him in it.——My uncle Toby gave a nod,—reſumed his pipe, and contenting himſelf with whiſtling *Lillabullero* inwardly,—Kyſarcius, Didius, and Triptolemus went on with the diſcourſe as follows:—

This determination, continued Kyſarcius, how contrary ſoever it may ſeem to run to the ſtream of vulgar ideas, yet had reaſon ſtrongly on its ſide, and has been put out of all manner of diſpute from the famous caſe, known commonly by the name of the Duke of Suffolk's Caſe.——It is cited in Brooke, ſaid Triptolemus.——And taken notice of by Lord Coke, added Didius.——And you may find it in Swinburne on Teſtaments, ſaid Kyſarcius.

The caſe, Mr. Shandy, was this:—

In the reign of Edward the Sixth, Charles Duke of Suffolk having iſſue a ſon by one venter, and a daughter by another venter, made his laſt will, wherein he deviſed goods to his ſon, and died; after whoſe death the ſon died alſo;—but without will, without wife, and without child;—his mother and his ſiſter by the father's ſide (for ſhe was born of the

* Vide Brooke's Abridg. Tit. Adminiſtr. N. 47.

former

former venter) then living. The mother took the adminiſtration of her ſon's goods, according to the ſtatute of the 21ſt of Harry the Eighth; whereby it is enacted, That in caſe any perſon die inteſtate, the adminiſtration of his goods ſhall be committed to the next of kin.

The adminiſtration being thus (ſurreptitiouſly) granted to the mother,—the ſiſter, by the father's ſide, commenced a ſuit before the Eccleſiaſtical Judge, alleging, 1ſt, That ſhe herſelf was next of kin; and, 2dly, That the mother was not of kin at all to the party deceaſed; and therefore, prayed the court, that the adminiſtration granted to the mother might be revoked, and be committed unto her as next of kin to the deceaſed, by force of the ſaid ſtatute.

Hereupon, as it was a great cauſe, and much depending upon its iſſue,—and many cauſes of great property likely to be decided in times to come, by the precedent to be then made,—the moſt learned, as well in the laws of this realm as in the civil law, were conſulted together, Whether the mother was of kin to her ſon, or no?—Whereunto not only the temporal lawyers,—but the church lawyers,—the juris-conſulti,—the juris-prudentes,—the civilians,—the advocates,—the commiſſaries,—the judges of the conſiſtory and prerogative courts of Canterbury and York, with the maſter of the faculties, were all unanimouſly of opinion, That the mother was not of * kin to her child.——

* Mater non numeratur inter conſanguineos, Bald. in ult. C. de Verb. ſignific.

And

And what ſaid the Ducheſs of Suffolk to it? ſaid my uncle Toby.

The unexpectedneſs of my uncle Toby's queſtion, confounded Kyſarcius more than the ableſt advocate.—He ſtopp'd a full minute, looking in my uncle Toby's face without replying;—and in that ſingle minute Triptolemus put by him, and took the lead as follows:—

'Tis a ground and principle in the law, ſaid Triptolemus, that things do not aſcend, but deſcend in it; and I make no doubt 'tis for this cauſe, that however true it is that the child may be of the blood and ſeed of its parents,—that the parents, nevertheleſs, are not of the blood and ſeed of it; inaſmuch as the parents are not begot by the child, but the child by the parents;—for ſo they write, *Liberi ſunt de ſanguine patris & matris, ſed pater & mater non ſunt de ſanguine liberorum.*

——But this, Triptolemus, cried Didius, proves too much;—for, from this authority cited, it would follow, not only what indeed is granted on all ſides, that the mother is not of kin to her child,—but the father likewiſe.——It is held, ſaid Triptolemus, the better opinion; becauſe the father, the mother, and the child, though they be three perſons, yet are they but *(una caro *)* one fleſh; and conſequently no degree of kindred,—or any method of acquiring one *in nature*.——There you puſh the argument again too far, cried Didius,—for there is no prohibition *in nature*, though there is in the Levitical law,—but that a man may beget a child

* Vide Brooke's Abridg. tit. Adminiſtr. N. 47.

upon his grandmother;—in which caſe, ſuppoſing the iſſue a daughter, ſhe would ſtand in relation both of—— But who ever thought, cried Kyſarcius, of lying with his grandmother?—— The young gentleman, replied Yorick, whom Selden ſpeaks of,—who not only thought of it, but juſtified his intention to his father by the argument drawn from the law of retaliation:—"You lay, Sir, with my mother," ſaid the lad; "why may not I lie with yours?"——'Tis the *argumentum commune*, added Yorick.——'Tis as good, replied Eugenius, taking down his hat, as they deſerve.

The company broke up.

CHAP. XXX.

—AND pray, ſaid my uncle Toby, leaning upon Yorick, as he and my father were helping him leiſurely down the ſtairs,—don't be terrified, Madam; this ſtaircaſe converſation is not ſo long as the laſt.——And pray, Yorick, ſaid my uncle Toby, which way is this ſaid affair of Triſtram at length ſettled by theſe learned men?——Very ſatisfactorily, replied Yorick: no mortal, Sir, has any concern with it;—for Mrs. Shandy, the mother, is nothing at all akin to him;—and as the mother's is the ſureſt ſide,—Mr. Shandy, in courſe, is ſtill leſs than nothing.—In ſhort, he is not as much akin to him, Sir, as I am.——

——That

——That may well be, ſaid my father, ſhaking his head.

——Let the learned ſay what they will, there muſt certaintly, quoth my uncle Toby, have been ſome ſort of conſanguinity betwixt the Ducheſs of Suffolk and her ſon.

The vulgar are of the ſame opinion, quoth Yorick, to this hour.

CHAP. XXXI.

THOUGH my father was hugely tickled with the ſubtleties of theſe learned diſcourſes,—'twas ſtill but like the anointing of a broken bone.—The moment he got home, the weight of his afflictions returned upon him but ſo much the heavier, as is ever the caſe when the ſtaff we lean on ſlips from under us.—He became penſive,—walked frequently forth to the fiſh-pond,—let down one loop of his hat,—ſigh'd often,—forbore to ſnap;—and, as the haſty ſparks of temper, which occaſion ſnapping, ſo much aſſiſt perſpiration and digeſtion, as Hippocrates tells us,—he had certainly fallen ill with the extinction of them, had not his thoughts been critically drawn off, and his health reſcued by a freſh train of diſquietudes left him, with a legacy of a thouſand pounds, by my aunt Dinah.

My father had ſcarce read the letter, when, taking the thing by the right end, he inſtantly began to plague and puzzle his head how to lay

it out moſtly to the honour of his family.—A hundred-and-fifty odd projects took poſſeſſion of his brains by turns;—he would do this, and that, and t'other.—He would go to Rome;—he would go to law;—he would buy ſtock;—he would buy John Hobſon's farm;—he would new fore-front his houſe, and add a new wing to make it even.—There was a fine water-mill on this ſide; and he would build a wind-mill on the other ſide of the river, in full view, to anſwer it.——But, above all things in the world, he would incloſe the great Ox-moor, and ſend out my brother Bobby immediately upon his travels.

But as the ſum was *finite*, and conſequently could not do every thing;—and in truth very few of theſe to any purpoſe,—of all the projects which offered themſelves upon this occaſion, the two laſt ſeemed to make the deepeſt impreſſion; and he would infallibly have determined upon both at once, but for the ſmall inconvenience hinted at above, which abſolutely put him under a neceſſity of deciding in favour either of the one or the other.

This was not altogether ſo eaſy to be done; for though 'tis certain my father had long before ſet his heart upon this neceſſary part of my brother's education, and, like a prudent man, had actually determined to carry it into execution, with the firſt money that returned from the ſecond creation of actions in the Miſſiſſippi-ſcheme, in which he was an adventurer;—yet the Ox-moor, which was a fine, large, whinny, undrained, unimproved common,

common, belonging to the Shandy-eſtate, had almoſt as old a claim upon him: he had long and affectionately ſet his heart upon turning it likewiſe to ſome account.

But having never hitherto been preſſed with ſuch a conjuncture of things as made it neceſſary to ſettle either the priority or juſtice of their claims,—like a wiſe man, he had refrained entering into any nice or critical examination about them: ſo that, upon the diſmiſſion of every other project at this criſis,—the two old projects, the Ox-moor and my brother, divided him again; and ſo equal a match were they for each other, as to become the occaſion of no ſmall conteſt in the old gentleman's mind,—which of the two ſhould be ſet agoing firſt.

——People may laugh as they will;—but the caſe was this:—

It had ever been the cuſtom of the family, and by length of time was almoſt become a matter of common right, that the eldeſt ſon of it ſhould have free ingreſs, egreſs, and regreſs into foreign parts before marriage,—not only for the ſake of bettering his own private parts, by the benefit of exerciſe and change of ſo much air,—but ſimply for the mere delectation of his fancy, by the feather put into his cap of having been abroad.—*Tantum valet*, my father would ſay, *quantum ſonat*.

Now as this was a reaſonable, and in courſe a moſt Chriſtian indulgence,—to deprive him of it, without why or wherefore,—and thereby make an

example of him, as the firſt Shandy unwhirl'd about Europe, in a poſt-chaiſe, and only becauſe he was a heavy lad,—would be uſing him ten times worſe than a Turk.

On the other hand, the caſe of the Ox-moor was full as hard.

Excluſive of the original purchaſe-money, which was eight hundred pounds,—it had coſt the family eight hundred pounds more in a lawſuit about fifteen years before,—beſides the Lord knows what trouble and vexation.

It had been moreover in poſſeſſion of the Shandy family ever ſince the middle of the laſt century; and though it lay full in view before the houſe, bounded on one extremity by the water-mill; and on the other by the projected wind-mill ſpoken of above;—and for all theſe reaſons ſeemed to have the faireſt title of any part of the eſtate to the care and protection of the family,—yet, by an unaccountable fatality, common to men, as well as the ground they tread on,—it had all along moſt ſhamefully been overlook'd; and to ſpeak the truth of it, had ſuffered ſo much by it, that it would have made any man's heart have bled (Obadiah ſaid) who underſtood the value of land, to have rode over it, and only ſeen the condition it was in.

However, as neither the purchaſing this track of ground,—nor indeed the placing of it where it lay, were either of them, properly ſpeaking, of my father's doing,—he had never thought himſelf any way concerned in the affair—till the fifteen years before, when

when the breaking out of that curſed lawſuit mentioned above (and which had aroſe about its boundaries)—which being altogether my father's own act and deed, it naturally awakened every other argument in its favour; and upon ſumming them all up together, he ſaw, not merely in intereſt, but in honour, he was bound to do ſomething for it;—and that now or never was the time.

I think there muſt certainly have been a mixture of ill-luck in it, that the reaſons on both ſides ſhould happen to be ſo equally balanced by each other; for though my father weigh'd them in all humours and conditions, ſpent many an anxious hour in the moſt profound and abſtracted meditation upon what was beſt to be done;—reading books of farming one day,—books of travels another,—laying aſide all paſſion whatever,—viewing the arguments on both ſides in all their lights and circumſtances,—communing every day with my uncle Toby,—arguing with Yorick, and talking over the whole affair of the Ox-moor with Obadiah,—yet nothing in all that time appeared ſo ſtrongly in behalf of the one, which was not either ſtrictly applicable to the other, or at leaſt ſo far counterbalanced by ſome conſideration of equal weight, as to keep the ſcales even.

For to be ſure, with proper helps, and in the hands of ſome people, though the Ox-moor would undoubtedly have made a different appearance in the world from what it did, or ever could do in the condition it lay,—yet every tittle of this was

true with regard to my brother Bobby,—let Obadiah ſay what he would.——

In point of intereſt,—the conteſt, I own, at firſt ſight, did not appear ſo undeciſive betwixt them; for whenever my father took pen and ink in hand, and ſet about calculating the ſimple expence of paring and burning, and fencing in the Ox-moor, &c. &c.—with the certain profit it would bring him in return,—the latter turned out ſo prodigiouſly in his way of working the account, that you would have ſworn the Ox-moor would have carried all before it; for it was plain he ſhould reap a hundred laſts of rape, at twenty pounds a laſt, the very firſt year,—beſides an excellent crop of wheat the year following;—and the year after that, to ſpeak within bounds, a hundred;—but, in all likelihood, a hundred and fifty,—if not two hundred quarters of peaſe and beans,—beſides potatoes without end.—But then to think he was all this while breeding up my brother, like a hog to eat them,—knocked all on the head again, and generally left the old gentleman in ſuch a ſtate of ſuſpenſe,—that, as he often declared to my uncle Toby,—he knew no more than his heels what to do.

Nobody but he who has felt it, can conceive what a plaguing thing it is to have a man's mind torn aſunder by two projects of equal ſtrength, both obſtinately pulling in a contrary direction at the ſame time; for, to ſay nothing of the havoc, which by a certain conſequence is unavoidably made by it all over the finer ſyſtem of the nerves, which you know convey the animal ſpirits and more ſubtle juices

juices from the heart to the head, and ſo on,—it is not to be told in what a degree ſuch a wayward kind of friction works upon the more groſs and ſolid parts, waſting the fat and impairing the ſtrength of a man every time as it goes backwards and forwards.

My father had certainly ſunk under this evil, as certainly as he had done under that of my CHRISTIAN NAME, had he not been reſcued out of it, as he was out of that, by a freſh evil:—the misfortune of my brother Bobby's death.

What is the life of man? Is it not to ſhift from ſide to ſide?—from ſorrow to ſorrow?—to button up one cauſe of vexation,—and unbutton another?

CHAP. XXXII.

FROM this moment I am to be conſidered as heir-apparent to the Shandy family;—and it is from this point properly, that the ſtory of my LIFE and OPINIONS ſets out. With all my hurry and precipitation, I have been but clearing the ground to raiſe the building;—and ſuch a building do I foreſee it will turn out, as never was planned, and as never was executed ſince Adam. In leſs than five minutes I ſhall have thrown my pen into the fire, and the little drop of thick ink which is left remaining at the bottom of my ink-horn, after it:—I have but half a ſcore things to do in the time;—I have a thing to name,—a thing to lament,— a thing to hope,—a thing to promiſe,—and a thing to threaten.—I have a thing to ſuppoſe,—a thing to

to declare,—a thing to conceal,—a thing to chooſe, —and a thing to pray for.—This chapter, therefore, I *name* the chapter of THINGS,—and my next chapter to it, that is, the firſt chapter of my next volume, if I live, ſhall be my chapter upon WHISKERS, in order to keep up ſome ſort of connexion in my works.

The thing I lament is, that things have crowded in ſo thick upon me, that I have not been able to get into that part of my work, towards which I have all the way looked forwards with ſo much earneſt deſire; and that is the campaigns, but eſpecially the amours of my uncle Toby, the events of which are of ſo ſingular a nature, and ſo Cervantic a caſt, that if I can ſo manage it, as to convey but the ſame impreſſions to every other brain which the occurrences themſelves excite in my own, —I will anſwer for it, the book ſhall make its way in the world much better than its maſter has done before it.—Oh Triſtram! Triſtram! can this but be once brought about,—the credit which will attend thee as an author, ſhall counterbalance the many evils which have befallen thee as a man;—thou wilt feaſt upon the one,—when thou haſt loſt all ſenſe and remembrance of the other!——

No wonder I itch ſo much as I do to get at theſe amours:—they are the choiceſt morſel of my whole ſtory! and when I do get at 'em,—aſſure yourſelves, good folks—(nor do I value whoſe ſqueamiſh ſtomach takes offence at it) I ſhall not be at all nice in the choice of my words!—and that's the thing I have to *declare*.—I ſhall never get all through

through in five minutes, that I *fear*:—and the thing I *hope* is, that your Worſhips and Reverences are not offended:—if you are, depend upon't I'll give you ſomething, my good gentry, next year to be offended at;—that's my dear Jenny's way;—but who my Jenny is,—and which is the right and which the wrong end of a woman,—is the thing to be *concealed*:—it ſhall be told you in the next chapter but one to my chapter of Button-holes;—and not one chapter before.

And now that you have juſt got to the end of theſe four volumes *,—the thing I have to *aſk* is, how you feel your heads? my own aches diſmally!—As for your healths, I know they are much better.—True Shandeiſm, think what you will againſt it, opens the heart and lungs; and, like all thoſe affections which partake of its nature, it forces the blood and other vital fluids of the body to run freely through their channels, and makes the wheel of life run long and cheerfully round.

Was I left, like Sancho Pança, to chooſe my kingdom, it ſhould not be maritime,—or a kingdom of blacks, to make a penny of;—no, it ſhould be a kingdom of hearty laughing ſubjects: and as the bilious and more ſaturnine paſſions, by creating diſorders in the blood and humours, have as bad an influence, I ſee, upon the body politic as body natural;—and as nothing but a habit of virtue can fully govern thoſe paſſions, and ſubject them to reaſon,—I ſhould add to my prayer,—that God would give my ſubjects grace to be WISE as they

* According to the original editions.

were

were MERRY; and then ſhould I be the happieſt monarch, and they the happieſt people under Heaven.

And ſo with this moral for the preſent, may it pleaſe your Worſhips and your Reverences, I take my leave of you till this time twelvemonth, when (unleſs this vile cough kills me in the meantime) I'll have another pluck at your beards, and lay open a ſtory to the world you little dream of.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

Divero si quid forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis.—— HOR.

—Si quis calumnietur levius esse quam decet theologum, aut mordacius quam deceat Christianum—non Ego, sed Democritus dixit.— ERASMUS.

Si quis Clericus, aut Monachus, verba joculatoria, risum moventia, scierbat, anathema esto. SECOND COUNCIL OF CARTHAGE.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN,

LORD VISCOUNT SPENCER.

MY LORD,

I HUMBLY beg leave to offer you theſe two Volumes*; they are the beſt my talents, with ſuch bad health as I have, could produce:—had Providence granted me a larger ſtock of either, they had been a much more proper preſent to your Lordſhip.

I beg your Lordſhip will forgive me, if, at the ſame time I dedicate this Work to you, I join Lady SPENCER; in the liberty I take of inſcribing the Story of Le Fevre, in the ſixth volume to her name; for which I have no other motive, which my heart has informed me of, but that the ſtory is a humane one.

I am, MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt devoted

and moſt humble Servant,

LAUR. STERNE.

* Volumes V. and VI. in the original Edition.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAP. I.

IF it had not been for theſe two mettleſome tits, and that mad-cap of a poſtillion who drove them from Stilton to Stamford, the thought had never entered my head. He flew like lightning:—there was a ſlope of three miles and a half;—we ſcarce touched the ground,—the motion was moſt rapid,—moſt impetuous;—'twas communicated to my brain, my heart partook of it.—"By the great god of day," ſaid I, looking towards the Sun, and thruſting my arm out of the fore-window of the chaiſe, as I made my vow, "I will lock up my ſtudy-door the moment I get home, and throw the key of it ninety feet below the ſurface of the earth, into the draw-well at the back of my houſe."

The London waggon confirmed me in my reſolution; it hung tottering upon the hill, ſcarce progreſſive, dragg'd,—dragg'd up by eight *heavy beaſts*, —"by main ſtrength!"—quoth I, nodding; "but your

your betters draw the ſame way,—and ſomething of every body's!—O rare!"

Tell me, ye learned, ſhall we for ever be adding ſo much to the *bulk*,—ſo little to the *ſtock?*

Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one veſſel into another?

Are we for ever to be twiſting, and untwiſting the ſame rope? for ever in the ſame track,—for ever at the ſame pace?

Shall we be deſtined to the days of eternity; on holy-days as well as working days, to be ſhewing the *relics of learning*, as monks do the relics of their ſaints,—without working one,—one ſingle miracle with them?

Who made Man, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment;—that great, that moſt excellent, and moſt noble creature of the world,—the *miracle* of nature, as Zoroaſter, in his book περὶ φύσεως, called him;—the *Shekinah* of the Divine Preſence, as Chryſoſtom;—the *image* of God, as Moſes;—the *ray* of Divinity, as Plato;—the *Marvel* of *Marvels*, as Ariſtotle,—to go ſneaking on at this pitiful,—pimping,—pettifogging rate?

I ſcorn to be as abuſive as Horace upon the occaſion;—but if there is no catachreſis in the wiſh, and no ſin in it, I wiſh from my ſoul, that every imitator in Great Britain, France, and Ireland, had the farcy for his pains; and that there was a farcical houſe, large enough to hold,—aye,—and ſublimate them, *tag-rag and bob-tail*, male and female,

female, all together: and this leads me to the affair of *whiſkers:*—but by what chain of ideas,—I leave as a legacy in *mortmain* to Prudes and Tartufs, to enjoy and make the moſt of.

UPON WHISKERS.

I'm ſorry I made it;—'twas as inconſiderate a promiſe as ever entered a man's head.—A chapter upon whiſkers! alas! the world will not bear it!—'tis a delicate world;—but I knew not of what mettle it was made,—nor had I ever ſeen the under-written fragment; otherwiſe, as ſurely as noſes are noſes, and whiſkers are whiſkers ſtill (let the world ſay what it will to the contrary) ſo ſurely would I have ſteered clear of this dangerous chapter.

THE FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

——You are half aſleep, my good lady, ſaid the old gentleman, taking hold of the old lady's hand, and giving it a gentle ſqueeze as he pronounced the word *whiſkers.*—Shall we change the ſubject?——By no means, replied the old lady;—I like your account of thoſe matters: ſo throwing a thin gauze handkerchief over her head, and leaning it back upon the chair, with her face turned towards him, and advancing her two feet as ſhe reclined

reclined herſelf,—I deſire, continued ſhe, you will go on.

The old gentleman went on as follows:—Whiſkers! cried the Queen of Navarre, dropping her knotting-ball as La Foſſeuſe uttered the word.—Whiſkers, Madam! ſaid La Foſſeuſe, pinning the ball to the queen's apron, and making a courtely as ſhe repeated it.

La Foſſeuſe's voice was naturally ſoft and low, yet 'twas an articulate voice; and every letter of the word *whiſkers* fell diſtinctly upon the Queen of Navarre's ear.——Whiſkers? cried the queen, laying a greater ſtreſs upon the word, and as if ſhe had ſtill diſtruſted her ears.——Whiſkers! replied La Foſſeuſe, repeating the word a third time.—There is not a cavalier, Madam, of his age in Navarre, continued the maid of honour, preſſing the page's intereſt upon the queen, that has ſo gallant a pair—— Of what? cried Margaret, ſmiling.——Of whiſkers, ſaid La Foſſeuſe, with infinite modeſty.

The word *whiſkers* ſtill ſtood its ground, and continued to be made uſe of in moſt of the beſt companies throughout the little kingdom of Navarre, notwithſtanding the indiſcreet uſe which La Foſſeuſe had made of it: the truth was, La Foſſeuſe had pronounced the word not only before the queen, but upon ſundry other occaſions at court, with an accent which always implied ſomething of a myſtery.—And as the court of Margaret, as all the world knows, was at that time a mixture of gallantry and devotion,—and whiſkers being as applicable

applicable to the one as the other, the word naturally ſtood its ground;—it gained full as much as it loſt; that is, the clergy were for it,—the laity were againſt it,—and, for the women, *they* were divided.

The excellency of the figure and mien of the young Sieur de Croix, was at that time beginning to draw the attention of the maids of honour towards the terrace before the palace-gate, where the guard was mounted. The lady De Bauſſiere fell deeply in love with him,—La Battarelle did the ſame;—it was the fineſt weather for it that ever was remembered in Navarre.—La Guyol, La Maronette, La Sabatiere, fell in love with the Sieur De Croix alſo;—La Rebours and La Foſſeuſe knew better:—De Croix had failed in an attempt to recommend himſelf to La Rebours; and La Rebours and La Foſſeuſe were inſeparable.

The Queen of Navarre was ſitting with her ladies in the painted bow-window, facing the gate of the ſecond court, as De Croix paſſed through it.—He is handſome, ſaid the Lady Bauſſiere.——He has a good mien, ſaid La Battarelle.——He is finely ſhaped, ſaid La Guyol.——I never ſaw an officer of the horſe-guards in my life, ſaid La Maronette, with two ſuch legs;——Or who ſtood ſo well upon them, ſaid La Sabatiere.——But he has no whiſkers, cried La Foſſeuſe.——Not a pile, ſaid La Rebours.

The queen went directly to her oratory, muſing all the way, as ſhe walked through the gallery, upon the ſubject; turning it this way and that

way in her fancy.—Ave Maria+—what can La Foſſeuſe mean? ſaid ſhe, kneeling down upon the cuſhion.

La Guyol, La Battarelle, La Maronette, La Sabatiere, retired inſtantly to their chambers. Whiſkers! ſaid all four of them to themſelves, as they bolted their doors on the inſide.

The Lady Carnavallette was counting her beads with both hands, unſuſpected, under her farthingale. —From St. Anthony down to St. Urſula, incluſive, not a ſaint paſſed through her fingers without whiſkers; St. Francis, St. Dominick, St. Bennet, St. Baſil, St. Bridget, had all whiſkers.

The Lady Bauſſiere had got into a wilderneſs of conceits, with moralizing too intricately upon La Foſſeuſe's text:—ſhe mounted her palfrey, her page followed her,—the hoſt paſſed by,—the Lady Bauſſiere rode on.

One denier, cried the Order of Mercy,—one ſingle denier, in behalf of a thouſand patient captives, whoſe eyes look towards Heaven and you for their redemption.

——The Lady Bauſſiere rode on.

Pity the unhappy, ſaid a devout, venerable, hoary-headed man, meekly holding up a box begirt with iron in his withered hands.—I beg for the unfortunate:—good, my lady, 'tis for a priſon, —for an hoſpital,—'tis for an old man,—a poor man undone by ſhipwreck, by ſuretyſhip, by fire: —I call God and all his angels to witneſs,—'tis to clothe the naked,—to feed the hungry,—'tis to comfort the ſick and the broken-hearted.

The

The Lady Bauffiere rode on.

A decayed kinſman bowed himſelf to the ground.

——The Lady Bauffiere rode on.

He ran begging bare-headed on one ſide of her palfrey, conjuring her by the former bonds of friendſhip, alliance, conſanguinity, &c.——Couſin, aunt, ſiſter, mother,—for virtue's ſake, for your own, for mine, for Chriſt's ſake, remember me!—pity me!

——The Lady Bauffiere rode on.

Take hold of *my whiſkers*, ſaid the Lady Bauffiere.——The page took old of *her palfrey*. She diſmounted at the end of the terrace.

There are ſome trains of certain ideas which leave prints of themſelves about our eyes and eye-brows; and there is a conſciouſneſs of it, ſomewhere about the heart, which ſerves but to make theſe etchings the ſtronger.—We ſee, ſpell, and put them together without a dictionary.

Ha, ha! he, hee! cried La Guyol and La Sabatiere, looking cloſe at each other's prints. Ho, ho! cried La Battarelle and Maronette, doing the ſame.—Whiſt! cried one;—ſt, ſt, ſaid a ſecond;—huſh, quoth a third;—poo, poo, replied a fourth;—gramercy! cried the Lady Carnavallette;—'twas ſhe who bewhiſker'd St. Bridget.

La Foſſeuſe drew her bodkin from the knot of her hair, and having traced the outline of a ſmall whiſker, with the blunt end of it, upon one ſide of

her upper lip, put it into La Rebours' hand.—La Rebours ſhook her head.

The Lady Lauſſiere coughed thrice into the inſide of her muff.——La Guyol ſmiled.——Fy! ſaid the Lady Lauſſiere. The Queen of Navarre touched her eye with the tip of her fore-finger,—as much as to ſay, I underſtand you all.

'Twas plain to the whole court the word was ruined: La Foſſeuſe had given it a wound, and it was not the better for paſſing through all theſe deſiles. -It made a faint ſtand, however, for a few months; by the expiration of which, the Sieur De Croix, finding it high time to leave Navarre for want of whiſkers,—the word in courſe became indecent, and (after a few efforts) abſolutely unfit for uſe.

The beſt word in the beſt language of the beſt world, muſt have ſuffered under ſuch combinations.——The Curate d'Eſtella wrote a book againſt them, ſetting forth the dangers of acceſſory ideas, and warning the Navarrois againſt them.

Does not all the world know, ſaid the Curate d'Eſtella, at the concluſion of his work, that Noſes ran the ſame fate, ſome centuries ago, in moſt parts of Europe, which whiſkers have now done in the kingdom of Navarre?—The evil, indeed, ſpread no farther then; but have not beds and bolſters, and night-caps, and chamber-pots, ſtood upon the brink of deſtruction ever ſince? Are not trouſe, and placket-holes, and pump-handles,—and ſpigots and

and faucets, in danger ſtill from the ſame aſſociation?—Chaſtity, by nature, the gentleſt of all affections,—give it but its head,—'tis like a ramping and a roaring lion.

The drift of the Curate d'Eſtella's argument was not underſtood: they ran the ſcent the wrong way.—The world bridled his aſs at the tail.—And when the *extremes* of *Delicacy*, and the *beginnings* of *Concupiſcence*, hold their next provincial chapter together, they may decree *that* bawdy alſo.

CHAP. II.

WHEN my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my brother Bobby's death, he was buſy calculating the expence of his riding poſt from Calais to Paris, and ſo on to Lyons.

'Twas a moſt inauſpicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afreſh, when he had almoſt got to the end of it, by Obadiah's opening the door to acquaint him the family was out of yeaſt,—and to aſk whether he might not take the great coach-horſe early in the morning, and ride in ſearch of ſome.——With all my heart, Obadiah, ſaid my father (purſuing his journey);—take the coach-horſe, and welcome.——But he wants a ſhoe, poor creature! ſaid Obadiah.——Poor creature! ſaid my uncle Toby, vibrating the note

back again, like a ſtring in uniſon.——Then ride the Scotch horſe, quoth my father, haſtily.——He cannot bear a ſaddle upon his back, quoth Obadiah, for the whole world.——The Devil's in that horſe; then take Patriot, cried my father, and ſhut the door.——Patriot is ſold, ſaid Obadiah. ——Here's for you! cried my father, making a pauſe, and looking in my uncle Toby's face as if the thing had not been a matter of fact.——Your Worſhip ordered me to ſell him laſt April, ſaid Obadiah.——Then go on foot for your pains, cried my father.——I had much rather walk than ride, ſaid Obadiah, ſhutting the door.

What plagues! cried my father, going on with his calculation.—But the waters are out, ſaid Obadiah,—opening the door again.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of Sanſon's, and a book of the poſt-roads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compaſſes, with one foot of them fixed upon Nevers, the laſt ſtage he had paid for,—purpoſing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as ſoon as Obadiah quitted the room: but this ſecond attack of Obadiah's, in opening the door and laying the whole country under water, was too much.—He let go his compaſſes, —or, rather, with a mixed motion between accident and anger, he threw them upon the table: and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to Calais (like many others) as wiſe as he ſet out.

When the letter was brought into the parlour, which

which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had got forwards again upon his journey to within a ſtride of the compaſſes of the very ſame ſtage of Nevers.——By your leave, Monſ. Sanſon, cried my father, ſtriking the point of his compaſſes through Nevers into the table, —and nodding to my uncle Toby, to ſee what was in the letter,—twice in one night is too much for an Engliſh gentleman and his ſon, Monſ. Sanſon, to be turned back from ſo louſy a town as Nevers. What think'ſt thou, Toby? added my father in a ſprightly tone.——Unleſs it be a garriſon-town, ſaid my uncle Toby, for then—— I ſhall be a fool, ſaid my father, ſmiling to himſelf, as long as I live.—So giving a ſecond nod, and keeping his compaſſes ſtill upon Nevers with one hand, and holding his book of the poſt-roads in the other,—half calculating and half liſtening, he leaned forwards upon the table with both elbows, as my uncle Toby hummed over the letter.

—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— ——
—— —— —— he's gone!

ſaid my uncle Toby.——Where?—Who? cried my father.——My nephew, ſaid my uncle Toby. ——What,—without leave,—without money,— without governor? cried my father in amazement.——No:—he is dead, my dear brother, quoth my uncle Toby.——Without being ill? cried my father again.——I dare ſay not, ſaid

my uncle Toby, in a low voice, and fetching a deep ſigh from the bottom of his heart; he has been ill enough, poor lad! I'll anſwer for him,—for he is dead.

When Agrippina was told of her ſon's death, Tacitus informs us, that, not being able to moderate the violence of her paſſions, ſhe abruptly broke off her work.——My father ſtuck his compaſſes into Nevers but ſo much the faſter.—What contrarieties! his, indeed, was matter of calculation! Agrippina's muſt have been quite a different affair; who elſe could pretend to reaſon from hiſtory?

How my father went on, in my opinion, deſerves a chapter to itſelf.

CHAP. III.

——— AND a chapter it ſhall have, and a devil of a one too;—ſo look to yourſelves.

'Tis either Plato, or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophraſtus, or Lucian,—or ſome one, perhaps, of later date,—either Cardan, or Budæus, or Petrarch, or Stella,—or, poſſibly, it may be ſome divine or father of the church; St. Auſtin, or St. Cyprian, or Barnard, who affirms, that it is an irreſiſtible and natural paſſion to weep for the loſs of our friends or children;—and Seneca (I'm poſitive) tells us ſomewhere, that ſuch griefs evacuate themſelves beſt

beſt by that particular channel: and, accordingly, we find, that David wept for his ſon Abſalom, Adrian for his Antinous, Niobe for her children, and that Apollodorus and Crito both ſhed tears for Socrates before his death.

My father managed his affliction otherwiſe; and, indeed, differently from moſt men, either ancient or modern; for he neither wept it away, as the Hebrews and the Romans,—nor ſlept it off, as the Laplanders,—nor hanged it, as the Engliſh,—nor drowned it, as the Germans;—nor did he curſe it, or damn it, or excommunicate it, nor rhime it, nor *lillabullero* it.

—He got rid of it, however.

Will your worſhips give me leave to ſqueeze in a ſtory between theſe two pages.

When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at firſt he laid it to his heart,—he liſtened to the voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it.—O my Tullia! my daughter! my child! —ſtill, ſtill, ſtill,—'twas O my Tullia!—my Tullia! Methinks I ſee my Tullia, I hear my Tullia, I talk with my Tullia.—But, as ſoon as he began to look into the ſtores of philoſophy, and conſider how many excellent things might be ſaid upon the occaſion,—nobody upon earth can conceive, ſays the great orator, how happy, how joyful it made me.

My father was as proud of his eloquence as Marcus Tullius Cicero could be for his life, and, for aught I am convinced of to the contrary at preſent, with as much reaſon: it was, indeed, his ſtrength—

ſtrength—and his weakneſs too.—His ſtrength, for he was by nature eloquent; and his weakneſs, for he was hourly a dupe to it; and, provided an occaſion in life would but permit him to ſhew his talents, or ſay either a wiſe thing, a witty, or a ſhrewd one—(bating the caſe of a ſyſtematic misfortune)—he had all he wanted.—A bleſſing which tied up my father's tongue, and a misfortune which ſet it looſe with a good grace, were pretty equal: ſometimes, indeed, the misfortune was the better of the two; for inſtance, where the pleaſure of the harangue was as *ten*, and the pain of the misfortune but as *five*,—my father gained half in half; and, conſequently, was as well again off as if it had never befallen him.

This clue will unravel what otherwiſe would ſeem very inconſiſtent in my father's domeſtic character;—and it is this that, in the provocations ariſing from the neglects and blunders of ſervants, or other miſhaps, unavoidable in a family, his anger, or rather the duration of it, eternally ran counter to all conjecture.

My father had a favourite little mare, which he had conſigned over to a moſt beautiful Arabian horſe, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding. He was ſanguine in all his projects; ſo talked about his pad every day with as abſolute a ſecurity, as if it had been reared, broke,—and bridled and ſaddled at his door ready for mounting. By ſome neglect or other in Obadiah, it ſo fell out, that my father's ex-

pectations were anſwered with nothing better than a mule, and as ugly a beaſt of the kind as ever was produced.

My mother and my uncle Toby expected my father would be the death of Obadiah,—and that there would never be an end of the diſaſter.—— See here! you raſcal, cried my father, pointing to the mule, what you have done!——It was not I, ſaid Obadiah.——How do I know that? replied my father.——

Triumph twam in my father's eyes at the repartee,—the Attic ſalt brought water into them;—and ſo Obadiah heard no more about it.

Now let us go back to my brother's death.

Philoſophy has a fine ſaying for every thing. —For Death, it has an entire ſet: the miſery was, they all at once ruſhed ſo into my father's head, that 'twas difficult to ſtring them together, ſo as to make any thing of a conſiſtent ſhow out of them.—He took them as they came.——

" 'Tis an inevitable chance,—the firſt ſtatute " in Magna Charta;—it is an everlaſting act of " parliament, my dear brother,—*All muſt die.*

" If my ſon could not have died, it had been " matter of wonder;—not that he is dead.

" Monarchs and princes dance in the ſame " ring with us.

" —*To die,* is the great debt and tribute due " unto nature: tombs and monuments, which " ſhould perpetuate our memories, pay it them- " ſelves; and the proudeſt pyramid of them all, " which Wealth and Science have erected, has " loſt

" loſt its apex, and ſtands obtruncated in the " traveller's horizon."——(My father found he got great caſe, and went on)—" Kingdoms and " provinces, and towns and cities, have they not " their periods? and when thoſe principles and " powers, which at firſt cemented and put them " together, have performed their ſeveral evolutions, " they fall back."——Brother Shandy, ſaid my uncle Toby, laying down his pipe at the word *evolutions*,—— Revolutions, I meant, quoth my father;—by Heaven! I meant revolutions, brother Toby;—evolutions is nonſenſe.——'Tis not nonſenſe,—ſaid my uncle Toby.——But is it not nonſenſe to break the thread of ſuch a diſcourſe upon ſuch an occaſion? cried my father:—do not, dear Toby, continued he, taking him by the hand, do not—do not, I beſeech thee, interrupt me at this criſis.——My uncle Toby put his pipe into his mouth.

" Where is Troy and Mycenæ, and Thebes and " Delos, Perſepolis and Agrigentum?" continued my father, taking up his book of poſt-roads, which he had laid down.—" What is become, brother " Toby, of Nineveh and Babylon, of Cyzicum " and Mitylenæ? the faireſt towns that ever the " ſun roſe upon, are now no more; the names only " are left; and thoſe (for many of them are wrong " ſpelt) are falling themſelves by piece-meal to " decay, and in length of time will be forgotten, " and involved with every thing in a perpetual " night. The world itſelf, brother Toby, muſt,— " muſt come to an end.

" Returning

" Returning out of Aſia, when I ſailed from " Ægina towards Megara" (when can this have been? thought my uncle Toby) " I began to view " the country round about.—Ægina was behind " me, Megara was before, Pyræus on the right " hand, Corinth on the left.—What flouriſhing " towns now proſtrate upon the earth! Alas! alas! " ſaid I to myſelf, that man ſhould diſturb his ſoul " for the loſs of a child, when ſo much as this " lies awfully buried in his preſence!—Remember, " ſaid I to myſelf again,—remember thou art a " man."——

Now, my uncle Toby knew not that this laſt paragraph was an extract of Servius Sulpicius's conſolatory letter to Tully:—he had as little ſkill, honeſt man, in the fragments, as he had in the whole pieces of antiquity:—and as my father, whilſt he was concerned in the Turkey trade, had been three or four different times in the Levant, in one of which he had ſtaid a whole year and an half at Zant, my uncle Toby naturally concluded that, in ſome one of theſe periods, he had taken a trip acroſs the Archipelago into Aſia; and that all this ſailing affair, with Ægina behind, and Megara before, and Pyræus on the right hand, &c. &c. was nothing more than the true courſe of my father's voyage and reflections.—'Twas certainly in his *manner*; and many an undertaking critic would have built two ſtories higher upon worſe foundations.——And pray, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, laying the end of his pipe upon my father's hand in a kindly way of interruption,—but waiting

till

till he finiſhed the account,—What year of our Lord was this?——'Twas no year of our Lord, replied my father.——That's impoſſible, cried my uncle Toby.——Simpleton! ſaid my father,—'twas forty years before Chriſt was born.

My uncle Toby had but two things for it; either to ſuppoſe his brother to be the Wandering Jew, or that his misfortunes had diſordered his brain. ——" May the Lord God of heaven and earth " protect and reſtore him!" ſaid my uncle Toby, praying ſilently for my father, and with tears in his eyes.——

My father placed the tears to a proper account, and went on with his harangue with great ſpirit.——

" There is not ſuch great odds, brother Toby, " betwixt good and evil as the world imagines."—(This way of ſetting off, by the bye, was not likely to cure my uncle Toby's ſuſpicions.)——" Labour, " ſorrow, grief, ſickneſs, want, and woe, are the " ſauces of life."——Much good may it do them, —ſaid my uncle Toby to himſelf.——

" My ſon is dead!—ſo much the better;— " 'tis a ſhame, in ſuch a tempeſt to have but one " anchor.

" But he is gone for ever from us!—be it ſo.— " He is got from under the hands of his barber be- " fore he was bald;—he is but riſen from a feaſt " before he was ſurfeited;—from a banquet before " he had got drunken.

" The Thracians wept when a child was born," —(and we were very near it, quoth my uncle Toby) —" and feaſted and made merry when a man

" went

" went out of the world; and with reaſon. Death " opens the gate of Fame, and ſhuts the gate of " Envy after it:—it unlooſes the chain of the " captive,—and puts the bondſman's taſk into an- " other man's hands.

" Shew me the man, who knows what life is, " who dreads it,—and I'll ſhew thee a priſoner who " dreads his liberty."——

Is it not better, my dear brother Toby (for mark, —our appetites are but diſeaſes)—is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat?—not to thirſt,—than to take phyſic to cure it?

Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues,—from love and melancholy,—and the other hot and cold fits of life, than, like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afreſh?

There is no terror, brother Toby, in its looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulſions,—and the blowing of noſes and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains, in a dying man's room.—Strip it of theſe,—What is it?——'Tis better in battle than in bed, ſaid my uncle Toby.—Take away its hearſes, its mutes, and its mourning, —its plumes, eſcutcheons, and other mechanic aids, —What is it?——*Better in battle!* continued my father, ſmiling, for he had abſolutely forgot my brother Bobby;—'tis terrible no way,—for conſider, brother Toby,—when we *are*, death is *not*;—and when death *is*,—we are *not*.——My uncle Toby laid down his pipe to conſider the propoſition; my father's eloquence was too rapid to ſtay for any man;

man;—away it went,—and hurried my uncle Toby's ideas along with it.——

For this reaſon, continued my father, 'tis worthy to recollect, how little alteration, in great men, the approaches of death have made.—Veſpaſian died in a jeſt upon his cloſe-ſtool;—Galba with a ſentence;—Septimus Severus in a diſpatch;—Tiberius in diſſimulation;—and Cæſar Auguſtus in a compliment.——I hope 'twas a ſincere one,—quoth my uncle Toby.—

'Twas to his wife,—ſaid my father.

CHAP. IV.

——AND laſtly,—for of all the choice anecdotes which hiſtory can produce of this matter, continued my father, — this, like the gilded dome which covers in the fabric, — crowns all.——

'Tis of Cornelius Gallus, the prætor,—which, I dare ſay, brother Toby, you have read.——I dare ſay I have not, replied my uncle.——He died, ſaid my father, as * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *——And if it was with his wife, ſaid my uncle Toby,—there could be no hurt in it.——That's more than I know,—replied my father.

CHAP. V.

MY mother was going very gingerly in the dark along the paſſage which led to the parlour, as my uncle

uncle Toby pronounced the word *wife*.—'Tis a ſhrill penetrating ſound of itſelf, and Obadiah had helped it by leaving the door a little a-jar, ſo that my mother heard enough of it to imagine herſelf the ſubject of the converſation; ſo laying the edge of her finger acroſs her two lips,—holding in her breath, and bending her head a little downwards, with a twiſt of her neck—(not towards the door, but from it, by which means her ear was brought to the chink)—ſhe liſtened with all her powers:—the liſtening ſlave, with the Goddeſs of Silence at his back, could not have given a finer thought for an intaglio.

In this attitude I am determined to let her ſtand for five minutes,—till I bring up the affairs of the kitchen (as Rapin does thoſe of the church) to the ſame period.

CHAP. VI.

THOUGH, in one ſenſe, our family was certainly a ſimple machine, as it conſiſted of a few wheels; yet there was thus much to be ſaid for it, that theſe wheels were ſet in motion by ſo many different ſprings, and acted one upon the other from ſuch a variety of ſtrange principles and impulſes,—that though it was a ſimple machine, it had all the honour and advantages of a complex one,—and a number of as odd movements within it, as ever were beheld in the inſide of a Dutch ſilk-mill.

Amongſt theſe there was one, I am going to ſpeak of, in which perhaps, it was not altogether ſo ſingular as in many others; and it was this, that whatever motion, debate, harangue, dialogue, project, or diſſertation, was going forward in the parlour, there was generally another at the ſame time, and upon the ſame ſubject, running parallel along with it in the kitchen.

Now to bring this about, whenever an extraordinary meſſage, or letter, was delivered in the parlour,—or a diſcourſe ſuſpended till a ſervant went out,—or the lines of diſcontent were obſerved to hang upon the brows of my father or mother; —or, in ſhort, when any thing was ſuppoſed to be upon the tapis worth knowing or liſtening to, 'twas the rule to leave the door, not abſolutely ſhut, but ſomewhat a-jar,—as it ſtands juſt now;—which, under covert of the bad hinge (and that poſſibly might be one of the many reaſons why it was never mended) it was not difficult to manage; by which means, in all theſe caſes, a paſſage was generally left, not indeed ſo wide as the Dardanelles, but wide enough, for all that, to carry on as much of this windward trade as was ſufficient to ſave my father the trouble of governing his houſe;—my mother at this moment ſtands profiting by it.—Obadiah did the ſame thing, as ſoon as he had left the letter upon the table which brought the news of my brother's death; ſo that before my father had well got over his ſurpriſe and entered upon his harangue,—had Trim got upon his legs, to ſpeak his ſentiments upon the ſubject.

A curious

A curious obſerver of nature, had he been worth the inventory of all Job's ſtock,—tho', by the bye, *your curious obſervers are ſeldom worth a groat*,—would have given the half of it to have heard Corporal Trim and my father, two orators ſo contraſted by nature and education, haranguing over the ſame bier.

My father,—a man of deep reading,—prompt memory,—with Cato, and Seneca, and Epictetus, at his fingers ends:—

The Corporal,—with nothing—to remember;—of no deeper reading than his muſter-roll,—or greater names at his fingers ends, than the contents of it.

The one proceeding from period to period, by metaphor and alluſion, and ſtriking the fancy as he went along (as men of wit and fancy do) with the entertainment and pleaſantry of his pictures and images.

The other, without wit or antitheſis, or point, or turn, this way or that; but leaving the images on one ſide, and the pictures on the other, going ſtraight forwards, as nature could lead him, to the heart.—O Trim! would to Heaven thou hadſt a better hiſtorian!—Would thy hiſtorian had a better pair of breeches!——O ye critics! will nothing melt you?

CHAP. VII.

——MY young maſter in London is dead? ſaid Obadiah,

——A green ſatin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice ſcoured, was the firſt idea which Obadiah's exclamation brought into Suſannah's head.——Well might Locke write a chapter upon the imperfections of words.——Then, quoth Suſannah, we muſt all go into mourning.——But note a ſecond time: the word *mourning*, notwithſtanding Suſannah made uſe of it herſelf,—failed alſo of doing its office; it excited not one ſingle idea, tinged either with grey or black:—all was green.—The green ſatin night-gown hung there ſtill.——

—O! 'twill be the death of my poor Miſtreſs, cried Suſannah.—My mother's whole wardrobe followed.—What a poſſeſſion! her red damaſk,—her orange-tawny,—her white and yellow luſtrings,—her brown taffeta,—her bone-laced caps, her bed-gowns, and comfortable under petticoats.—Not a rag was left behind.—" *No;—ſhe will never look up again!*" ſaid Suſannah.

We had a fat, fooliſh ſcullion;—my father, I think, kept her for her ſimplicity;—ſhe had been all autumn ſtruggling with a dropſy.——He is dead, ſaid Obadiah;—he is certainly dead!——So am not I, ſaid the fooliſh ſcullion.

——Here is ſad news, Trim, cried Suſannah, wiping her eyes as Trim ſtepp'd into the kitchen;—Maſter Bobby is dead and *buried!*—the funeral was an interpolation of Suſannah's;—we ſhall have all to go into mourning, ſaid Suſannah.

I hope not, ſaid Trim.——You hope not! cried Suſannah, earneſtly.—The mourning ran not in Trim's

Trim's head, whatever it did in Sufannah's.——I hope,—faid Trim, explaining himfelf, I hope in God the news is not true.——I heard the letter read with my own ears, anfwered Obadiah; and we fhall have a terrible piece of work of it in ftubbing the Ox-moor.——Oh! he's dead, faid Sufannah.——As fure, faid the fcullion, as I'm alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my foul, faid Trim, fetching a figh.—Poor creature!—poor boy!—poor gentleman!

——He was alive laft Whitfuntide! faid the coachman.——Whitfuntide! alas! cried Trim, extending his right arm, and falling inftantly into the fame attitude in which he read the fermon,—what is Whitfuntide, Jonathan (for that was the coachman's name) or Shrovetide, or any tide or time paft, to this? Are we not here now, continued the Corporal (ftriking the end of his ftick perpendicularly upon the floor, fo as to give an idea of health and ftability);—and are we not—(dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment!—'Twas infinitely ftriking! Sufannah burft into a flood of tears.—We are not ftocks and ftones.——Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted.—The fooliſh fat fcullion herfelf, who was fcouring a fifh-kettle upon her knees, was rous'd with it.—The whole kitchen crowded about the Corporal.

Now, as I perceive plainly, that the preſervation of our conſtitution in church and ſtate,—and poſſibly, the preſervation of the whole world,—or, what is the ſame thing, the diſtribution and balance

of its property and power, may in time to come depend greatly upon the right underſtanding of this ſtroke of the Corporal's eloquence,—I do demand your attention:—your Worſhips and Reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, ſhall ſleep for it at your eaſe.

I ſaid, "We are not ſtocks and ſtones:"—'tis very well. I ſhould have added, nor are we angels,—I wiſh we were;—but men clothed with bodies, and governed by our imaginations;—and what a junketing piece of work of it there is betwixt theſe and our ſeven ſenſes, eſpecially ſome of them; for my own part, I own it, I am aſhamed to confeſs. Let it ſuffice to affirm, that of all the ſenſes, the eye (for I abſolutely deny the touch, tho' moſt of your *Barbati*, I know, are for it) has the quickeſt commerce with the ſoul,—gives a ſmarter ſtroke, and leaves ſomething more inexpreſſible upon the fancy than words can either convey,—or ſometimes get rid of.

—I've gone a little about;—no matter, 'tis for health,—let us only carry it back in our mind, to the mortality of Trim's hat.—"Are we not here "now,—and gone in a moment?"—There was nothing in the ſentence;—'twas one of your ſelf-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if Trim had not truſted more to his hat than his head,—he had made nothing at all of it.

——"Are we not here now?" continued the Corporal; "and are we not——" (dropping his hat plumb

plumb upon the ground,—and pauſing, before he pronounced the word)—" gone! in a moment?" The deſcent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.—Nothing could have expreſſed the ſentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it;—his hand ſeemed to vaniſh from under it;—it fell dead;—the Corporal's eye fixed upon it as upon a corpſe;—and Suſannah burſt into a flood of tears.

Now,—ten thouſand, and ten thouſand times ten thouſand (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground without any effect.—Had he flung it, or thrown it, or caſt it, or ſkimmed it, or ſquirted it, or let it ſlip or fall in any poſſible direction under Heaven,—or in the beſt direction that could be given to it;—had he dropped it like a gooſe,—like a puppy,—like an aſs;—or in doing it, or even after he had done it, had he looked like a fool,—like a ninny,—like a nincompoop,—it had fail'd, and the effect upon the heart had been loſt.

Ye who govern this mighty world and its mighty concerns with the engines of eloquence;—who heat it, and cool it, and melt it, and mollify it,—and then harden it again to your purpoſe:——

Ye who wind and turn the paſſions with this great windlaſs; and, having done it, lead the owners of them whither ye think meet:—

Ye, laſtly, who drive——; and why not? Ye alſo who are driven, like turkeys, to market, with a

ſtick and a red clout,—meditate,—meditate, I beeęh you upon Trim's hat.

CHAP. VIII.

STAY,— I have a ſmall account to ſettle with the reader before Trim can go on with his harangue. —It ſhall be done in two minutes.

Amongſt many other book-debts, all of which I ſhall diſcharge in due time,—I own myſelf a debtor to the world for two items,—a chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes; which, in the former part of my work, I promiſed and fully intended to pay off this year: but ſome of your Worſhips and Reverences telling me that the two ſubjects, eſpecially ſo connected together, might endanger the morals of the world,—I pray the chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes may be forgiven me,—and that they will accept of the laſt chapter in lieu of it; which is nothing, an't pleaſe your Reverences, but a chapter of chamber-maids, green gowns, and old hats.

Trim took his hat off the ground,—put it upon his head,—and then went on with his oration upon death, in manner and form following:—

CHAP. IX.

——TO us, Jonathan, who know not what want or care is;—who live here in the ſervice of two

two of the beſt of maſters—(bating in my own caſe, his Majeſty King William the Third, whom I had the honour to ſerve both in Ireland and Flanders) —I own it; that from Whitſuntide to within three weeks of Chriſtmas,—'tis not long,—'tis like nothing; —but to thoſe, Jonathan, who know what death is, and what havoc and deſtruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about,—'tis like a whole age.— O Jonathan! —'twould make a good-natured man's heart bleed, to conſider, continued the Corporal (ſtanding perpendicularly) how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid ſince that time!— And truſt me, Suſy, added the Corporal, turning to Suſannah, whoſe eyes were ſwimming in water,— before that time comes round again,—many a bright eye will be dim.——Suſannah placed it to the right ſide of the page;—ſhe wept,—but ſhe court'ſied too.—Are we not, continued Trim, looking ſtill at Suſannah,—are we not like a flower of the field?——A tear of pride ſtole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation,—elſe no tongue could have deſcribed Suſannah's affliction.——Is not all fleſh graſs?—'Tis clay,—'tis dirt.——They all looked directly, at the ſcullion;—the ſcullion had juſt been ſcouring a fiſh-kettle.—It was not fair.—

—What is the fineſt face that ever man looked at!——I could hear Trim talk ſo for ever, cried Suſannah,—what is it!—(Suſannah laid her hand upon Trim's ſhoulder)—but corruption!——Suſannah took it off.

Now I love you for this;—and 'tis this delicious mixture within you which makes you dear creatures what

what you are;—and he who hates you for it—— all I can ſay of the matter is,—That he has either a pumpkin for his head,—or a pippin for his heart; —and whenever he is diſſected 'twill be found ſo.

CHAP. X.

WHETHER Suſannah, by taking her hand too ſuddenly from off the Corporal's ſhoulder (by the whiſking about of her paſſions)—broke a little the chain of his reflections,—

Or whether the Corporal began to be ſuſpicious he had got into the Doctor's quarters, and was talking more like the Chaplain than himſelf,—

Or whether, - - - - - - - - - - -

Or whether,—for in all ſuch caſes a man of invention and parts may, with pleaſure, fill a couple of pages with ſuppoſitions,—which of all theſe was the cauſe, let the curious phyſiologiſt, or the curious anybody determine,—'tis certain, at leaſt, the Corporal went on thus with his harangue:—

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all:—not this . . added the Corporal, ſnapping his fingers;—but with an air which no one but the Corporal could have given to the ſentiment.—In battle, I value death not this . . . and let him not take me cowardly, like poor Joe Gibbons, in ſcouring his gun.—What is he? A pull of a trigger;—a puſh of a bayonet an inch thisway or that,—makes the difference.—Look along

the line—to the right,—ſee! Jack's down! Well, —'tis worth a regiment of horſe to him.—No;—'tis Dick.—Then Jack's no worſe.—Never mind which;—we paſs on,—in hot purſuit: the wound itſelf which brings him is not felt,—the beſt way is to ſtand up to him;—the man who flies is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws.—I've looked him, added the Corporal, an hundred times in the face,—and know what he is.—He's nothing, Obadiah, at all in the field.——But he's very frightful in a houſe, quoth Obadiah.——I never minded it myſelf, ſaid Jonathan, upon a coach-box.——It muſt, in my opinion, be moſt natural in bed, replied Suſannah.——And could I eſcape him by creeping into the worſt calf's ſkin that ever was made into a knapſack, I would do it there,—ſaid Trim;—but that is nature.

——Nature is nature, ſaid Jonathan.——And that is the reaſon, cried Suſannah, I ſo much pity my Miſtreſs.—She will never get the better of it.——Now I pity the Captain the moſt of any one in the family, anſwered Trim.—Madam will get eaſe of heart in weeping,—and the Squire in talking about it,—but my poor Maſter will keep it all in ſilence to himſelf.—I ſhall hear him ſigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for Lieutenant Le Fevre. An' pleaſe your Honour, do not ſigh ſo piteouſly, I would ſay to him as I lay beſide him.—I cannot help it, Trim, my Maſter would ſay;—'tis ſo melancholy an accident,—I cannot get it off my heart.——Your Honour fears not death yourſelf.——I hope, Trim, I fear nothing,

he

he would ſay, but the doing a wrong thing.—Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of Le Fevre's boy.—And with that, like a quieting draught, his Honour would fall aſleep.

I like to hear Trim's ſtories about the Captain, ſaid Suſannah,——He is a kindly-hearted gentleman, ſaid Obadiah, as ever lived.——Aye, and as brave a one too, ſaid the Corporal, as ever ſtept before a platoon.—There never was a better officer in the King's army,—or a better man in God's world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he ſaw the lighted match at the very touch-hole;—and yet, for all that, he has a heart as ſoft as a child for other people;—he would not hurt a chicken.——I would ſooner, quoth Jonathan, drive ſuch a gentleman for ſeven pounds a year, than ſome for eight.——Thank thee, Jonathan! for thy twenty ſhillings,—as much, Jonathan, ſaid the Corporal, ſhaking him by the hand, as if thou hadſt put the money into my own pocket.—I would ſerve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me; and could I be ſure my poor brother Tom was dead,—continued the Corporal, taking out his handkerchief,—was I worth ten thouſand pounds, I would leave every ſhilling of it to the Captain.—Trim could not refrain from tears at this teſtamentary proof he gave of his affection to his Maſter.—The whole kitchen was affected.——Do tell us the ſtory of the poor Lieutenant, ſaid Suſannah.——With all my heart, anſwered the Corporal.

Suſannah,

Sufannah, the cook, Jonathan, Obadiah, and Corporal Trim, formed a circle about the fire; and as ſoon as the ſcullion had ſhut the kitchen door,—the Corporal began,—

CHAP. XI.

I AM a Turk if I had not as much forgot my mother, as if Nature had plaſtered me up, and ſet me down naked upon the banks of the river Nile, without one.—Your moſt obedient ſervant, Madam,—I've coſt you a great deal of trouble, —I wiſh it may anſwer;—but you have left a crack in my back;—and here's a great piece fallen off here before:—and what muſt I do with this foot?—I ſhall never reach England with it.

For my own part, I never wonder at any thing;—and ſo often has my judgment deceived me in my life, that I always ſuſpect it, right or wrong;—at leaſt, I am ſeldom hot upon cold ſubjects. For all this, I reverence truth as much as any body; and when it has ſlipped us, if a man will but take me by the hand, and go quietly and ſearch for it, as for a thing we have both loſt, and can neither of us do well without,—I'll go to the world's end with him.—But I hate diſputes,—and therefore (bating religious points, or ſuch as touch ſociety) I would almoſt ſubſcribe to any thing which does not choke me in the firſt paſſage, rather than be drawn into one.—But I cannot bear ſuffocation;—

and

and bad ſmells worſt of all.—For which reaſons, I reſolved from the beginning, That if ever the army of Martyrs was to be augmented,—or a new one raiſed,—I would have no hand in it, one way or t'other.

CHAP. XII.

—BUT to return to my mother.

My uncle Toby's opinion, Madam, "That there "could be no harm in Cornelius Gallus, the "Roman prætor's lying with his wife;"—or rather the laſt word of that opinion,—for it was all my mother heard of it) caught hold of her by the weak part of the whole ſex:—you ſhall not miſtake me,—I mean her curioſity;—ſhe inſtantly concluded herſelf the ſubject of the converſation, and with that prepoſeſſion upon her fancy, you will readily conceive, every word my father ſaid was accommodated either to herſelf or her family-concerns.

—Pray, Madam, in what ſtreet does the lady live who would not have done the ſame?

From the ſtrange mode of Cornelius's death, my father had made a tranſition to that of Socrates, and was giving my uncle Toby an abſtract of his pleading before his judges;—'twas irreſiſtible:—not the oration of Socrates,—but my father's temptation to it.—He had wrote the * Life of

* This book my father would never conſent to publiſh; 'tis in manuſcript, with ſome other tracts of his, in the family; all, or moſt of which, will be printed in due time.

Socrates

Socrates himſelf the year before he left off trade; which, I fear, was the means of haſtening him out of it;—ſo that no one was able to ſet out with ſo full a ſail, and in ſo ſwelling a tide of heroic loftineſs upon the occaſion, as my father was. Not a period in Socrates's oration which cloſed with a ſhorter word than tranſmigration, or annihilation,—or a worſe thought in the middle of it than *to be,—or not to be,*—the entering upon a new and untried ſtate of things,—or upon a long, a profound and peaceful ſleep, without dreams, without diſturbance!—*That we and our children were born to die,—but neither of us born to be ſlaves.*—No, there I miſtake; that was part of Eleazer's oration, as recorded by Joſephus (de Bell. Judaic.)—Eleazer owns he had it from the philoſophers of India. In all likelihood Alexander the Great, in his irruption into India, after he had overrun Perſia, amongſt the many things he ſtole,—ſtole that ſentiment alſo; by which means it was carried, if not all the way by himſelf. (for we all know he died at Babylon) at leaſt by ſome of his marauders, into Greece,—from Greece it got to Rome,—from Rome to France,—and from France to England.—So things come round:—

By land-carriage; I can conceive no other way.—

By water, the ſentiment might eaſily have come down the Ganges into the Sinus Gangeticus, or Bay of Bengal, and ſo into the Indian ſea; and following the courſe of trade (the way from India by the Cape of Good Hope, being then unknown) might be carried with other drugs and

and ſpices, up the Red Sea to Joddah, the port of Mecca, or elſe to Tor or Suez, towns at the bottom of the Gulf; and from thence by caravans to Coptos, but three days journey diſtant, ſo down the Nile directly to Alexandria, where the *ſentiment* would be landed at the very foot of the great ſtaircaſe of the Alexandrian library;—and from that ſtorehouſe it would be fetched.—Bleſs me! what a trade was driven by the learned in thoſe days!

CHAP. XIII.

—NOW my father had a way a little like that of Job's (in caſe there ever was ſuch a man)—if not, there's an end of the matter.—

Though, by the bye, becauſe your learned men find ſome difficulty in fixing the preciſe æra in which ſo great a man lived;—whether, for inſtance, before or after the patriarchs, &c.—to vote, therefore, that he never lived at all, is a little cruel;—'tis not doing as they would be done by.—Happen that as it may,—My father, I ſay, had a way, when things went extremely wrong with him, eſpecially upon the firſt ſally of his impatience,—of wondering why he was begot;—wiſhing himſelf dead;—ſometimes worſe:—and when the provocation ran high, and grief touched his lips with more than ordinary powers,—Sir, you ſcarce could have diſtinguiſhed him from Socrates himſelf.—Every word would breathe the ſentiments of a ſoul diſdaining

diſdaining life, and careleſs about all its iſſues; for which reaſon, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abſtract of Socrates's oration, which my father was giving my uncle Toby, was not altogether new to her.—She liſtened to it with compoſed intelligence, and would have done ſo to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occaſion to have done) into that part of the pleading where the great philoſopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a ſecurity to be ſo won, by working upon the paſſions of his judges.—" I have friends,—" I have relations,—I have three deſolate chil-" dren,"—ſays Socrates.—

——Then, cried my mother, opening the door,—you have one more, Mr. Shandy, than I know of.

——By Heaven! I have one leſs,—ſaid my father, getting up and walking out of the room.

CHAP. XIV.

——THEY are Socrates's children, ſaid my uncle Toby. ——He has been dead a hundred years ago, replied my mother.

My uncle Toby was no chronologer;—ſo not caring to advance one ſtep but upon ſafe ground, he laid down his pipe deliberately upon the table, and riſing up, and taking my mother moſt kindly

by the hand, without ſaying another word, either good or bad, to her, he led her out after my father, that he might finiſh the eclairciſſement himſelf.

CHAP. XV.

HAD this volume been a farce, which, unleſs every one's Life and Opinions are to be looked upon as a farce as well as mine, I ſee no reaſon to ſuppoſe—the laſt chapter, Sir, had finiſhed the firſt act of it; and then this chapter muſt have ſet off thus:—

Ptr..r..r..ing,—twing,—twang,—prut,—trut; 'tis a curſed bad fiddle.—Do you know whether my fiddle's in tune or no?—trut..prut..—They ſhould be fifths.—'Tis wickedly ſtrung,—tr...a.e.i.o.u. twang.—The bridge is a mile too high, and the ſound-poſt abſolutely down,—elſe,—trut...prut.—Hark! 'tis not ſo bad a tone.—Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle, dum. There is nothing in playing before good judges;—but there's a man there,—no,—not him with the bundle under his arm,—the grave man in black.—'Sdeath! not the gentleman with the ſword on.—Sir, I had rather play a Capriccio to Calliope herſelf, than draw my bow acroſs my fiddle before that very man; and yet I'll ſtake my Cremona to a Jew's trump, which is the greateſt muſical odds that ever were laid, that I will this moment ſtop three hundred and fifty leagues out of tune upon my fiddle,

fiddle, without puniſhing one ſingle nerve that belongs to him.—Twaddle diddle,—tweddle diddle—twiddle diddle,—twoddle diddle,—twuddle diddle;—prut-trut,—kriſh,—kraſh,—kruſh.—I've undone you, Sir,—but you ſee he's no worſe;—and was Apollo to take his fiddle after me, he can make him no better.

Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle,—hum,—dum,—drum.

—Your Worſhips and your Reverences love muſic,—and God has made you all with good ears,—and ſome of you play delightfully yourſelves;—trut-prut,—prut-trut.

O! there is—whom I could ſit and hear whole days,—whoſe talents lie in making what he fiddles to be felt;—who inſpires me with his joys and hopes, and puts the moſt hidden ſprings of my heart into motion.—If you would borrow five guineas of me, Sir,—which is generally ten guineas more than I have to ſpare,—or you, Meſſrs. Apothecary and Taylor, want your bills paying,—that's your time.

CHAP. XVI.

THE firſt thing which entered my father's head, after affairs were a little ſettled in the family, and Suſannah had got poſſeſſion of my mother's green ſatin night-gown,—was to ſit down coolly, after the example of Xenophon, and write

a *Triſtra-pædia*, or ſyſtem of education for me; collecting firſt for that purpoſe his own ſcattered thoughts, counſels, and notions; and binding them together, ſo as to form an INSTITUTE for the government of my childhood and adoleſcence.—I was my father's laſt ſtake,—he had loſt my brother Bobby entirely,—he had loſt, by his own computation, full three-fourths of me,—that is, he had been unfortunate in his three firſt great caſts for me:—my geniture, noſe, and name:—there was but this one left; and accordingly my father gave himſelf up to it with as much devotion as ever my uncle Toby had done to his doctrine of projectiles.—The difference between them was, that my uncle Toby drew his whole knowledge of projectiles from Nicholas Tartaglia.—My father ſpun his, every thread of it, out of his own brain,—or had ſo reeled and croſs-twiſted what all other ſpinners and ſpinſters had ſpun before him, that 'twas pretty near the ſame torture to him.

In about three years, or ſomething more, my father had got advanced almoſt into the middle of his work.—Like all other writers, he met with diſappointments.—He imagined he ſhould be able to bring whatever he had to ſay, into ſo ſmall a compaſs, that when it was finiſhed and bound, it might be rolled up in my mother's houſewife.—Matter grows under our hands.—Let no man ſay, —"Come,—I'll write a *duodecimo*."

My father gave himſelf up to it, however, with the moſt painful diligence, proceeding ſtep by ſtep in every line with the ſame kind of caution and circum-

circumſpection (though I cannot ſay upon quite ſo religious a principle) as was uſed by John de la Caſſe, the Lord Archbiſhop of Benevento, in compaſſing his Galatea; in which his Grace of Benevento ſpent near forty years of his life; and when the thing came out, it was not of above half the ſize or the thickneſs of a Rider's Almanack.—How the holy man managed the affair, unleſs he ſpent the greateſt part of his time in combing his whiſkers, or playing at *primero* with his chaplain,—would poſe any mortal not let into the true ſecret;—and therefore 'tis worth explaining to the world, was it only for the encouragement of thoſe few in it, who write not ſo much to be fed,—as to be famous.

I own, had John de la Caſſe, the Archbiſhop of Benevento, for whoſe memory (notwithſtanding his Galatea) I retain the higheſt veneration,—had he been, Sir, a ſlender clerk,—of dull wit,—ſlow parts,—coſtive head, and ſo forth,—he and his Galatea might have jogged on together to the age of Methuſelah for me;—the phænomenon had not been worth a parentheſis.—

But the reverſe of this was the truth: John de la Caſſe was a genius of fine parts and fertile fancy; and yet with all theſe great advantages of nature, which ſhould have pricked him forwards with his Galatea, he lay under an impuiſſance at the ſame time of advancing above a line and a half in the compaſs of a whole ſummer's day. This diſability in his Grace aroſe from an opinion he

was afflicted with;—which opinion was this,—viz. That whenever a Chriſtian was writing a book (not for his private amuſement, but) where his intent and purpoſe was *bonâ fide*, to print and publiſh it to the world,—his firſt thoughts were always the temptations of the evil one.—This was the ſtate of ordinary writers: but when a perſonage of venerable character and high ſtation, either in church or ſtate, once turned author,—he maintained, that from the very moment he took pen in hand, —all the Devils in hell broke out of their holes to cajole him.—'Twas Term-time with them;—every thought, firſt and laſt, was captious;—how ſpecious and good ſoever,—'twas all one;—in whatever form or colour it preſented itſelf to the imagination,—'twas ſtill a ſtroke of one or other of 'em levell'd at him, and was to be fenced off.—So that the life of a writer, whatever he might fancy to the contrary, was not ſo much a ſtate of *compoſition*, as a ſtate of *warfare*; and his probation in it, preciſely that of any other man militant upon earth,—both depending alike, not half ſo much upon the degrees of his wit,—as his *reſiſtance*.

My father was hugely pleaſed with this theory of John de la Caſſe, archbiſhop of Benevento; and (had it not cramped him a little in his creed) I believe would have given ten of the beſt acres in the Shandy eſtate to have been the broacher of it.—How far my father actually believed in the Devil, will be ſeen, when I come to ſpeak of my father's

father's religious notions, in the progreſs of this work: 'tis enough to ſay here, as he could not have the honour of it, in the literal ſenſe of the doctrine,—he took up with the allegory of it; and would often ſay, eſpecially when his pen was a little retrograde, there was as much good meaning, truth, and knowledge, couched under the veil of John de la Caſſe's parabolical repreſentation,—as was to be found in any one poetic fiction or myſtic record of antiquity.—Prejudice of education, he would ſay, *is the Devil*,—and the multitudes of them which we ſuck in with our mother's milk, —*are the Devil and all.*—We are haunted with them, brother Toby, in all our lucubrations and reſearches; and was a man fool enough to ſubmit tamely to what they obtruded upon him,—what would his book be? Nothing,—he would add, throwing his pen away with a vengeance;—nothing but a farrago of the clack of nurſes, and of the nonſenſe of the old women (of both ſexes) throughout the kingdom.

This is the beſt account I am determined to give of the ſlow progreſs my father made in his *Triſtra-pædia*; at which (as I ſaid) he was three years, and ſomething more, indefatigably at work, and, at laſt, had ſcarce completed, by his own reckoning, one half of his undertaking: the misfortune was, that I was all that time totally neglected and abandoned to my mother; and, what was almoſt as bad, by the very delay, the firſt part of the work, upon which my father had ſpent the moſt of his pains, was rendered entirely uſeleſs;

—every day a page or two became of no conſequence.

——Certainly it was ordained as a ſcourge upon the pride of human wiſdom, That the wiſeſt of us all ſhould thus outwit ourſelves, and eternally forego our purpoſes in the intemperate act of purſuing them.

In ſhort, my father was ſo long in all his acts of reſiſtance,—or, in other words,—he advanced ſo very ſlow with his work, and I began to live and get forwards at ſuch a rate, that if an event had not happened,—which, when we get to it, if it can be told with decency, ſhall not be concealed a moment from my reader,—I verily believe, I had put by my father, and left him drawing a ſun-dial, for no better purpoſe than to be buried under ground.

CHAP. XVII.

——'TWAS nothing:—I did not loſe two drops of blood by it:—'twas not worth calling in a ſurgeon, had he lived next door to us.—Thouſands ſuffer by choice, what I did by accident.—Doctor Slop made ten times more of it than there was occaſion.—Some men riſe by the art of hanging great weights upon ſmall wires:—and I am this day (Auguſt the 10th, 1761) paying part of the price of this man's reputation.—O 'twould provoke a ſtone, to ſee how things are carried on

in this world!—The chamber-maid had left no ********** under the bed.——Cannot you contrive, maſter, quoth Suſannah, lifting up the ſaſh with one hand, as ſhe ſpoke, and helping me up into the window-ſeat with the other,—cannot you manage, my dear, for a ſingle time, to **** *** ** *** ******?——

I was five years old.—Suſannah did not conſider that nothing was well hung in our family;—ſo, flap came the ſaſh down like lightning upon us.——Nothing is left,—cried Suſannah,—nothing is left—for me, but to run my country.——

My uncle Toby's houſe was a much kinder ſanctuary; and ſo Suſannah fled to it.

CHAP. XVIII.

WHEN Suſannah told the Corporal the miſadventure of the ſaſh, with all the circumſtances which attended the *murder* of me,—(as ſhe called it)—the blood forſook his cheeks:—all acceſſaries in murder being principals,—Trim's conſcience told him he was as much to blame as Suſannah;—and if the doctrine had been true, my uncle Toby had as much of the bloodſhed to anſwer for to Heaven as either of 'em;—ſo that neither reaſon nor inſtinct, ſeparate or together, could poſſibly have guided Suſannah's ſteps to ſo proper an aſylum.—It is in vain to leave this to the

the reader's imagination:—to form any kind of hypotheſis that will render theſe propoſitions feaſible, he muſt cudgel his brains ſore;—and to do it without,—he muſt have ſuch brains as no reader ever had before him.—Why ſhould I put them either to trial or to torture?—'Tis my own affair: I'll explain it myſelf.

CHAP. XIX.

'TIS a pity, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, reſting with his hand upon the Corporal's ſhoulder, as they both ſtood ſurveying their works,—that we have not a couple of field-pieces to mount in the gorge of that new redoubt;—'twould ſecure the lines all along there, and make the attack on that ſide quite complete.—Get me a couple caſt, Trim.——

Your Honour ſhall have them, replied Trim, before to-morrow morning.——

It was the joy of Trim's heart; nor was his fertile head ever at a loſs for expedients in doing it, to ſupply my uncle Toby in his campaigns, with whatever his fancy called for: had it been his laſt crown, he would have ſat down and hammered it into a paderero, to have prevented a ſingle wiſh in his maſter.—The Corporal had already,—what with cutting off the ends of my uncle Toby's ſpouts,—hacking and chiſelling up the ſides of his leaden gutters,—melting down his pewter ſhaving-baſon;—and going at laſt, like Lewis the Fourteenth, on to the top of the church for ſpare ends, &c.—he had

had that very campaign brought no leſs than eight new battering cannons, beſides three demi-culverins, into the field. My uncle Toby's demand for two more pieces for the redoubt, had ſet the Corporal at work again; and no better reſource offering, he had taken the two leaden weights from the nurſery-window; and as the ſaſh pullies, when the lead was gone, were of no kind of uſe, he had taken them away alſo, to make a couple of wheels for one of their carriages.

He had diſmantled every ſaſh-window in my uncle Toby's houſe long before, in the very ſame way,—though not always in the ſame order; for ſometimes the pullies had been wanted, and not the lead,—ſo then he began with the pullies;—and the pullies being picked out, then the lead became uſeleſs;—and ſo the lead went to pot too.

——A great MORAL might be picked handſomely out of this, but I have not time;—'tis enough to ſay, Wherever the demolition began, 'twas equally fatal to the ſaſh-window.

CHAP. XX.

THE Corporal had not taken his meaſures ſo badly in this ſtroke of artilleryſhip, but that he might have kept the matter entirely to himſelf, and left Suſannah to have ſuſtained the whole weight of the attack as ſhe could: true courage is not content with coming off ſo.—The Corporal, whether as general or comptroller of the train,—'twas no matter,

matter,—had done that, without which, as he imagined, the misfortune could never have happened, —*at leaſt in Suſannah's hands.*—How would your Honours have behaved?—He determined at once, not to take ſhelter behind Suſannah,—but to give it; and, with this reſolution upon his mind, he marched upright into the parlour, to lay the whole *manœuvre* before my uncle Toby.

My uncle Toby had juſt then been giving Yorick an account of the battle of Steinkirk, and of the ſtrange conduct of Count Solmes, in ordering the foot to halt, and the horſe to march where it could not act; which was directly contrary to the king's command, and proved the loſs of the day.

There are accidents in ſome families ſo pat to the purpoſe of what is going to follow,—they are ſcarce exceeded by the invention of a dramatic writer,—I mean of ancient days.—

Trim, by the help of his fore-finger laid flat upon the table, and the edge of his hand ſtriking acroſs it at right angles, made a ſhift to tell his ſtory ſo, that prieſts and virgins might have liſtened to it;—and the ſtory being told, the dialogue went on as follows:—

CHAP. XXI.

——I WOULD be picquetted to death, cried the Corporal, as he concluded Suſannah's ſtory, before I would ſuffer the woman to come to any harm:—'twas my fault, an' pleaſe your Honour,—not hers.

Corporal

Corporal Trim, replied my uncle Toby, putting on his hat, which lay upon the table, if any thing can be ſaid to be a fault, when the ſervice abſolutely requires it ſhould be done, 'tis I certainly who deſerve the blame; you obeyed your orders.

Had Count Solmes, Trim, done the ſame at the battle of Steinkirk, ſaid Yorick, drolling a little upon the Corporal, who had been run over by a dragoon in the retreat,—he had ſaved thee——Saved! cried Trim, interrupting Yorick, and finiſhing the ſentence for him after his own faſhion,—he had ſaved five battalions, an' pleaſe your Reverence, every ſoul of them.—There was Cutts's, continued the Corporal, clapping the fore-finger of his right hand upon the thumb of his left, and counting round his hand,—there was Cutts's,—Mackay's,—Angus's,—Graham's,—and Leven's, all cut to pieces;—and ſo had the Engliſh life-guards, too, had it not been for ſome regiments upon the right, who marched up boldly to their relief, and received the enemy's fire in their faces, before any one of their own platoons diſcharged a muſket.—They'll go to Heaven for it, added Trim.——Trim is right, ſaid my uncle Toby, nodding to Yorick;—he's perfectly right.——What ſignified his marching the horſe, continued the Corporal, where the ground was ſo ſtrait, that the French had ſuch a nation of hedges, and copſes, and ditches, and fell'd trees laid this way and that, to cover them (as they always have).—Count Solmes ſhould have ſent us; we would have fired muzzle to muzzle with them for their lives.—There was nothing to be done for the horſe:

horſe :—he had his foot ſhot off, however, for his pains, continued the Corporal, the very next campaign, at Landen.——Poor Trim got his wound there, quoth my uncle Toby.——'Twas owing, an' pleaſe your Honour entirely to Count Solmes; had he drubbed them ſoundly at Steinkirk, they would not have fought us at Landen.——Poſſibly not, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby; though, if they have the advantage of a wood, or you give them a moment's time to intrench themſelves, they are a nation which will pop and pop for ever at you. There is no way but to march coolly up to them, receive their fire, and fall in upon them, pell-mell;——Ding-dong, added Trim;——Horſe and foot, ſaid my uncle Toby;—— Helter ſkelter, ſaid Trim;——Right and left, cried my uncle Toby.——Blood an' ounds! ſhouted the Corporal:—the battle raged; Yorick drew his chair a little to one ſide for ſafety; and after a moment's pauſe, my uncle Toby, ſinking his voice a note, reſumed the diſcourſe as follows:—

CHAP. XXII.

KING William, ſaid my uncle Toby, addreſſing himſelf to Yorick, was ſo terribly provoked at Count Solmes for diſobeying his orders, that he would not ſuffer him to come into his preſence for many months after.——I fear, anſwered Yorick, the Squire will be as much provoked at the Corporal, as the King at the Count.—But 'twould be ſingularly

larly hard in this caſe, continued he, if Corporal Trim, who has behaved ſo diametrically oppoſite to Count Solmes, ſhould have the fate to be rewarded with the ſame diſgrace:—too often, in this world, do things take that train.——I would ſpring a mine, cried my uncle Toby, riſing up, and blow up my fortifications, and my houſe with them, and we would periſh under their ruins, ere I would ſtand by and ſee it.——Trim directed a ſlight, but a grateful bow towards his maſter,—and ſo the chapter ends.

CHAP. XXIII.

—THEN, Yorick, replied my uncle Toby, you and I will lead the way abreaſt: and do you, Corporal, follow, a few paces behind us.——And Suſannah, an' pleaſe your Honour, ſaid Trim, ſhall be put in the rear. 'Twas an excellent diſpoſition; and, in this order, without either drums beating, or colours flying, they marched ſlowly from my uncle Toby's houſe to Shandy-hall.

——I wiſh, ſaid Trim, as they entered the door, inſtead of the ſaſh-weights, I had cut off the church-ſpout, as I once thought to have done. ——You have cut off ſpouts enow, replied Yorick.

CHAP. XXIV.

AS many pictures as have been given of my father, how like him ſoever in different airs and attitudes, not one or all of them, can ever help the reader to any kind of preconception of how my father would think, ſpeak, or act, upon any untried occaſion or occurrence of life. There was that infinitude of oddities in him, and of chances along with it, by which handle he would take a thing,—it baffled, Sir, all calculations. The truth was, his road lay ſo very far on one ſide, from that wherein moſt men travelled, that every object before him preſented a face and ſection of itſelf to his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation of it ſeen by the reſt of mankind. In other words, 'twas a different object, and, in courſe, was differently conſidered.

This is the true reaſon that my dear Jenny and I, as well as all the world beſides us, have ſuch eternal ſquabbles about nothing. She looks at her outſide;—I, at her in—. How is it poſſible we ſhould agree about her value?

CHAP. XXV.

'TIS a point ſettled, and I mention it for the comfort of * Confucius, who is apt to get entan-

* Mr. Shandy is ſuppoſed to mean * * * * * * * * * *, Eſq. member for * * * * * *,—and not the Chineſe Legiſlature.

gled

gled in telling a plain ſtory, that, provided he keeps along the line of his ſtory, he may go backwards and forwards as he will, 'tis ſtill held to be no digreſſion.

This being premiſed, I take the benefit of the *act of going backwards* myſelf.

CHAP. XXVI.

FIFTY thouſand pannier loads of Devils (not of the Archbiſhop of Benevento's,—I mean of Rabelais's Devils) with their tails chopped off by their rumps, could not have made ſo diabolical a ſcream of it as I did—when the accident befel me: it ſummoned up my mother inſtantly into the nurſery;—ſo that Suſannah had but juſt time to make her eſcape down the back-ſtairs, as my mother came up the fore.

Now, though I was old enough to have told the ſtory myſelf,—and young enough, I hope, to have done it without malignity,—yet Suſannah, in paſſing by the kitchen, for fear of accidents, had left it in ſhort-hand with the cook;—the cook had told it, with a commentary, to Jonathan; and Jonathan to Obadiah; ſo that, by the time my father had rung the bell half a dozen times, to know what was the matter above,—was Obadiah enabled to give him a particular account of it, juſt as it had happened.——I thought as much, ſaid my father, tucking up his night-gown;—and ſo walked up ſtairs.

One would imagine from this—(though for my own part I ſomewhat queſtion it)—that my father, before that time, had actually wrote that remarkable character in the *Triſtra-pædia*, which to me is the moſt original and entertaining in the whole book, —and that is the *chapter upon ſaſh-windows*, with a bitter *Philippic* at the end of it, upon the forgetfulneſs of chambermaids. I have but two reaſons for thinking otherwiſe.

Firſt, had the matter been taken into conſideration before the event happened, my father certainly would have nailed up the ſaſh-window for good an' all; which, conſidering with what difficulty he compoſed books, he might have done with ten times leſs trouble than he could have wrote the chapter. This argument, I foreſee, holds good againſt his writing a chapter, even after the event; but 'tis obviated under the ſecond reaſon, which I have the honour to offer to the world in ſupport of my opinion, that my father did not write the chapter upon ſaſh-windows and chamber-pots at the time ſuppoſed,—and it is this:—

—That, in order to render the *Triſtra-pædia* complete, I wrote the chapter myſelf.

CHAP. XXVII.

MY father put on his ſpectacles,—looked,—took them off,—put them into the caſe,—all in leſs than a ſtatutable minute; and, without opening

ing his lips, turned about and walked precipitately down ſtairs. My mother imagined he had ſtepped down for lint and baſilicon; but ſeeing him return with a couple of folios under his arm, and Obadiah following him with a large reading-deſk, ſhe took it for granted it was an Herbal, and ſo drew him a chair to the bed-ſide, that he might conſult upon the caſe at his eaſe.

——If it be but right done, ſaid my father, turning to the ſection—*de ſede vel ſubjecto circumciſionis*,—for he had brought up *Spenſer de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus*,—and *Maimonides*, in order to confront and examine us altogether;——

——If it be but right done, quoth he,——Only tell us, cried my mother interrupting him, what herbs?——For that, replied my father, you muſt ſend for Dr. Slop.

My mother went down, and my father went on, reading the ſection as follows:—

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * —— Very well,—ſaid my father,
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * *—nay, if it has that convenience,

—and ſo without ſtopping a moment to ſettle it firſt in his mind, whether the Jews had it from the Egyptians, or the Egyptians from the Jews,—he roſe up, and rubbing his forehead two or three times acroſs with the palm of his hand, in the manner we rub out the footſteps of care, when

evil has trod lighter upon us than we forebodcd,—he ſhut the book, and walked down ſtairs.——Nay, ſaid he, mentioning the name of a different great nation upon every ſtep as he ſet his foot upon it,—if the Egyptians,—the Syrians,—the Phœnicians,—the Arabians,—the Cappadocians,—if the Colchi and Troglodytes did it,—if Solon and Pythagoras ſubmitted,—what is Triſtram?—Who am I, that I ſhould fret or fume one moment about the matter!

CHAP. XXVIII.

DEAR Yorick, ſaid my father, ſmiling (for Yorick had broke his rank with my uncle Toby in coming through the narrow entry, and ſo had ſtept firſt into the parlour) this Triſtram of ours, I find, comes very hardly by all his religious rites. Never was the ſon of Jew, Chriſtian, Turk, or Infidel, initiated into them in ſo oblique and ſlovenly a manner.——But he is no worſe, I truſt, ſaid Yorick.——There has been certainly, continued my father, the deuce and all to do in ſome part or other of the ecliptic, when this offspring of mine was formed.——*That* you are a better judge of than I, replied Yorick.——Aſtrologers, quoth my father, know better than us both: the trine and ſextil aſpects have jumped awry, or the oppoſite of their aſcendents have not hit it, as they ſhould, or the lords of the genitures (as they call them) have been

at

at *bo-peep*,—or ſomething has been wrong above, or below, with us.

'Tis poſſible, anſwered Yorick.——But is the child, cried my uncle Toby, the worſe?——The Troglodytes ſay not, replied my father. And your theologiſts, Yorick, tell us——Theologically, ſaid Yorick;—or ſpeaking after the manner of * apothecaries? — † ſtateſmen? — or ‡ waſher-women?

——I'm not ſure, replied my father; but they tell us, brother Toby, he's the better for it.——Provided, ſaid Yorick, you travel him into Egypt.——Of that, anſwered my father, he will have the advantage, when he ſees the Pyramids.

——Now, every word of this, quoth my uncle Toby, is Arabic to me.——I wiſh, ſaid Yorick, 'twas ſo to half the world.

——* Ilus, continued my father, circumciſed his whole army one morning.——Not without a court-martial? cried my uncle Toby.——Though the learned, continued he, taking no notice of my uncle Toby's remark, but turning to Yorick,—are greatly divided ſtill, who Ilus was;—ſome ſay Saturn;—ſome the Supreme Being;—others, no more than a brigadier-general under Pharaoh-Neco.——Let him be who he will, ſaid my uncle Toby,

* Χαλεπῆς νόσου, καὶ δυσιάτου ἀπαλλαγὴ, ἣν ἄνθρακα καλοῦσιν. PHILO.

† Τὰ τεμνόμενα τῶν ἐθνῶν πολυγονωτατα, καὶ πολυανθρωπότατα ἐνῖαι.

‡ Καθαριότητος εἵνεκεν. BOCHART.

§ Ὁ Ιλος, τὰ αἰδοια περιτέμνεται ταυτο. ποιησαι καὶ τοὺς ἅμ' αυτῳ συμμάχους καταναγκάσας. SANCHUNIATHO.

I know not by what article of war he could juſtify it.

The controvertiſts, anſwered my father, aſſign two-and-twenty different reaſons for it:—others, indeed, who have drawn their pens on the oppoſite ſide of the queſtion, have ſhewn the world the futility of the greateſt part of them.—But then again, our beſt polemic divines,——I wiſh there was not a polemic divine, ſaid Yorick, in the kingdom:—one ounce of practical divinity—is worth a painted ſhip-load of all their Reverences have imported theſe fifty years.——Pray, Mr. Yorick, quoth my uncle Toby,—do tell me what a polemic divine is?——The beſt deſcription, Captain Shandy, I have ever read, is of a couple of 'em, replied Yorick, in the account of the battle fought, ſingle hands, betwixt Gymnaſt and Captain Tripet; which I have in my pocket.——I beg I may hear it, quoth my uncle Toby, earneſtly.——You ſhall, ſaid Yorick.——And as the Corporal is waiting for me at the door,—and I know the deſcription of a battle will do the poor fellow more good than his ſupper,—I beg, brother, you'll give him leave to come in.——With all my ſoul, ſaid my father. ——Trim came in, erect and happy as an emperor; and having ſhut the door, Yorick took a book from his right hand coat-pocket, and read, or pretended to read, as follows:

CHAP. XXIX.

——" which words being heard by all the " ſoldiers who were there, divers of them being " inwardly terrified, did ſhrink back and make " room for the aſſailant. All this did Gymnaſt " very well remark and conſider; and, therefore, " making as if he would have alighted from off " his horſe, as he was poiſing himſelf on the mount- " ing ſide, he moſt nimbly (with his ſhort ſword by " his thigh) ſhifting his feet in the ſtirrup, and per- " forming the ſtirrup-leather feat, whereby, after " the inclining of his body downwards, he forth- " with launched himſelf aloft into the air, and placed " both his feet together upon the ſaddle, ſtanding " upright, with his back turned towards his horſe's " head.— Now (ſaid he) my caſe goes forward. " Then ſuddenly, in the ſame poſture wherein he " was, he fetched a gambol upon one foot, and " turning to the left hand, failed not to carry his " body perfectly round, juſt into his former poſition, " without miſſing one jot.——Ha! ſaid Tripet, " I will not do that at this time; and not with- " out cauſe. ——Well, ſaid Gymnaſt, I have failed, " —I will undo this leap; then with a marvel- " lous ſtrength and agility, turning towards the " right hand, he fetched another friſking gambol " as before; which done, he ſet his right hand " thumb upon the bow of the ſaddle, raiſed himſelf " up, and ſprung into the air, poiſing and uphold- " ing his whole weight upon the muſcle and nerve " of the ſaid thumb, and ſo turned and whirled

" himſelf about three times: at the fourth, re-
" verſing his body, and overturning it upſide down,
" and foreſide back, without *touching any thing*, he
" brought himſelf betwixt the horſe's two ears;
" and then giving himſelf a jerking ſwing, he ſeated
" himſelf upon the crupper—"

(This can't be fighting, ſaid my uncle Toby.——The Corporal ſhook his head at it.——Have patience, ſaid Yorick.)

" Then (Tripet) paſs'd his right leg over his
" ſaddle, and placed himſelf *en croup*.—But, ſaid
" he, 'twere better for me to get into the ſaddle.
" Then putting the thumbs of both hands upon
" the crupper before him, and thereupon leaning
" himſelf, as upon the only ſupporters of his body,
" he incontinently turned heels over head in the
" air, and ſtraight found himſelf betwixt the bow
" of the ſaddle in a tolerable ſeat; then ſpringing
" into the air with a ſummerſet, he turned him about
" like a wind-mill, and made above a hundred
" friſks, turns, and demi-pommadas."——Good God! cried Trim, loſing all patience,—one home-thruſt of a bayonet is worth it all.——I think ſo too, replied Yorick.——

I am of a contrary opinion, quoth my father.

CHAP. XXX.

——NO;—I think I have advanced nothing, replied my father, making anſwer to a queſtion which Yorick had taken the liberty to put to him,

—I have

—I have advanced nothing in the *Triſtra-pædia*, but what is as clear as any one propoſition in Euclid.—Reach me, Trim, that book from off the ſcrutoire.—It has oftentimes been in my mind, continued my father, to have read it over both to you, Yorick, and to my brother Toby; and I think it a little unfriendly in myſelf, in not having done it long ago.—Shall we have a ſhort chapter or two now,—and a chapter or two hereafter, as occaſions ſerve; and ſo on, till we get through the whole?——My uncle Toby and Yorick made the obeiſance which was proper; and the Corporal, though he was not included in the compliment, laid his hand upon his breaſt, and made his bow at the ſame time.—The company ſmiled.——Trim, quoth my father, has paid the full price for ſtaying out the entertainment.——He did not ſeem to reliſh the play, replied Yorick.——'Twas a tom-fool battle, an' pleaſe your Reverence, of Captain Tripet's and that other officer, making ſo many ſummerſets as they advanced:—the French come on capering now and then in that way,—but not quite ſo much.

My uncle Toby never felt the conſciouſneſs of his exiſtence with more complacency than what the Corporal's and his own reflections made him do at that moment;—he lighted his pipe,—Yorick drew his chair cloſer to the table,—Trim ſnuff'd the candle,—my father ſtirr'd up the fire,—took up the book,—cough'd twice, and began.

CHAP. XXXI.

THE firſt thirty pages, ſaid my father, turning over the leaves,—are a little dry; and as they are not cloſely connected with the ſubject,—for the preſent we'll paſs them by: 'tis a prefatory introduction, continued my father, or an introductory preface (for I am not determined which name to give it) upon political or civil government; the foundation of which being laid in the firſt conjunction betwixt male and female, for procreation of the ſpecies,—I was inſenſibly led into it.——'Twas natural, ſaid Yorick.

The original of ſociety, continued my father, I'm ſatisfied, is what Politian tells us, *i. e.* merely conjugal; and nothing more than the getting together of one man and one woman;—to which (according to Heſiod) the philoſopher adds a ſervant:—but ſuppoſing in the firſt beginning there were no men-ſervants born,—he lays the foundation of it in a man,—a woman,—and a bull.——I believe 'tis an ox, quoth Yorick, quoting the paſſage (οἶκον μὲν πρώτιστα, γυναῖκα τε, βοῦν τ' ἀροτῆρα)—A bull muſt have given more trouble than his head was worth.—But there is a better reaſon ſtill, ſaid my father (dipping his pen into his ink); for the ox being the moſt patient of animals, and the moſt uſeful withal in tilling the ground for their nouriſhment,—was the propereſt inſtrument, and emblem too, for the new-joined couple, that the creation could have aſſociated with them.——And there is a ſtronger

a ſtronger reaſon, added my uncle Toby, than them all for the ox.—My father had not power to take his pen out of his inkhorn till he had heard my uncle Toby's reaſon.——For when the ground was tilled, ſaid my uncle Toby, and made worth incloſing, then they began to ſecure it by walls and ditches; which was the origin of fortification.——True, true, dear Toby, cried my father, ſtriking out the bull, and putting the ox in his place.

My father gave Trim a nod, to ſnuff the candle, and reſumed his diſcourſe.

—I enter upon this ſpeculation, ſaid my father, careleſsly, and half ſhutting the book, as he went on, merely to ſhew the foundation of the natural relation between a father and his child; the right and juriſdiction over whom he acquires theſe ſeveral ways,—

1ſt, By marriage;

2d, By adoption;

3d, By legitimation;

And 4th, By procreation; all which I conſider in their order.

I lay a ſlight ſtreſs upon one of them, replied Yorick,—the act; eſpecially where it ends there, in my opinion, lays as little obligation upon the child as it conveys power to the father.——You are wrong,—ſaid my father, argutely; and for this plain reaſon * * * * * *

* * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * *

—I own, added my father, that the offspring, upon this account, is not ſo under the power and juriſdiction

tion of the mother.——But the reaſon, replied Yorick, equally holds good for her.——She is under authority herſelf, ſaid my father:—and beſides, continued my father, nodding his head, and laying his finger upon the ſide of his noſe as he aſſigned his reaſon,—*ſhe is not the principal agent*, Yorick.——In what? quoth my uncle Toby, ſtopping his pipe.——Though by all means, added my father (not attending to my uncle Toby) "*The ſon ought to pay her reſpect*;" as you may read, Yorick, at large in the firſt book of the Inſtitutes of Juſtinian, at the eleventh title and the tenth ſection.——I can read it as well, replied Yorick, in the Catechiſm.

CHAP. XXXII.

TRIM can repeat every word of it by heart, quoth my uncle Toby.——Pugh! ſaid my father, not caring to be interrupted with Trim's ſaying his Catechiſm.——He can, upon my honour, replied my uncle Toby.——Aſk him, Mr. Yorick, any queſtion you pleaſe.——

—The Fifth Commandment, Trim?—ſaid Yorick, ſpeaking mildly, and with a gentle nod, as to a modeſt catechumen.—The Corporal ſtood ſilent.——You don't aſk him right, ſaid my uncle Toby, raiſing his voice, and giving it rapidly like the word of command:—The fifth?—cried my uncle Toby,——I muſt begin with the firſt, an' pleaſe your Honour, ſaid the Corporal.——

—Yorick

—Yorick could not forbear ſmiling.—Your Reverence does not conſider, ſaid the Corporal, ſhouldering his ſtick like a muſket, and marching into the middle of the room to illuſtrate his poſition,—that 'tis exactly the ſame thing as doing one's exerciſe in the field.—

"*Join your right hand to your firelock,*" cried the Corporal, giving the word of command, and performing the motion.—

"*Poiſe your firelock,*" cried the Corporal; doing the duty ſtill both of adjutant and private man.

"*Reſt your firelock,*"—One motion, an' pleaſe your Reverence, you ſee leads into another.—If his Honour will begin but with the firſt——

The Firſt?—cried my uncle Toby, ſetting his hand upon his ſide,—* * * * * * * * * * * * *.

The Second?—cried my uncle Toby, waving his tobacco-pipe, as he would have done his ſword at the head of a regiment.—The Corporal went through his *manual* with exactneſs; and having *honoured his father and mother*, made a low bow, and fell back to the ſide of the room.

Every thing in this world, ſaid my father, is big with jeſt, and has wit in it, and inſtruction too,—if we can but find it out.

—Here is the *ſcaffold-work* of *Inſtruction*; its true point of folly, without the *building* behind it.

—Here is the glaſs for pedagogues, preceptors, tutors, governors, gerund-grinders, and bear-leaders, to view themſelves in, in their true dimenſions.—

Oh!

Oh! there is a huſk and ſhell, Yorick, which grows up with learning, which their unſkilfulneſs knows not how to fling away!

—*Sciences may be learned by rote, but Wiſdom not.*

Yorick thought my father inſpired.—I will enter into obligations this moment, ſaid my father, to lay out all my aunt Dinah's legacy in charitable uſes (of which, by the bye, my father had no high opinion) if the Corporal has any one determinate idea annexed to any one word he has repeated.—Prithee, Trim, quoth my father, turning round to him,—What doſt thou mean by "*honouring thy father and thy mother?*"——

Allowing them, an' pleaſe your Honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.——And didſt thou do that, Trim? ſaid Yorick. ——He did indeed, replied my uncle Toby. —— Then, Trim, ſaid Yorick, ſpringing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, thou art the beſt commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadſt had a hand in the Talmud itſelf.

CHAP. XXXIII.

O BLESSED health! cried my father, making an exclamation, as he turned over the leaves to the next chapter, thou art above all gold and treaſure; 'tis thou who enlargeſt the ſoul,—and openeſt all its powers to receive inſtruction and to reliſh virtue.

—He

—He that has thee, has little more to wiſh for;—and he that is ſo wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

I have concentrated all that can be ſaid upon this important head, ſaid my father, into very little room; therefore we'll read the chapter quite through.

My father read as follows:—

" The whole ſecret of health depending upon " the due contention for maſtery betwixt the " radical heat and the radical moiſture,"——You have proved that matter of fact, I ſuppoſe, above, ſaid Yorick.——Sufficiently, replied my father.

In ſaying this, my father ſhut the book,—not as if he reſolved to read no more of it, for he kept his fore-finger in the chapter:—not pettiſhly,—for he ſhut the book ſlowly: his thumb reſting, when he had done it, upon the upper ſide of the cover, as his three fingers ſupported the lower ſide of it without the leaſt compreſſive violence.—

I have demonſtrated the truth of that point, quoth my father, nodding to Yorick, moſt ſufficiently in the preceding chapter.

Now, could the man in the moon be told that a man in the earth had wrote a chapter ſufficiently demonſtrating, That the ſecret of all health depended upon the due contention for maſtery betwixt the *radical heat* and the *radical moiſture*;—and that he had managed the point ſo well, that there was not one ſingle word, wet or dry, upon radical heat or radical moiſture, throughout the whole chapter,—

ter,—or a ſingle ſyllable in it, *pro* or *con*, directly or indirectly, upon the contention betwixt theſe two powers in any part of the animal œconomy,—

"O thou eternal Maker of all beings!"—he would cry, ſtriking his breaſt with his right hand (in caſe he had one)—"Thou whoſe power and "goodneſs can enlarge the faculties of thy creatures to this infinite degree of excellence and "perfection!—What have we *Moonites* done?"

CHAP. XXXIV.

WITH two ſtrokes, the one at Hippocrates, the other at Lord Verulum, did my father atchieve it.

The ſtroke at the Prince of Phyſicians, with which he began, was no more than a ſhort inſult upon his ſorrowful complaint of the *ars longa.*—and *vita brevis.*—Life ſhort, cried my father, and the art of healing tedious! And who are we to thank for both the one and the other, but the ignorance of quacks themſelves,—and the ſtage-loads of chymical noſtrums, and peripatetic lumber, with which, in all ages, they have firſt flatter'd the world, and at laſt deceived it!

—O my Lord Verulam! cried my father, turning from Hippocrates, and making his ſecond ſtroke at him, as the principal of noſtrum-mongers, and the fitteſt to be made an example of to the reſt,—What ſhall I ſay to thee, my great Lord Verulam?

Verulam? What ſhall I ſay to thy internal ſpirit,—thy opium,—thy ſalt-petre,—thy greaſy unctions,—thy daily purges,—thy nightly clyſters, and ſuccedaneums?

—My father was never at a loſs what to ſay to any man upon any ſubject; and had the leaſt occaſion for the exordium of any man breathing. How he dealt with his Lordſhip's opinion,—you ſhall ſee;—but when,—I know not:—we muſt firſt ſee what his Lordſhip's opinion was.

CHAP. XXXV.

" THE two great cauſes which conſpire with " each other to ſhorten life, ſays Lord Verulam, " are, firſt,—

" The internal ſpirit, which, like a gentle " flame, waſtes the body down to death:—and, " ſecondly, The external air, that parches the " body up to aſhes:—which two enemies attack- " ing us on both ſides of our bodies together, " at length deſtroy our organs, and render them " unfit to carry on the functions of life."

This being the ſtate of the caſe, the road to longevity was plain; nothing more being required, ſays his Lordſhip, but to repair the waſte committed by the internal ſpirit, by making the ſubſtance of it more thick and denſe, by a regular courſe of opiates on one ſide, and by refrigerating the heat of it on the other, by three grains and

a half of ſalt-petre every morning before you got up.——

Still this frame of ours was left expoſed to the inimical aſſaults of the air without;—but this was fenced off again by a courſe of greaſy unctions, which ſo fully ſaturated the pores of the ſkin, that no ſpicula could enter;—nor could any one get out.—This put a ſtop to all perſpiration, ſenſible and inſenſible, which being the cauſe of ſo many ſcurvy diſtempers,—a courſe of clyſters was requiſite to carry off redundant humours,—and render the ſyſtem complete.

What my father had to ſay to my Lord of Verulam's opiates, his ſalt-petre, and greaſy unctions and clyſters, you ſhall read,—but not to-day,—or to-morrow: time preſſes upon me,—my reader is impatient,—I muſt get forwards.—You ſhall read the chapter at your leiſure (if you chuſe it) as ſoon as ever the *Triſtra-pædia* is publiſhed.—

Suffice it at preſent to ſay,—My father levelled the hypotheſis with the ground; and in doing that, the learned know, he built up and eſtabliſhed his own.——

CHAP. XXXVI.

THE whole ſecret of health, ſaid my father, beginning the ſentence again, depending evidently upon the due contention betwixt the radical heat and

and radical moiſture within us;—the leaſt imaginable ſkill had been ſufficient to have maintained it, had not the ſchoolmen confounded the taſk, merely (as Van Helmont, the famous chymiſt, has proved) by all along miſtaking the radical moiſture for the tallow and fat of animal bodies.

Now the radical moiſture is not the tallow or fat of animals, but an oily and balſamous ſubſtance; for the fat or tallow, as alſo the phlegm or watery parts, are cold; whereas the oily and balſamous parts are of a lively heat and ſpirit; which accounts for the obſervation of Ariſtotle, *Quod omne animal poſt coitum eſt* triſte.

Now it is certain that the radical heat lives in the radical moiſture; but whether *vice verſâ*, is a doubt: however, when the one decays, the other decays alſo; and then is produced either an unnatural heat, which cauſes an unnatural dryneſs,—or an unnatural moiſture, which cauſes dropſies:—ſo that if a child, as he grows up, can be but taught to avoid running into fire or water, as either of 'em threaten his deſtruction,—'twill be all that is needful to be done upon that head.

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE deſcription of the ſiege of Jericho itſelf, could not have engaged the attention of my uncle Toby more powerfully than the laſt chapter;—his eyes were fixed upon my father throughout it;

—he never mentioned radical heat and radical moiſture, but my uncle Toby took his pipe out of his mouth, and ſhook his head; and as ſoon as the chapter was finiſhed, he beckoned to the Corporal to come cloſe to his chair, to aſk him the following queſtion,—*aſide*:—* *.——It was at the ſiege of Limerick, an' pleaſe your Honour, replied the Corporal, making a bow.——

The poor fellow and I, quoth my uncle Toby, addreſſing himſelf to my father, were ſcarce able to crawl out of our tents at the time the ſiege of Limerick was raiſed, upon the very account you mention.——Now what can have got into that precious noddle of thine, my dear brother Toby? cried my father, mentally.——By Heaven! continued he, communing ſtill with himſelf, it would puzzle an Œdipus to bring it in point.——

I believe, an' pleaſe your Honour, quoth the Corporal, that if it had not been for the quantity of brandy we ſet fire to every night, and the claret and cinnamon with which I plied your Honour off,——And the Geneva, Trim, added my uncle Toby, which did us more good than all,——I verily believe, continued the Corporal, we had both, an' pleaſe your Honour, left our lives in the trenches, and been buried in them too.——The nobleſt grave, Corporal, cried my uncle Toby, his eyes ſparkling as he ſpoke, that a ſoldier could wiſh to lie down in!——But a pitiful death for him! an' pleaſe your Honour, replied the Corporal.——

All

All this was as much Arabic to my father as the rites of the Colchi and Troglodytes had been before to my uncle Toby; my father could not determine whether he was to frown or to ſmile.

My uncle Toby, turning to Yorick, reſumed the caſe at Limerick more intelligibly than he had begun it,—and ſo ſettled the point for my father at once.——

CHAP. XXXVIII.

IT was undoubtedly, ſaid my uncle Toby, a great happineſs for myſelf and the Corporal, that we had all along a burning fever, attended with a moſt raging thirſt, during the whole five-and-twenty days the flux was upon us in the camp; otherwiſe, what my brother calls the radical moiſture, muſt, as I conceive it, inevitably have got the better.——My father drew in his lungs top-full of air, and looking up, blew it forth again, as ſlowly as he poſſibly could.——

It was Heaven's mercy to us, continued my uncle Toby, which put it into the Corporal's head to maintain that due contention betwixt the radical heat and the radical moiſture, by reinforcing the fever, as he did all along with hot wine and ſpices; whereby the Corporal kept up (as it were) a continual firing; ſo that the radical heat ſtood its ground from the beginning to the end, and was a fair match for the moiſture, terrible as it was.——

Upon my honour, added my uncle Toby, you might have heard the contention within our bodies, brother Shandy, twenty toiſes.——If there was no firing, ſaid Yorick.——

Well,—ſaid my father, with a full aſpiration, and pauſing awhile after the word,—was I a judge, and the laws of the country which made me one permitted it, I would condemn ſome of the worſt malefactors, provided they had had their clergy,——

——Yorick, foreſeeing the ſentence was likely to end with no ſort of mercy, laid his hand upon my father's breaſt, and begged he would reſpite it for a few minutes, till he aſked the Corporal a queſtion.——Prithee, Trim, ſaid Yorick, without ſtaying for my father's leave,—tell us honeſtly,—what is thy opinion concerning this ſelf-ſame radical heat and radical moiſture?——

With humble ſubmiſſion to his Honour's better judgment, quoth the Corporal, making a bow to my uncle Toby,——Speak thy opinion freely, Corporal, ſaid my uncle Toby.——The poor fellow is my ſervant,—not my ſlave, added my uncle Toby, turning to my father.——

The Corporal put his hat under his left arm, and with his ſtick hanging upon the wriſt of it, by a black thong ſplit into a taſſel about the knot, he marched up to the ground where he had performed his catechiſm; then touching his under-jaw with the thumb and fingers of his right hand before he opened his mouth,—he delivered his notion thus:—

CHAP. XXXIX.

JUST as the Corporal was hemming to begin,—in waddled Dr. Slop.——'Tis not two-pence matter,—the Corporal ſhall go on in the next chapter, let who will come in.——

Well, my good Doctor, cried my father, ſportively, for the tranſitions of his paſſions were unaccountably ſudden;—and what has this whelp of mine to ſay to the matter?——

Had my father been aſking after the amputation of the tail of a puppy dog,—he could not have done it in a more careleſs air: the ſyſtem which Dr. Slop had laid down to treat the accident by, no way allowed of ſuch a mode of enquiry.—He ſat down.——

Pray, Sir, quoth my uncle Toby, in a manner which could not go unanſwered,—In what condition is the boy?——'Twill end in a *phimoſis*, replied Dr. Slop.——

I am no wiſer than I was, quoth my uncle Toby, returning his pipe into his mouth.——Then let the Corporal go on, ſaid my father, with his medical lecture.——The Corporal made a bow to his old friend, Dr. Slop, and then delivered his opinion concerning radical heat and radical moiſture, in the following words:—

CHAP. XL.

THE city of Limerick, the ſiege of which was begun under his majeſty King William himſelf, the year after I went into the army,—lies, an' pleaſe your Honours, in the middle of a deviliſh wet ſwampy country.——'Tis quite ſurrounded, ſaid my uncle Toby, with the Shannon; and is, by its ſituation, one of the ſtrongeſt fortified places in Ireland.—

I think this is a new faſhion, quoth Dr. Slop, of beginning a medical lecture.——'Tis all true, anſwered Trim.——Then I wiſh the faculty would follow the cut of it, ſaid Yorick.——'Tis all cut through, an' pleaſe your Reverence, ſaid the Corporal, with drains and bogs; and beſides, there was ſuch a quantity of rain fell during the ſiege, the whole country was like a puddle;—'twas that, and nothing elſe, which brought on the flux, and which had like to have killed both his Honour and myſelf. Now there was no ſuch thing, after the firſt ten days, continued the Corporal, for a ſoldier to lie dry in his tent, without cutting a ditch round it, to draw off the water;—nor was that enough for thoſe who could afford it, as his Honour could, without ſetting fire every night to a pewter-diſh full of brandy, which took off the damp of the air, and made the inſide of the tent as warm as a ſtove.—

And what concluſion doſt thou draw, Corporal Trim, cried my father, from all theſe premiſes?——

I infer, an' pleaſe your Worſhip, replied Trim, that the radical moiſture is nothing in the world but ditch-water;—and that the radical heat of thoſe who can go to the expence of it, is burnt brandy:—the radical heat and moiſture of a private man, an' pleaſe your Honours, is nothing but ditch-water—and a dram of Geneva:—and give us but enough of it, with a pipe of tobacco, to give us ſpirits and drive away the vapours,—we know not what it is to fear death.——

I am at a loſs, Captain Shandy, quoth Doctor Slop, to determine in which branch of learning your ſervant ſhines moſt; whether in phyſiology or divinity.——Slop had not forgot Trim's comment upon the ſermon.——

It is but an hour ago, replied Yorick, ſince the Corporal was examined in the latter, and paſſed muſter with great honour.——

The radical heat and moiſture, quoth Doctor Slop, turning to my father, you muſt know, is the baſis and foundation of our being,—as the root of a tree is the ſource and principle of its vegetation.—It is inherent in the ſeeds of all animals, and may be preſerved ſundry ways; but principally, in my opinion, by *conſubſtantials*, *impriments*, and *occludents*. — Now this poor fellow, continued Dr. Slop, pointing to the Corporal, has had the misfortune to have heard ſome ſuperficial empiric diſcourſe upon this nice point.——That he has,—ſaid my father.——Very likely, ſaid my uncle.——I'am ſure of it,—quoth Yorick.——

CHAP. XLI.

DOCTOR Slop being called out to look at a cataplaſm he had ordered, it gave my father an opportunity of going on with another chapter in the *Triſtra-pædia.*——Come! cheer up, my lads; I'll ſhew you land;—for when we have tugged thro' that chapter, the book ſhall not be opened again this twelvemonth.—Huzza!—

CHAP. XLII.

——FIVE years with a bib under his chin;

Four years in travelling from Chriſt-croſs-row to Malachi;

A year and a half in learning to write his own name;

Seven long years and more τυπτω-ing it, at Greek and Latin;

Four years at his *probations* and his *negations*;—the fine ſtatue ſtill lying in the middle of the marble block,—and nothing done, but his tools ſharpened to hew it out!—'Tis a piteous delay!—Was not the great Julius Scaliger within an ace of never getting his tools ſharpened at all?—Forty-four years old was he before he could manage his Greek;—and Peter Damianus, Lord Biſhop of Oſtia, as all the world knows, could not ſo much as read when he was of man's eſtate;—and Baldus himſelf,

himſelf, as eminent as he turned out after, entered upon the law ſo late in life, that every body imagined he intended to be an advocate in the other world. No wonder, when Eudamidus, the ſon of Archidamas, heard Xenocrates at ſeventy-five diſputing about *wiſdom*, that he aſked gravely,—"If the old man "be yet diſputing and enquiring concerning wiſ- "dom,—what time will he have to make uſe of "it?"

Yorick liſtened to my father with great attention: there was a ſeaſoning of wiſdom unaccountably mixed up with his ſtrangeſt whims; and he had ſometimes ſuch illuminations in the darkeſt of his eclipſes, as almoſt atoned for them.—Be wary, Sir, when you imitate him.

I am convinced, Yorick, continued my father, half reading and half diſcourſing, that there is a north-weſt paſſage to the intellectual world; and that the ſoul of man has ſhorter ways of going to work, in furniſhing itſelf with knowledge and inſtruction, than we generally take with it.—But, alack! all fields have not a river or a ſpring running beſide them;—every child, Yorick, has not a parent to point it out.

—The whole entirely depends, added my father, in a low voice, upon the *auxiliary verbs*, Mr. Yorick.

Had Yorick trod upon Virgil's ſnake, he could *not* have looked more ſurpriſed.—I am ſurpriſed *too*, cried my father, obſerving it;—and I reckon it *as one* of the greateſt calamities which ever befel

the republic of letters, That thoſe who have been entruſted with the education of our children, and whoſe buſineſs it was to open their minds, and ſtock them early with ideas, in order to ſet the imagination looſe upon them, have made ſo little uſe of the auxiliary verbs in doing it, as they have done; —ſo that, except Raymond Lullius, and the elder Pelegrini, the laſt of whom arrived to ſuch perfection in the uſe of 'em, with his topics, that, in a few leſſons, he could teach a young gentleman to diſcourſe with plauſibility upon any ſubject, *pro* and *con*, and to ſay and write all that could be ſpoken or written concerning it, without blotting a word, to the admiration of all who beheld him. ——I ſhould be glad, ſaid Yorick, interrupting my father, to be made to comprehend this matter.—— You ſhall, ſaid my father.

The higheſt ſtretch of improvement a ſingle word is capable of, is a high metaphor;—for which, in my opinion, the idea is generally the worſe, and not the better:—but, be that as it may,—when the mind has done that with it,—there is an end;—the mind and the idea are at reſt,—until a ſecond idea enters;—and ſo on.

Now the uſe of the *Auxiliaries* is, at once to ſet the ſoul a-going by herſelf upon the materials as they are brought her; and by the verſability of this great engine, round which they are twiſted, to open new tracts of enquiry, and make every idea engender millions.

You excite my curioſity greatly, ſaid Yorick.

For my own part, quoth my uncle Toby, I have given

given it up.——The Danes, an' pleaſe your Honour, quoth the Corporal, who were on the left at the ſiege of Limerick, were all auxiliaries.——And very good ones, ſaid my uncle Toby.——And your Honour roul'd with them,—captains with captains,—very well, ſaid the Corporal.——But the auxiliaries, Trim, my brother is talking about, anſwered my uncle Toby,—I conceive to be different things.

——You do? ſaid my father, riſing up.

CHAP. XLIII.

MY father took a ſingle turn acroſs the room, then ſat down, and finiſhed the chapter.

The verbs auxiliary we are concerned in here, continued my father, are, *am*, *was*, *have*, *had*, *do*, *did*, *make*, *made*, *ſuffer*, *ſhall*, *ſhould*, *will*, *would*, *can*, *could*, *owe*, *ought*, *uſed*, or *is wont*:—and theſe, varied with tenſes, *preſent*, *paſt*, *future*, and conjugated with the verb *ſee*,—or with theſe queſtions added to them:—*Is it? Was it? Will it be? Would it be? May it be? Might it be?*—and theſe again put negatively, *Is it not? Was it not? Ought it not?*—or affirmatively,—*It is*, *It was*, *It ought to be*;—or chronologically,—*Has it been always? Lately? How long ago?*—or hypothetically,—*If it was? If it was not?*—what would follow?—If the French ſhould beat the Engliſh? If the Sun go out of the Zodiac?

Now,

Now, by the right uſe and application of theſe, continued my father, in which a child's memory ſhould be exerciſed, there is no one idea can enter his brain, how barren ſoever, but a magazine of conceptions and concluſions may be drawn forth from it.—Didſt thou ever ſee a white bear? cried my father, turning his head round to Trim, who ſtood at the back of his chair.——No, an' pleaſe your Honour, replied the Corporal.——But thou couldſt diſcourſe about one, Trim, ſaid my father, in caſe of need?——How is it poſſible, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, if the Corporal never ſaw one?——'Tis the fact I want, replied my father;—and the poſſibility of it is as follows:—

A WHITE BEAR! Very well. Have I ever ſeen one? Might I ever have ſeen one? Am I ever to ſee one? Ought I ever to have ſeen one? Or can I ever ſee one?

Would I had ſeen a white bear! (for how can I imagine it?)

If I ſhould ſee a white bear, what ſhould I ſay? If I ſhould never ſee a white bear, what then?

If I never have, can, muſt, or ſhall ſee a white bear alive,—have I ever ſeen the ſkin of one? Did I ever ſee one painted?—deſcribed? Have I never dreamed of one?

Did my father, mother, uncle, aunt, brothers or ſiſters, ever ſee a white bear? What would they give? How would they behave? How would the white

white bear have behaved? Is he wild? Tame? Terrible? Rough? Smooth?

—Is the white bear worth ſeeing?

—Is there no ſin in it?—

—Is it better than a *black one?*—

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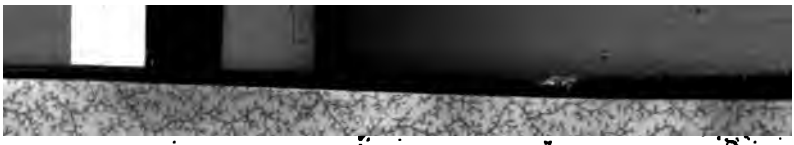

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